THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

December, 1929 "Canada's Greatest Magazine" Ten Cents a Copy

In the Days of My Youth

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

This lovely home can easily be adapted to a smaller plan. There's a large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, den and sunroom downstairs. Upstairs there are three fine bedrooms, bathroom, balcony and clothes closets.

See this plan, and variety of others from which you may choose, at your Home Town Lumber dealer's—it is No. 11, size 40 x 28 ft.

Beautiful Homes---Particularly Designed for Western Canada

LEADING Western designers who know the rigours of the climate, have architecturally planned these beautiful homes to afford you the utmost in comfort.. happiness.

Spend a pleasant and profitable hour with your home town lumber dealer. His pictures and plans of beautiful homes will keep you entranced. Homes large and small, with every convenience the heart could desire, at lowest prices for quality materials. He will acquaint you with the cost . . . advise the materials to be used . . . in fact, he will explain everything you wish to know about the building of your new HOME. Don't Blunder—Use Lumber.

CERTIFIED BY CENTURIES
WOOD
USE IT-NATURE RENEWS IT

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Limited, the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.

Your local lumber dealer has complete plans of this fine home—ask him to show you plan No 13, size 30 x 26 ft.

This fine comfortable home has a large, sunny living room, with bay-window, also extra large dining room and kitchen. Upstairs there are three spacious bedrooms, large bathroom, and linen closets that will be a delight to the housewife.

Still the most Popular Gift

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One subscription (with Gift Card)	$1.00
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Ten Subscriptions (with Gift Cards)	5.00

The popularity of

THE WESTERN

HOME MONTHLY

as a Christmas Gift

is evidenced by the fact that last year nearly ten thousand relatives and friends were remembered in this manner!

A special staff has been engaged to clear all orders immediately and thereby prevent any possibility of error.

Christmas Order Form

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Please send the Western Home Monthly to the following for one year and also in each instance mail Gift Card, bearing my name, to arrive on Christmas Morning.

I enclose $.....in payment for same.

(1) *Name*.....

Address.....

(2) *Name*.....

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(3) *Name*.....

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(4) *Name*.....

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From -- *Name*.....

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Additional names and addresses may be written on a separate piece of paper.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO—

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

O Glorious Day of Feasting and Good Cheer!

HALF-PAST ONE, ANYWHERE, CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS beneath a winter's sky . . . Christmas where beats a tropic sun . . . on land . . . at sea . . . any place in this world so wide . . . any place, but always *Christmas!* And in countless homes throughout this country and the United States . . . with the turkey . . . or afterwards as healths are given . . . you'll find "Canada Dry," the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

When "Canada Dry" lends its marvelous flavour to the day—

Refreshing as a brisk sleigh ride over snowy hills...keen as the winter wind whipping across your face . . . mellow as greetings of old friends . . . such is the quality of this fine old ginger ale.

Because of its wonderful flavour "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs. Because of its high quality it is served from one end of the Dominion to the other . . . in famous hotels and clubs . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

But all these things are so for just one reason—basic excellence. Only the purest ingredients, only the highest quality of Jamaica ginger, are used in this fine old beverage. An exact process of blending and balancing helps produce its distinction. Hourly check-ups prevent variation from carefully determined standards. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. Its delightful and delicate sparkle is achieved by a secret process and enables it to keep its sparkle long after the bottle is opened. So pure is it that leading hospitals serve it and leading physicians prescribe it.

Serve this fine old ginger ale at Christmas dinner

This is "Canada Dry," a better, purer, finer ginger ale; having a marvelous flavour; "dry" as a rare old wine. And this is Christmas, a friendly time, a happy season. The two just go together! Order "Canada Dry" in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON

Accomplished Hostess

suggests for Christmas

A bowl of punch on the sideboard . . . green mint, cherries, pungent orange and lemon in slices . . . how well it adds that final touch of festivity and bounteous hospitality to the dining-room!

"CANADA DRY" SHANDYGAFF

1 quart hot, freshly made tea
10 lemons
3 cups sugar
4 bottles "Canada Dry"

When making the tea, allow one teaspoon to a cup of boiling water. Strain and stir in sugar; when dissolved, add the lemon juice. Set aside to cool. At serving time, pour over a block of ice and add the "Canada Dry." Pour into a shallow punch bowl and garnish with thin slices of lemon, orange, and red and green cherries, with sprigs of fresh mint.

"CANADA DRY" CUP DE LUXE

4 tablespoons Grenadine Syrup
½ cup grapefruit juice
½ cup orange juice
½ cup pineapple juice
1 bottle "Canada Dry"
6 tablespoons grape juice
Cracked ice

Shake well and serve

EDITORIAL

VOLUME XXX WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 12

Good Will and Peace in the World

DURING the year that is just closing remarkable progress has been made towards the achievement of international peace. Germany and most of her allies have emerged from their fog of uncertainty and know definitely the amount and form of their obligation; a step towards naval disarmament has been taken, with Great Britain leading the way; the coming conference of the five great powers in January indicates that not only will there be an end to useless rivalry in ship-building, but that there will be a limitation in other fields. Some obstacles to complete accord remain, such as the founding of an international bank, the assessment of Hungary and Bulgaria to meet indebtedness due to the War, the complete evacuation of the Rhineland, the freedom of the seas, the naval limitation for Japan and Italy, the abolition of submarines. On all of these points there is difference of opinion, yet so much has been done in 1929 that one has hope for the year now knocking at our doors.

Aiding Waste

IT WOULD be impossible to estimate the preventable waste in Western Canada every year. This is not peculiar to cities, but is a marked feature of rural life. One has only to look at dilapidated houses, rusting implements, broken fences. A greater waste than any of these is seen in the burning straw-stacks. It is reckoned that the loss can be measured in hundreds of millions of dollars. If something could be made from or done with the straw, that amount would be saved. Fortunately, an attempt is being made. A factory in Regina is making boards from wheat-straw —boards for which the claim is made that they will stand frost and heat better than ordinary lumber, and that they can be used in house structure, in box manufacture, and in practically everything where lumber is required, except perhaps in household furniture. This article is no advertisement for the new product, since the cost, the durability, the character of the finish and so on, are not yet known to us by personal examination, but the idea of converting straw into useful material such as boards, tar, perfume, is worthwhile considering. Any discovery such as this means enrichment of our people. It is saving waste, turning a negative into a positive possibility. There are other forms of waste that may be avoided, and anyone who can make a fertile suggestion deserves high honor. The conversion of rye and flax straw into paper may yet become a great Western industry. In days of depleting forests it will pay investors to continue their experiments. Every dollar saved is a dollar gained. The man who can conserve the heat of summer for the cold days of winter will be Canada's saviour. Perhaps some who read this wild hope may live to witness the reality.

Are We Civilized?

THE following quotation is from a Montreal newspaper, and is printed without comment. It makes the reader wonder whether this is the twentieth or the sixteenth century in Canada, and naturally urges him to investigate laws and practices in other parts of the Dominion:

A few days ago a young and renowned Turkish woman orator visited Montreal and spoke on conditions of the women of her country. Miss Selma Eckrem who speaks four languages and is a graduate of several universities, is a living example of the culture of the modern Turkish woman.

In the sixth and seventh centuries Turkey considered woman as a superior being and granted her all civic and political rights.

When Turkey got under the Arabic influence, woman lost all her prerogatives, was judged too delicate to mingle in public affairs and was relegated to the seclusive harem.

The new Turkish government, under the pressure of a strong feminist movement, emancipated women. The doors of the universities are open to her now and she is permitted to follow all courses; she can also practise all liberal professions, and participate in every activity of the economic world.

It is interesting to know that according to the Turkish code, the marital age for a woman is sixteen and that no minor child can marry legally without the consent of the father and mother.

In Quebec the Draconian law of the Napoleonic Code fixes the marital age for the woman at twelve years. Here in Quebec a girl of that age can marry against her mother's will as long as she has her father's consent.

It is obvious from this, a comparison between the two countries places Quebec in a very unfavorable position, despite the fact that there are many in this province who rather regard Turkey from a pinnacle of superiority. The facts, however, apparently do not seem to qualify this attitude.

"Peace and Goodwill"

"To men of good-will—Peace!"
The advent promise, not yet all fulfilled,
Because man in his wilfulness
Has not so willed.
But still the promise stands—
"To men of good-will—Peace!"
The earth doth travail,
Panging woes that cease not, nor shall cease—
The lands cry hungrily for peace,
But peace is not, nor can be—till
Good-will prevail
And bring release
From war's foul tyrannies.

If so ye will!—
"To men of good-will—Peace!"
Peace that, through all the coming days,
Shall never cease to cheer and bless
The earth with merciful release
From this dark fearfulness and stress,
And fill it with the tender grace
Of His High Righteousness.

The Cost of Hospitals

DR. W. J. MAYO, who is in a position to speak with authority, told the American College of Surgeons that hospitals are too costly for the poor man, and that there must be better management and less whining, more thinking and less spending. To use his own words: "When the hospital is built it should be with the common man in mind, and have fewer frills and show-rooms, and the nurses' home should be good but need not compete with the luxurious private home."

The address precipitated a flood of argument but the point seemed to be made that "Charity patients should be supported by public funds entirely, and hospital budgets should be revised to provide efficiency and comfort without frills—shaped, in other words, to the needs of the seventy per cent. who are neither rich nor paupers."

This raises a parallel problem — the payment of doctors' fees. The Mayo people solve this by making the rich pay for the poor, and no doubt this plan is followed by many surgeons. In a matter of life and death, a millionaire will pay almost anything within reason to a successful practitioner, who will render equal service to a poor man for nothing. The problem in the rural community, the sparsely-settled sections, cannot be solved in this way. It is not being solved at all, for the doctors often do not reach there. The cost of obtaining a licence under the present system of training is so excessive that no one is able to pay the price and then practise privately in remote regions. The day of the municipal doctor is at hand.

The McAlpine Misfortune

THERE was great relief when the message came from Cambridge Bay that the McAlpine party had succeeded in reaching an outpost of civilization after a perilous and exhausting journey of fifty-five days in the Arctic wastes. They were fortunate in securing the aid of Eskimo guides, without whom they would have been in a bad way. The fact that they won out by patient waiting is a credit to their judgment, their courage and their self-discipline. Though they did not obtain all the information they sought, their experience will be of great practical value to other explorers, and their example of fortitude a proof that Canadians still possess those sturdy qualities which the early settlers exhibited in the days of privation and loneliness.

Immortality

IN A recent letter the well-known statistician and financial authority, Roger W. Babson, has mentioned three ways in which people may live forever.

First there is the spiritual way. Men shall go on forever, thinking and feeling and acting—for these three things make up life. The next existence will be a continuation of the present. Thoughts, words and deeds are for eternity. This was the doctrine of our fathers and mothers, the old-fashioned teachers and preachers. It is easy for any of us to accept this view of immortality.

In the second place people live forever in their descendants. Good parents, teachers and others who give themselves to training youth are sure of immortality. The good work never dies. Plato, Wycliffe, Shakespeare, Lincoln, Garibaldi—these men live forever. Nor can those die who gave their lives on Flanders Fields. Every life leaves behind, for better or for worse, some influence that shapes the lives of others for all time. In this sense their immortality is inescapable.

There is a third sense in which men may live forever. During life they consciously acquire wealth. At death they are compelled to leave it to others. This This wealth so bequeathed is an immortal legacy to the race. He is a wise man who safeguards his wealth by disposing of it in such a way that it will bring the best returns forever. Recently a wealthy American offered a prize of $1,000 to the person who would give him the best advice as to the disposition of a fortune of $10,000,000. He was wise.

Mr. Babson's own closing words are full of significance: "The surest way to live forever is through the giving of love, time and money. To live today we must earn and save; to live forever we must serve and give. As we get this point of view statistics will show that faith takes the place of doubt, courage the place of fear, while no person or thing can disturb us. We then have that great wealth of satisfaction which comes not from earning and investing *for today*, but from investing and giving *for the ages to come*. Let me close with Carl L. Weist's little poem on Immortality:

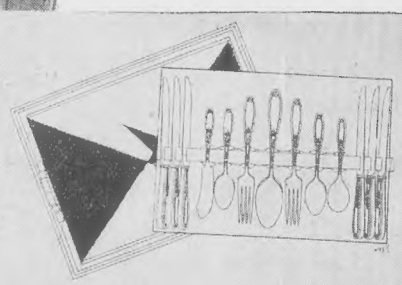
To laugh a while, love a while
Toil a while, dream a while
Is life;
To sleep a while
Is death;
To give
Is Life Again.

ONE HAPPY CHRISTMAS "EVE"

meaning your wife, SIR ADAM, with the silver gift you give her

Being one of Eve's daughters her feelings and instincts are just as feminine as the curl of her hair or the curve of her mouth.

So it's simply feminine and natural that she should adore nice things. Pretty clothes, so that she looks nice to herself . . . and to you. A table that smiles and sparkles with radiant silverware . . . for her . . . and for you, too.



$25 TO $40

Gravy Boat and Plate	$27.00
Double Vegetable Dish	33.75
26 Pc. Silver-and-Gold Tray (Tray Free)	39.25

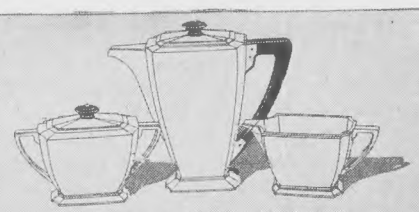
$5 AND UNDER

Jelly Server	$2.00
Mayonnaise Ladle	2.50
Cold Meat Fork	3.00
Tomato Server	3.75
Berry Spoon	4.00
6 Coffee Spoons	4.25
Dessert Server	5.00

And being one of Adam's sons you'll strive to please her. Especially at such a mellow season as Christmas. Perhaps she's been struggling along resignedly, using a lot of old and ill-assorted silverware for 1,000 meals a year! No woman's pride was ever made for that. But Christmas, and silver gifts, were made just to change the situation.

Let your dealer show you the silverware to make your wife a happy Christmas "Eve" on Christmas day . . . and for long, long years to come, for 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is guaranteed by the makers, International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd. And you needn't be extravagant to buy her 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . even though it's the finest of all silverplate. For it's really inexpensive . . . as the prices quoted, for your convenience, on this page will prove.

A sparkling new booklet has been prepared, intensely interesting to anyone thinking of silver. It's called "WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED TABLE WILL WEAR IN SILVERWARE" . . . and it's yours if you simply address International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., and ask for booklet C-10.

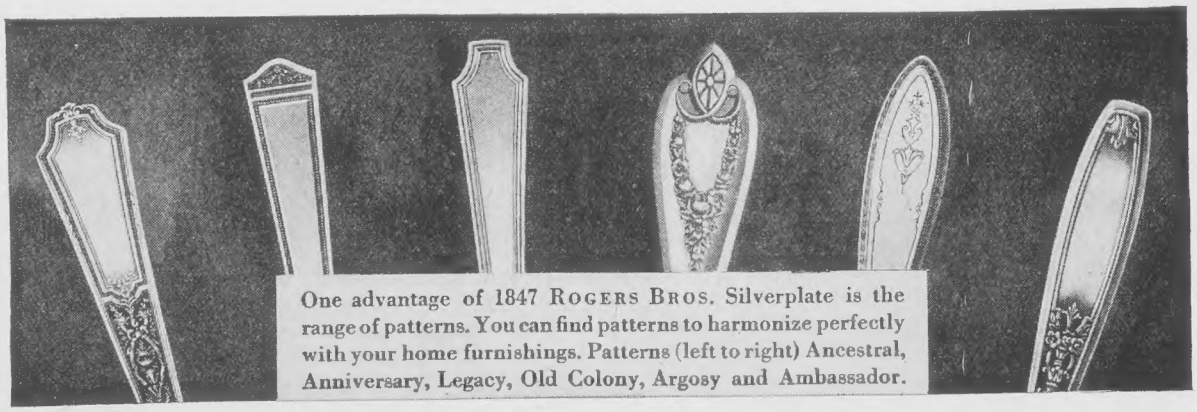


$40 AND OVER

Water Pitcher	$40.00
Pcs. of 8, 34 pcs. (top of page, chest free)	51.35
Centerpiece	54.00
3-pc. Tea or Coffee Set	87.75

$6 TO $10

6 Oyster Forks	$6.00
6 Orange or Grape Fruit Spoons	6.50
6 Iced Tea Spoons	7.00
6 Ice Cream Forks	7.00
6 Butter Spreaders	7.25
6 Salad Forks	8.50
6 Cream Soup Spoons	8.50



One advantage of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is the range of patterns. You can find patterns to harmonize perfectly with your home furnishings. Patterns (left to right) Ancestral, Anniversary, Legacy, Old Colony, Argosy and Ambassador.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO OF CANADA, LIMITED

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

One of the most recent photographs of Sir John Martin Harvey

"In the Days of My Youth"

I THINK too great a value is placed on the pleasure of anticipation, for surely there is quite as much joy to be derived from retrospection. Remember you cannot control the quality of the fruit gathered from the tree of anticipation, but that growing in the garden of memory is yours to pick and choose from. So it is with pleasure, I jot down a few recollections of my youthful days which were comparatively uneventful.

I was born at Wyvenhoe in Essex, where my grandfather founded a ship-building yard and my father, John Harvey, in due course succeeded to the business which, under his enterprising management built up a reputation second to none for designing and constructing racing yachts.

My mother was the daughter of the Rev. David George Goyder (Gwyder) the descendant of a well-known Welsh family and whose name is loved today by all followers of Swedenborg, the Swedish Mystic.

Such blood flowing in my veins probably accounts for my natural love for things artistic.

As a boy, I do not remember much of Wyvenhoe, for my father thought the low-lying district rather unhealthy and I was packed off to school when quite young, but my first memory is rather a painful one. I recall sitting with my sister in the old roomy house attached to the shipyard. We were in tall chairs and mine happened to topple over. By some means I fell into the fire and was rather badly damaged. So I can honestly say my first important recollection of life burnt itself in.

My childhood was inseparably woven with sights and sounds of the sea. I have only to shut my eyes and the shipyard, my first playground, comes back to me. Again I see the boats in the stocks, my father busy with his designing and so vividly do the scenes flash before me, I seem to still catch the mingled odors from the tar and ropes blended with the sea breezes. When still quite young we moved to Quay House, a rambling, rather gloomy structure full of weird stairways and numerous passages.

On me the place created an impression I have never forgotten and often those early years were haunted with an unknown sense of terror.

I shall always remember how it all returned when I first read Maeterlinck, for he brings to the surface qualities of emotion like no other writer—all these mysteries of horror and nightmare and the foreboding of vague dangers one cannot name.

And so days rolled on and like other little boys I got into the usual scrapes.

Then there were long hours spent in sailing about the creeks in a small yacht my father lent us. He was a man of many occupations, but however busy he might have been, always found time to come up to my bedroom and wish me good-night with a few cheery words before a final tuck-up.

My mother was rather an invalid in later years and the last striking recollection of my early childhood was her death.

I think my childish days ended there, and any further recollections I have take me on to my school days and the years when my father expected me to show a preference for the career in life I wished to follow.

My first real school was Linton House, Colchester, and my education was planned by my father on the presumption I would follow him in his profession as a naval architect.

So after leaving Linton House in due course, I went to King's College where I am afraid my history was much the same as at school. The only prizes I can remember securing were for drawing .

I think one of the proudest moments of my life was when, although in the second lowest class, I won the open competition in freehand drawing.

My last year at college was devoted to higher mathematics in view of my studies in naval architecture. But it was no use; I simply could not absorb mathematics, and Alexander Hall, my master, looked on me with pity as an utter dunderhead and casually told one of my friends I had no brains at all.

Still a healthy schoolboy is not easily depressed at fifteen. This made my father revise his programme and I did not go to the School of Naval Architecture, but was apprenticed to the firm to gain practical experience.

I started in the carpenter's shop at 5.30 and from there I had to go into the yard, see the various departments at work and then on to the draughtsmen's offices.

May I confess I often retired back to my particular snuggery and translated Fénélon's "Télémaque."

The only live interest I displayed was a craving to build and sail the smallest craft ever seen on the Colne and eventually launched a weird boat seven feet six inches long.

This I proudly got afloat all right although the water lapped within two inches of its gunwale, and bravely paddled out to midstream. Brave is hardly the right word, for I was quite unconscious of the folly of the adventure. My father passing along the quay saw me in the absurd craft and ordered me ashore. But I could not get back, so was promptly towed in, only to listen to my father's sarcastic comments on the enterprise.

IT WAS during these childhood days I made my first stage appearance, for my father was very fond of private theatricals and liked to see us young people preparing plays and appearing in them.

The villagers were invited to these performances, which were held in a long room at the top of our house, converted by my father into a miniature theatre. On its boards I commenced my career as an actor, being cast for the Princess in a play called "The Frog and the Princess" when six years old.

I must admit this "female impersonation" showed no signs of latent talent for it ended in a terrible disaster. Various light refreshments had been provided for his guests, including light sherry and biscuits, and I was to carry round a tray. I regret to say I was tempted, fell and betrayed my trust. Taking advantage of my stewardship I treated myself on the quiet and so failed to keep faith with my audience for the only time in my life.

To be frank, I took more sherry than was good for me, and in the words of Bret Harte:

"I smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested me no more!"

The Princess could not carry her over-generous share of sherry like a gentleman and so any gleams of dormant genius failed to reveal themselves through my juvenile depravity. How I finally chose the stage as a profession came about quite naturally after all.

Father and I went to see Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pinafore" at the Opera Comique by a company of children. Travelling home we talked freely about the performance and I suppose it was the keen interest I displayed which impelled him to ask me if I would like stage work.

A bust by Sir George Frampton of the character Sidney Carton as portrayed by Sir John Martin Harvey

When I assented, much to my surprise he took me seriously, and, although it must have been a bitter disappointment that I would not follow in his footsteps, it was splendid, the thorough way he started to assist the new venture.

We discussed the matter fully and the leading question was whether I should go to Oxford or not.

My father was in favor, I was against, for I had begun to have ideas of my own and considered it would be a waste of time.

Without consulting anyone I wrote Henry Irving, then at the height of his great career at the Lyceum, and asked his advice as to whether a university degree was necessary for the stage. He replied almost at once saying it was not essential and advising me to go and study with Mr. Lacey, a well known dramatic tutor.

This kindly letter of Sir Henry's I still cherish.

In face of such an opinion from the head of the theatrical profession, my father abandoned the idea. How I got an introduction to my stage career is soon told.

AT THAT time, my father was building a yacht for the late W. S. Gilbert and as they crossed the yard one day I happened to meet them.

"This is the young man who wants to go on the stage," said my father, and the two men eyed me critically.

Gilbert was very charming and advised my going as a pupil to John Ryder, a fine old-time actor to whom he wrote a letter of introduction.

So I started under a teacher who had the broad atmosphere of the old full-blooded school, and his influence over me was a good one.

New methods used to irritate Ryder and he spent a great deal of time denouncing the younger school. Of that "Young man Irving," he talked with lofty contempt, notwithstanding the great actor-manager was then making theatrical history at the Lyceum.

I remember turning up at Ryder's rooms enthusiastic with the overnight memory of Irving's Iago and described how Irving stood with his hand over his face while he spoke the famous lines where he ponders how the Moor can be ensnared.

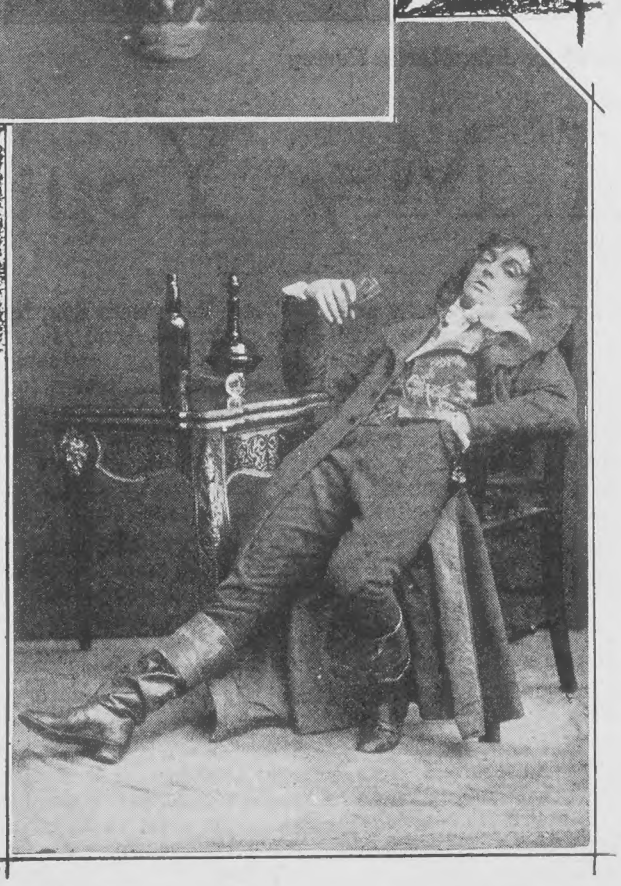
When the solution came to him he lifted his head and his face became illumined with the dawning conception of the new idea.

All this I related. He listened impatiently and then in sepulchral tones thundered out: "My business, by God! That's how he finds his effects—I did the very same business years ago!"

When my student days were over the old problem where to find an engagement cropped up, and after one or two unfortunate experiences, such as travelling to Barrow on a promised engagement only to find "The Brigands of Abruzzi" Company did not turn up. This necessitated a visit to the pawnbroker's in order to return to town and a fresh look-round.

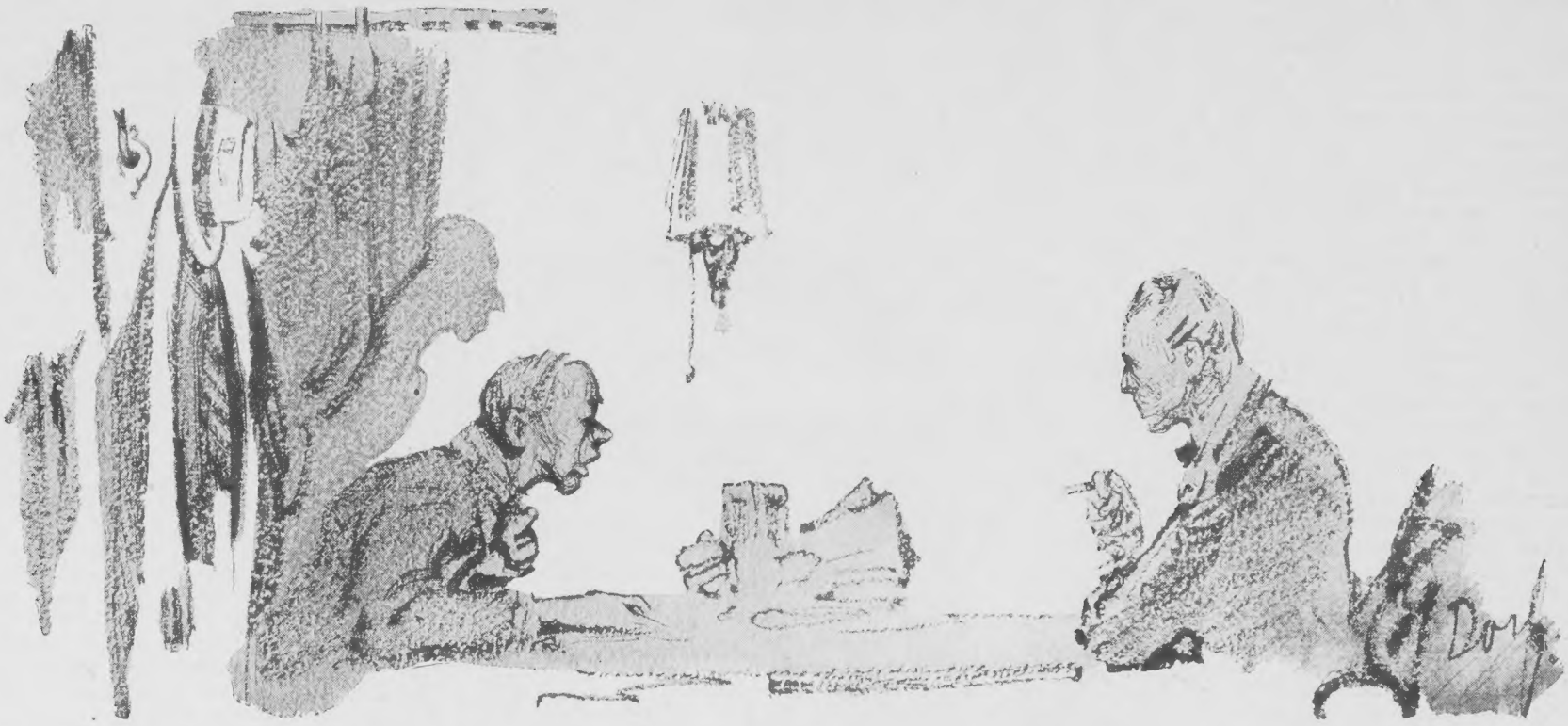
It was then Ryder sent me with a letter to Wilson Barrett at the Prince's Theatre. He was very charming, although had nothing to offer, but kindly sent me to Captain Claremont, who gave me my first engagement to walk on as a guest in a play called "Honour." We had to look natural and do a little waltzing in a reception scene. For this I was paid a guinea a week.

Afterwards, I secured an interview with Sir Charles Wyndham in his dressing [Continued on page 76]



Above — Sir John Martin Harvey as Manelich in "The Lowland Wolf."

Sir John Martin Harvey as the immortal Sidney Carton in "The Only Way."



The little man went on drearily—"I wanted to do something that would make her remember her Daddy and think well of him as long as she lived."

The Real Santa Claus

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by R. Dorf

PRIOR to the night he met the shabby little man in the alley leading to the stage entrance and was offered the lead in an unwritten drama of domestic life, Murray Boland frequently had felt that, of all the parts he had played in his time, few had been really great and none had quite measured up to the pinnacle of his artistic ability. While he was, of necessity, temperamental, he was not capricious; he reserved his temperament for his work and spared his associates, and, with a courteous and sportsmanlike appreciation of the playwright's art and feelings, he never used his power to change a script in order to "hog" a scene for himself; what changes he did insist upon always were with a view to harmonizing the play as a whole. However, even with these changes, the personality of the author remained, and often Murray Boland had been tempted to extemporize. Consequently, when the shabby little man offered him the contract for the lead in the unwritten domestic drama, that latent yearning to extemporize—to play a part that would be real in every sense of the word moved him to accept.

What mattered it that he had not attended a single rehearsal and that the play was to be given its premiére promptly on the stroke of midnight Christmas Eve, now scarcely more than twenty-four hours distant! Even had his new manager not been so wistful—assuring him he had to have a great character actor to play the part, and that of all the character actors in the world Murray Boland was the only one who could play it to please such a critical audience—the star could not have found it in his heart to refuse. The billing and advertising had already been attended to, the stage set, the props all arranged for, and the house sold out; to deny the shabby little man after all his trouble would have been too inhuman.

It was the latter's tribute of appreciation of the actor's art which really had aroused Murray Boland's interest, for after the dramatic critics have praised one for a decade in the language of the intellectually elect, it is good to meet a poor little nobody and hear him say: "You're the greatest character actor that ever lit on this earth, Mr. Boland, an' I'll bang the eye o' the man that says you ain't." For that is praise indeed, and long since Murray Boland had grown indifferent to praise of the hothouse variety. Consequently this tribute, fresh from the truck patch, as it were, and smelling stronger than spring onions, co-ordinated with his ideas of realism and offered a welcome break in the monotony of a too-successful existence, for, after all, one may get a surfeit of culture and correct phrasing and long for a good honest oath! And I regret to state that the shabby little man swore for emphasis.

Nearly ten years had passed since the most eminent dramatic critics and a considerable portion of the public had commenced to agree with old man Silverman's press agent that Murray Boland was the greatest character actor on earth. He had starred in plays which had succeeded, not because of the critics, but in spite of them; and, since in such plays the star's ability looms up like the spars of a ship in a low-lying fog, it followed that, no matter how vigorously the critics whetted their knives to kill the play, the bloody work was never completed without several kind words for Mr. Murray Boland.

THERE was more of a reason for this than the actor's art, for art minus personality is a frigid thing and the public will have none of it. There were six generations of Bolands in the private cemetery on the old home farm in Kentucky, but the roots of the family tree had been Irish, and from those forgotten forebears Murray Boland had inherited imagination and perfect understanding. It had been ordained that, in heart at least, he should never grow old; at forty he looked thirty and could still read "Huckleberry Finn" and feel all queer and choky as he conjured up the picture of Huck bending over little Buck Sheppard, killed in the feud. His was the great gift of personal charm, and the instant he made his entrance that charm was projected over the footlights and found a haven in the hearts of his audience.

Have you ever watched a panhandler in action? He will stand on a corner, carefully scrutinizing the face of each man who passes him. He may let a thousand pass by; then suddenly he will spring out into the sidewalk, fall into step beside a total stranger, and from the corner of his mouth make a quick plea that generally gets results. He appears possessed of an uncanny intuition which enables him to select warm-hearted victims. It is quite probable that the shabby little man selected Murray Boland for the part because instinctively he realized that the actor was kind.

His friends, who knew Murray Boland for a cultured, college-bred gentleman, born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, often wondered why he had elected to be an actor when he owned a stock farm down in Kentucky and paid a man $5,000 a year and five per cent of the purses won to manage a racing stable for him. The reason lay in the fact that Murray Boland was a genius, and genius has a habit of asserting itself. He delighted in acting; to score, night after night, to bring laughter and tears—that was the fascination the profession held for him—and the sporting blood of his hard-riding, hard-drinking, fox-hunting ancestors bade him play the game for the game's sake.

It was not an easy life, and Murray Boland could afford a life of ease, yet he had but one complaint to make. When one excels in any one of the arts he is doomed to answer stupid questions about it for the remainder of his existence, and the price Murray Boland paid for success was hard work and shop talk. One of the few persons he looked forward to meeting with genuine pleasure was a barber in a shop down on Fourteenth Street, New York. The majority of barbers appear to have a strange affinity for bulldogs, but this man had not. Murray Boland frequently rode down from Forty-second Street to be shaved by him, for this particular barber wouldn't talk of anything but horses, and Murray Boland didn't want to talk of anything else! Indeed, often in the midst of his greatest triumphs, while he stood before the footlights acknowledging with gracious bows the plaudits of his audience, the thought would come to him: "Why do I continue to do this? I am a slave to my success, and I am not altogether happy any more, for I am not free. When my contract with Silverman expires I'm going to quit. A man should retire at forty, if possible, and I'm going to spend my old age with the horses."

However, this is not altogether the story of Murray Boland. The shabby little man is in the cast also; so have patience, and in a paragraph or two we will introduce him. It is necessary to explain where they met and why; had they met anywhere else and at any other time there would not have been any story to relate.

IT HAD been long since old man Silverman picked a double-barreled failure—artistic as well as financial. He believed in taking a new play out into the jungle and knocking the corners off it, so to speak, before airing it on Broadway; but, unlike many of his kind, he did not attach a great deal of importance to the results of a "tryout on the dog." Early in the season he had produced a play in Newark.

Nobody had enthused over it, but this had not discouraged Silverman, who had great contempt for the opinions of persons not residents of the island of Manhattan. In the fullness of time he opened on Broadway, where for a month or more the play might have been likened to a damp fuse. It sizzled more or less and finally went out.

Old Silverman said the failure was due to the motion pictures, but Murray Boland blamed the play. He had not been enthusiastic over it, to begin with, and when it failed to register in Newark he had warned Silverman, for he held to a theory culled from Thomas à Kempis: "There is a chord in every human heart; if it can be touched, it will bring forth sweet music." He spent a happy six weeks with his horses before Silverman recalled him. A new and promising play had been found. The star read it, enthused over it, and persuaded Silverman to give it a tryout in a small Connecticut city.

The results had been flattering. The play had been running two weeks now, to a nice little business; there were no more changes to be made in the script, the actors were letter-perfect in their parts, and on the closing night Murray Boland had been called to the footlights and commanded by his subjects to make a speech. Forthwith he made it; with characteristic modesty he praised the company for the successful presentation of the piece, but most of all he praised the author of the play; before concluding his remarks he quoted Thomas à Kempis when alluding to the quality of it. And that night in the alley he met the shabby little man.

Now we'll go on with the story.

BOLAND had anticipated the meeting, for on his way out the doorman had informed him that a little bum had just been there asking for him. "He's a panhandler, sir," the doorman warned. "I think he's layin' for yuh."

"Thank you. I think he'll be easy to dispose of," Boland answered and swung down the alley, the while he felt in his pocket for half a dollar. As he approached the alley entrance a wizened, undersized man darted toward him; a pale, weak, ineffectual face looked eagerly up from under the rim of an old black derby hat much too large for the head it covered; a dirty hand came up and touched the hat respectfully. "Mr. Boland, will you stop and let me speak to you just a minute? I'm not a beggar. I—I please, sir, I wish you would!"

The man's voice was eager, enthusiastic, lacking the professional whine of the panhandler. Murray Boland paused and looked down at him.

"All right, old horse," he said gravely. "Anything to make you happy. But suppose we walk. Remember this is Christmas weather and it's mighty cold standing in this damp alley."

"Thank you, Mr. Boland—if a stake horse like you ain't ashamed to be seen walkin' along with a sellin'-plater like me."

"Apparently you haven't won a race this year," the star replied, falling quickly into the other's vernacular.

"The devil's the handicapper an' I'm carryin' age for weight in the Christmas Stakes. I'm lookin' to engage the best actor in the world for a little job tomorrow night an' you're him. You're the greatest character actor that ever lit on this earth, Mr. Boland, an' I'll bang the eye o' the man that says you ain't."

"Suppose we drop into some quiet little restaurant and talk it over," the actor suggested kindly.

"Gee!" murmured his companion aloud, and, addressing himself: "I knew he was a gentleman." He shuffled along by Murray Boland's side until they reached a chophouse on a side street. The latter led the way to a booth and gave the order.

"Now, then, Bill," he said briskly, "out with it. I think you said you wanted to hire an actor."

"No, sire, I'm lookin' to hire an artist. I could get a hamfat down from New York to do the trick for a tenth o' what you're worth, but when I'm out to do a job I do it right, an' the best ain't none too good in this particular case. Mr. Boland, I want you to star in a little private sketch that ain't written yet. You'll be the whole company an' get all the applause."

"But I am already under contract, my dear man," Boland began, thinking his good nature had led him into contact with a lunatic.

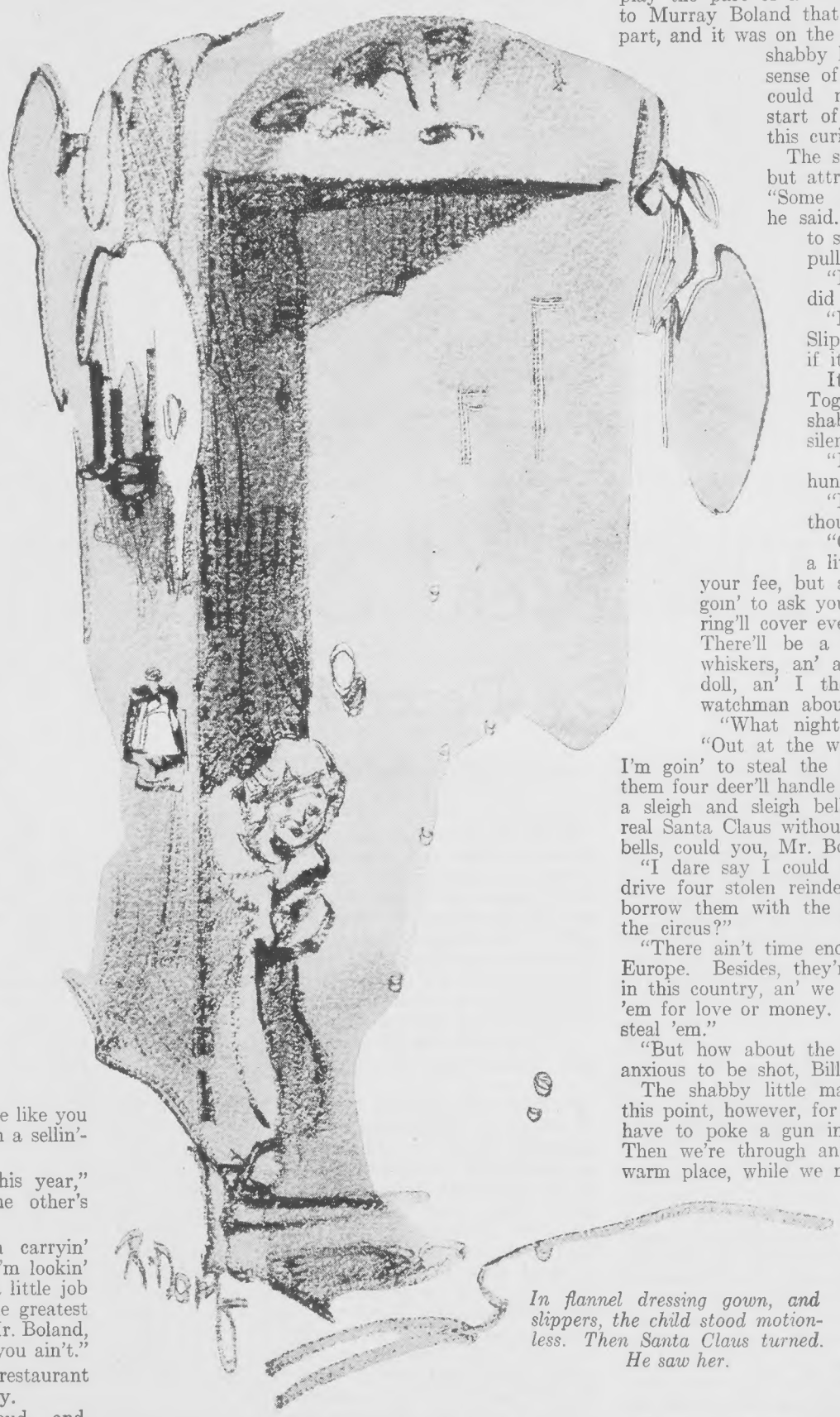
"This won't interfere, sir. You'll only show one night an' after your regular performance. Besides, this show closed tonight, didn't it?"

"When do you want me to play this part?"

"At midnight tomorrow night."

"Huh! And what is the part?"

THE shabby little man looked around, leaned across the table, and said softly: "I want you to be a real Santa Claus to my little girl—that is, she ain't my little girl no more, but I'm her father, all right, all right. As I said before, I could get a hamfat to do it, only I'm afraid he'd take a run-off at the last minute—an' I just couldn't stand to have her disappointed, Mr. Boland. I sent word I've fixed it up with Santa Claus to call at midnight so's she can see him an' have a talk with him—an', my God, sir, I can't afford no four-flusher. My Santa Claus has got to be real. He's got to be on to his job."



In flannel dressing gown, and slippers, the child stood motionless. Then Santa Claus turned. He saw her.

"I'm afraid I will be unable to take the part, Bill," Boland replied seriously. "You see, they pay me about five hundred dollars a night for acting, and I couldn't work for less. You didn't know that, of course, so I think you'd better engage a hamfatter after all."

The shabby little man looked grieved. "Why, sir, you don't suppose I'd have the crust to ask a man o' your standing to do a job like this for nothin'?" he queried. "No, sir-ee. Of course, I ain't got that much ready cash, but I can dig up the collateral," and he rolled something across the table to Boland.

The latter picked it up. It was a ring set in sapphires and diamonds and worth probably a thousand dollars, and as the actor looked at it he started in amazement. It was his own ring, given him years before by old man Silverman after Murray had scored his first great success. Two nights previous his apartment had been burglarized and among other things this ring had been taken. Now the burglar sat before him pleading with him to play the part of a real Santa Claus. It occurred to Murray Boland that he had already played the part, and it was on the tip of his tongue to tell the shabby little man as much, only his sense of humor restrained him. He could not, however, conceal the start of the surprise occasioned by this curious coincidence.

The shabby little man noticed it, but attributed it to another motive. "Some bright little sparkler, eh?" he said. "I s'pose you're surprised to see a down-and-outer like me pull a rock like that."

"Rather, Bill, rather Where did you get it?"

"Never mind where I got it. Slip it on your finger an' see if it fits."

It fitted perfectly—of course. Together they admired it. The shabby little man broke the silence presently:

"It's worth more'n five hundred, ain't it, Mr. Boland?"

"I think so, Bill. About a thousand, I should say."

"Good enough. I'll be under a little extra expense on top o' your fee, but as I ain't got the cash I'm goin' to ask you to put it up for me. The ring'll cover everythin', with some to spare. There'll be a Santa Claus suit, wig an' whiskers, an' a big pack o' toys, an' the doll, an' I thought we'd slip the night watchman about half a century——"

"What night watchman?"

"Out at the winter quarters o' the circus. I'm goin' to steal the four trottin' reindeer. Say, them four deer'll handle like four horses. An' there's a sleigh and sleigh bells—why, you couldn't be a real Santa Claus without the reindeer an' the sleigh bells, could you, Mr. Boland?"

"I dare say I could not. And yet I hesitate to drive four stolen reindeer. Can't we hire them or borrow them with the permission of the owner of the circus?"

"There ain't time enough to reach him. He's in Europe. Besides, they're the only trottin' reindeer in this country, an' we couldn't hire 'em or borrow 'em for love or money. We've just naturally got to steal 'em."

"But how about the night watchman? I'm not anxious to be shot, Bill."

The shabby little man had evidently considered this point, however, for he answered readily: "We'll have to poke a gun in his ribs first, Mr. Boland. Then we're through an' gag him an' set him in a warm place, while we make our get-away with the reindeer. When we're through with 'em we'll bring 'em back, turn the night watchman loose, an' slip him the fifty for his trouble. Then he won't say nothin'."

"That seems to be a reasonable programme," himself saying; "but, before I consider the proposition further, suppose you tell me why you're so set on the reindeer. I must confess your fidelity to detail, your insistence on realism, interests me."

Murray Boland found

"Could I have a beefsteak?" the stranger queried. "I ain't had a square meal in three days. I had a little cash but I needed it for somethin' else, an' I didn't dare hock that ring because they'd only give me a couple o' hundred on it an' that wouldn't be enough for your fee, an' maybe they'd think I stole it an'—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," Boland interrupted. Already he liked the little shabby man sufficiently to entertain an aversion to hearing him lie. "Waiter, bring the gentleman a tenderloin smothered in onions and some French-fried potatoes, a cup of coffee, and a piece of hot mince pie."

"Thank you, sir. It's this way with me," Boland's strange guest began as soon as the waiter had departed for the kitchen. "I don't amount to much, but o' course you can see that for yourself without

me tellin' you. But I was somebody once. I was a premier jockey. I'll skip most o' my life up to that time I met Millie, because I don't know very much about it anyhow, an' I have to think back pretty far to remember a time when I wasn't sleepin' in tack rooms or walkin' horses up an' down, coolin' 'em out. I suppose, before I was sixteen years old, I'd exercised horses on every race track in America and Canada—yes, an' once we went down into old Mexico. Then I become a 'prentice jock an' the old man took to given me the leg-up on the two-year-olds an' skates he wasn't betten' on in the sellin' races. I done so well he let me take out old Grandee in the Thanksgivin' Handicap at Tanforan—that's out near San Francisco. I was up against the best of 'em that day, but there's folks who'll never forget the ride I gave Grandee."

"I remember him well," Murray Boland interrupted. "My uncle bred him, and he was the only white horse I ever saw that could get out of his own way."

"Yes, an' he was eighteen years old when I nosed out Majestic in that Thanksgivin' Handicap."

"Bill," said Murray Boland impressively, "are you the Hand-riding Kid?"

"I was the Hand-ridin' Kid," the shabby little man answered, with a slight emphasis on the verb. "So you knew me in them days."

"I knew of you. I owned Ballantrae—own him still, for that matter—and you won the Sweepstakes with him at New Orleans. What became of you?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY he was addressing the Hand-riding Kid and speaking of him in the past tense.

"I went to hell," said the Hand-riding Kid simply. "An' so you're the Starlight Stables, eh? Lord, how I booted Ballantrae home in front o' that field. We stepped the mile in thirty-eight. But it was that race on old Grandee that made me. I went to Europe the followin' summer, an' rode for the royalty."

"Get along with your story Kid," his host warned him. "If you and I start talking horses, we'll never get around to reindeer. You were the Hand-riding Kid and you met Millie and married her. Who and what was Millie?"

"Millie was—Millie is—the greatest female bareback rider that ever showed under canvas. She's the star of the profesh—been ten years with Bell & Tierney's Circus an' don't show no signs o' stiffenin' up yet. But then we was both under twenty when we married. Naturally, both bein' topnotchers in our line an' both bein' interested in horses—say, do you know anythin' about circus people?"

"No, I never trouped with a circus," Boland admitted.

"Neither did I," said the Hand-riding Kid, "but you can't marry a bareback rider without findin' out somethin' about the circus. The lowest o' the low with a circus is the razorback that sets up the big top, an' the highest o' the high is the bareback riders. They're the 'ristocrats o' the business. Generally, they're descended from a family o' riders; they marry among themselves an' the family works together. It ain't very often bareback riders marry outside the circus, an' it ain't often they marry outside their class in the circus. They're decent people, with a savin' instinct; most of 'em have fine homes an' all of 'em are prouder'n a ten-time winner—that is if there's any class at all to them or the show they're with. Anybody that thinks just because a circus woman wears tights and spangles she's in the Broadway show-girl class has sure got an awful awakenin' comin' to him if he takes a chance an' gets fresh. Well, there was a lot o' class to me in them days. I was a premier race rider, an' Millie married me, but for all that her people an' her friends considered she'd married outside her class."

"That was the little rift within the lute that made Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' mute, eh?"

"It was mistake No. 1, Mr. Boland—an' Millie made it. There's been a good many mistakes made since then, but I guess I'm responsible for all *them*."

"You made money too fast, I suppose. Your head swelled a little when fame came your way, didn't it?" Murray Boland suggested.

"I don't know as I got the swelled head, sir, but I did make money fast. The trouble was I didn't make it fast enough. I was some spender, never thinkin' o' the day when I'd get heavy an' be out o' the runnin'—an' bimeby I noticed I had to sweat out a whole lot to make the weight. There was months that I didn't eat a square meal, an' if I as much as looked at a steak I'd take on a couple of ounces. About this time I commenced to worry about never havin' saved any money—an' that was a bad frame o' mind for me to be in, with all them pirates o' bookmakers an' crooked owners lookin' for the main chance. I might as well own up, Mr. Boland. I took to ridin' to the post with a couple o' tickets on another horse down my bootleg."

"I understand. And one day the judges asked you to step up and pull off your boots, eh?"

The Hand-riding Kid nodded sorrowfully. Considering his youth and the environment of a lifetime, there was much that he might have said in his defence, yet he forebore saying it. Murray Boland observed this and set it down to the Hand-riding Kid's credit.

"They ruled me off for life," the derelict continued drearily. "The papers was full of it, an' to make it worse Millie was with me at the time. She'd been out with the circus all summer, bein' under contract when I married her, but when the season closed she came out to California to join me at the winter meetin'."

The unhappy little wretch clasped his head in his hands and gazed at the table. There was a long and painful silence, broken at last by Murray Boland: "Of course, you wouldn't admit to yourself in those days that it was the occasional little drink that was putting the weight on you. And when you were ruled off you went on a grand spree to drown the disgrace of it, eh, Kid?"

THE Hand-riding Kid nodded. "I was smashed. I didn't know nothin' except horses, but, Lord bless you, sir, I could tell what *they* were thinkin' about; I could *talk* to them an' they understood my language. I never used a bat on a horse in my life, Mr. Boland. I just rode 'em with my hands an' talked to 'em an' encouraged 'em, an' when the field spread out on the turn an' swept into the home stretch, the horses I rode always had somethin' left for the little ol' Hand-ridin' Kid, an' they give it with a free heart. Mr. Boland, sir, a horse that won't run for the love of a race ain't a horse but a goat, an' I—I—I could make the weight now, but there's nobody that'd trust me with a mount, even if they could. When they broke me, the only thing I knew was horses, an' the only job I could get was groom to somebody that didn't know me. Just think of it, sir. Me—the Hand-ridin' Kid—swipe around a polo stable!" He spat in his disgust, and Murray Boland waited for him to go on.

"A swipe can't support a wife, Mr. Boland, an' a circus 'ristocrat can't have a swipe for a husband. You see the position Millie was in, don't you, sir? She'd gone out of her class to marry; everybody'd been sayin': 'Millie'll regret marryin' that Hand-ridin' Kid. He ain't a man. He's a rabbit'; an' now she knew they'd all be sayin': 'I told you so.'"

"So she left you, did she?" Boland queried sympathetically.

"She did not. I'd done her dirt enough—so I left her. It was the least I could do after disgracin' her. An' besides I wasn't leavin' her broke. She'd been ridin' since she was sixteen, drawin' big money, an' she was wiser'n me. She'd saved hers, an' I couldn't lay around an' have her support me. It most broke my heart to give up her an' the baby, though, but I done it."

"Where are Millie and the baby now, Kid?"

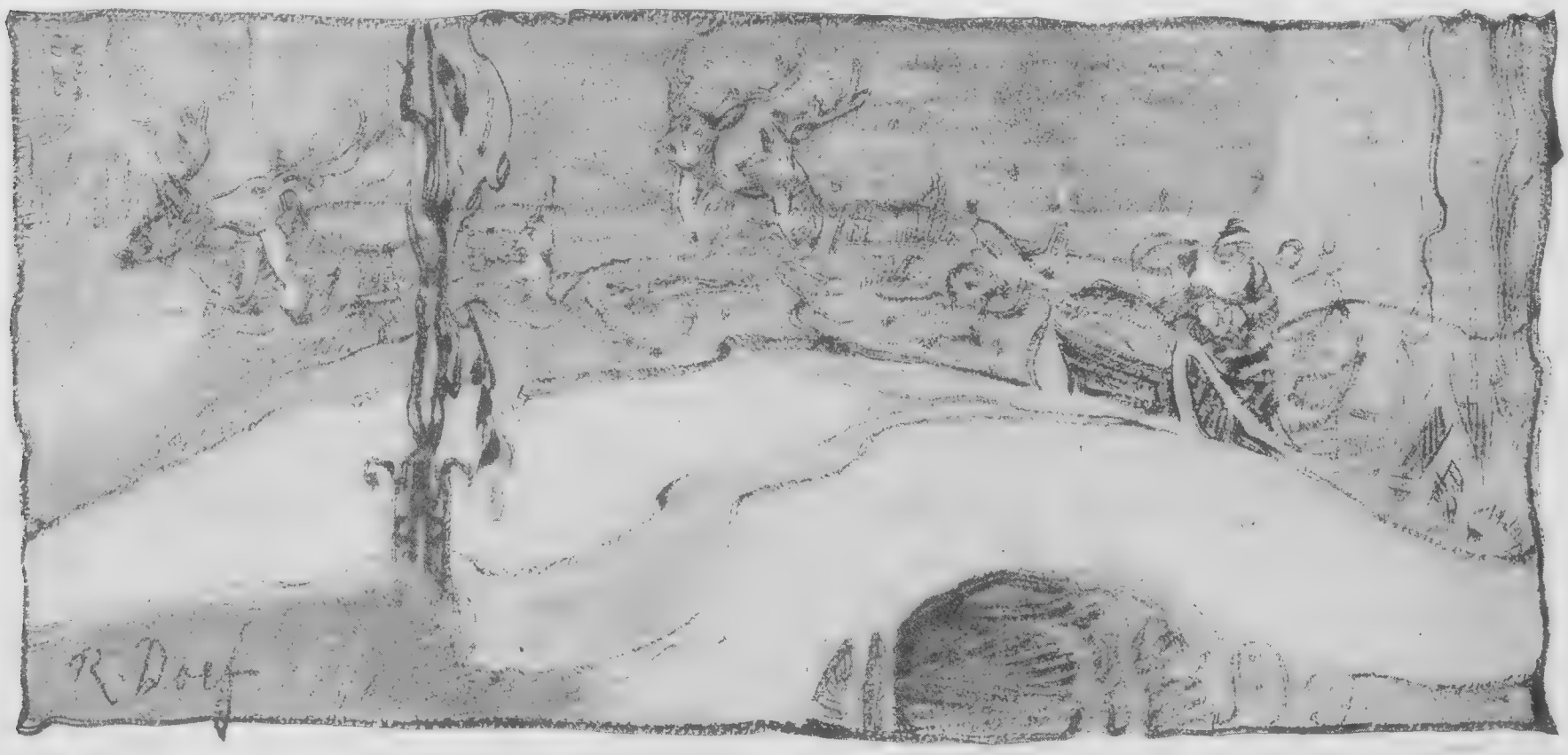
"Right here in this town. The circus winters here, an' Millie likes to live close by, so's she can run out a couple o' times a week an' practice. She got a divorce from me for desertion out there in California, an' now she's married again—in the profession. Him an' her works together, an' he's good to my baby."

"And you want the little girl to see a real Santa Claus, eh?"

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Boland. Of course, I don't blame Millie a bit for feelin' sore at what I went an' done to her, but she ought to let me see my baby. The last time I tried to see Aileen, Millie called her in. 'Aileen,' she said, 'you've often asked me about your daddy. See that man there. That's your daddy. He's wearin' a suit o' clothes somebody give him—provided he didn't steal 'em, an' he needs a shave an' a bath. Do you want that kind of a daddy, Aileen?'"

The Hand-riding Kid's eyes filled; the lump in his throat choked him. It was horrible.

"Millie's set my baby against me," he resumed presently. "I don't blame her for feelin' sore the way I went an' disgraced [Continued on page 27]



Clear above the uproar he heard a voice call: "San ta! Santa! I am he-e-er! This is Ailee-e-e-n!"

From Peak to Peak

A Christmas Story

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Thin Santa Claus," Etc.

Illustrated by John Clymer

AS CHRISTMAS approached Joe Carsey began looking at phonographs and asking their prices because he knew a phonograph was what he would have to give Jessie. Aunt Ella in New York had remembered their wedding anniversary in October and she had also remembered that Jessie liked to dance, and she had sent twelve new phonograph records on which were twenty-four of the newest dance tunes.

"The darling!" Jessie had exclaimed. "Now, we'll have to get a phonograph!"

"If I can make the grade, hon," Joe said. Things are going pretty good, but not so good, either. Gimme till along about Christmas, anyway. Maybe we can stand the gaff by then."

"But Joe!" Jessie had said. "That's silly. We've got to have a phonograph; what use are a lot of records without anything to play them on?"

"All right!" he told her. "Christmas, then. Wait for Santa Claus."

When Christmas neared he studied his sales-chart and wasn't happy over it. It wasn't so good. The year before this he had made a nice peak, the red ink line showing his sales having climbed right up to Christmas, but this year it was not climbing as well. Appliances were doing better—iron, hair-curlers, toasters—but the staple of his shop, the lamps, were way low. And for a reason. A fellow named Bitterman had opened up and was selling lamps and appliances and some of the trade went there. And always would. Bitterman had come to stay and he was no silly.

There had been the normal increase in lamp use in Westcote during the year—new building, some of the old gas users having their old houses wired, and the expected increase that came because people who once know the comfort of good light always want better light—but Bitterman got his share of the increase and took some of Carsey's trade. Not so good!

"But Joe, that's silly. We've got to have a phonograph!"

"But Joe," Jessie said when he told her this, "you ought to do something to increase your lamp sales, if that is the trouble."

"I've done it," he said.

"Then you ought to do something else," she said.

"I've done that, too," he told her with a rueful laugh.

"But you promised me a phonograph, Joe," she said. "You did, you know. Every time I see the records Aunt Ella sent—"

"It's lucky she didn't send you an anchor, Jess," he said.

"Why?" Jessie asked.

"You'd want me to buy you a ship," Joe laughed, and that was as near as they had ever come to a quarrel because they were both good natured.

"But a phonograph is not a ship," Jessie said, "and phonograph records are no use without a phonograph, are they now, Joe?"

"You'll get your phonograph," Joe told her. "I'm not that hard up. And there are still easy-payments, if it comes to that."

So he went back to study his chart again. The phonograph was nothing much. Jessie would get her phonograph, and something else, too. Something unexpected, as a surprise—a wrist watch, maybe. But a chart that don't show new peaks now and then isn't much of a chart. A business ought to grow. And the reason his business did not grow, Joe decided, was Elmus K. Rotherwell.

ELMUS K. ROTHERWELL was a man of sixty-five and he had a jaw like that of a bull-dog—for business purposes—but inside of him he had a bull-dog's kindly heart, for family use only. Elmus K. Rotherwell was not only the Westcote Light Company but he was almost Westcote itself. He was the man of money of the town, he owned the Westcote State Bank, and he owned business blocks by the row. He was a wise old man, too. He could take a nicely sharpened pencil and do more stunts with a chart and an engineer's report than Joe Carsey would ever have thought of attempting. In one matter he had used the butt end of his pencil. He had tapped it on his desk and had said "Impossible! Good day, gentlemen. This is final."

This had been in the matter of the bungalow colony that had sprung up out beyond Cross-County Road, the large and growing group of houses generally known as Wilshire's Colony but sometimes called West Westcote. The land had been a farm—a large farm—and a good part of it lay on the hill overlooking the river. When Wilshire decided to lay it out in lots he went to old Elmus Rotherwell and asked about electricity.

"I expect to have quite a colony out there," he said. "I'm selling the land cheap, and I've got some money to lend folks that want to put up medium-priced bungalows. I ought to draw a lot of the young married folks out there—let them pay me back on easy terms. Now, how about running a wire out there and supplying the folks current?"

"Impossible!" said Elmus K. Rotherwell instantly.

"I don't see why," said Wilshire. "All it is going to cost you is a couple of miles of poles and some wire. We wire the bungalows. You ought to sell a lot of current out there. Soon as I can get Westcote to accept the place as an addition there'll be street lights, and that'll be more current."

"Impossible!" said Elmus K. Rotherwell again. "I do not care to go into details, but it is impossible. I know my business, perhaps I may tell you, Mr. Wilshire, better than you know it."

"You're going to develop that property to east of town," said Wilshire, getting red in the face," and you want to freeze me out. You want to tie my property down to gas-light and oil-lamp illumination. That's what you're up to!"

"The interview is ended," said Elmus Rotherwell. "And you may bear this in mind—I am still able to manage my own affairs without outside aid. Good day, Mr. Wilshire."

In spite of this disappointment the Wilshire Colony grew, and it grew rather rapidly. The first bungalows were so pretty and the view of the river was so pleasing that the young couples did build bungalows there. Morning, noon and evening the road along the river was lively with small cheap cars as the husbands hurried to and from work. The Wilshire Colony became known as the pleasantest place for young couples to live; there was a merry social atmosphere, inexpensive but happy. But no electric illumination!

From his own point of view Elmus K. Rotherwell may have been right. He watched the peaks of his chart and he knew how much current his plant could produce at its maximum. He felt that he was an old man and that he was none too well. He saw the current demands of Westcote increasing each year, peak following peak, each higher than the one before, and he used his pencil. The figures made a neat little example. With his plant's given

capacity, the normal growth of Westcote, and his state of health and age, his plant would suffice till the day of this death. And any extra load would carry the peak of consumption off the top of the chart.

A year later a delegation from Wilshire's Colony called on Elmus K. Rotherwell and humbly petitioned him to extend his wires to the Colony and again he up-ended his pencil and uttered his stern "Impossible!" He did not go into details. His mere word was final But he might have shown figures. His plant was an old one and the building in which it was installed was cramped to capacity. He must take care of Westcote in light or power or lose his franchise. His plant could take care of that growth, but if he added outside territory he would have to build a new plant. That he did not want to do at his age. When he died his heirs could do as they pleased, but he was satisfied. He would let well-enough alone.

"JOE," said Jessie Carsey, taking her place at the table a week before Christmas. "Kay Willis came to call today. She was the happiest thing! They have bought one of the Wilshire bungalows."

"She won't like it without electric light," Joe said.

"Electric light!" scoffed Jessie. "That's all you think of—electric light! Bulbs! Why, Joe, she's tickled that they're not going to have any. She says it will be just like pioneering—lamps and everything like grandma used to have. She says she just loves to fill lamps; just loves the smell of kerosene. I do think she's the happiest bride I ever heard of—except me!" she added.

"She's a mighty nice girl," Joe agreed. "Ben Willis was lucky to get her. I suppose old man Rotherwell is buying the place for them."

"He's not, though," Jessie informed him. "He don't believe in coddling them, Kay says. They have to get along on Ben's salary."

"He can't think much of her then; I don't call him much of a grandfather," Joe said. "Him with his million dollars or so."

"But he does think much of her," Jessie insisted. "He just thinks the world and all of her, Joe. I know—I've seen them together. Joe, they want us to go out real often; they want us to go out tomorrow night and dance. They've got a pho——"

"All right, all right!" Joe said, grinning. "I get the point. You'll get your phonograph. Honest, Jess, I don't blame Sampson and Adam and Mark Anthony—when you women once get after a man you get what you want, don't you?"

"But you promised me a phonograph—" Jessie pouted. "If I just remind you of it once in a while, now and then——"

Joe lay back in his chair and laughed and laughed.

"You ladies!" he cried. "Talk about——"

He stopped suddenly and looked grave. The transition from mirth to seriousness was so sudden that his face had a frightened look.

"What is it?" Jessie asked anxiously.

"Nothing," Joe hastened to assure her. "Just business—I thought of something. Something I ought to do. But about this going out to Willis's tomorrow night—is it going to be an all-dressed-up affair? I've got to get me a new shirt if it is."

"It's informal," Jess said. "Kay said they wouldn't dress; they don't usually. Some of the men may."

"I'll get me a new shirt," Joe said.

"And, Joe, you mustn't talk electric light," Jessie warned him. "I mean, Kay won't care but I guess some of them out there are pretty sore about not having it out there, and Mr. Rotherwell is her grandfather."

"I won't say a word," Joe promised her, and he did not.

They had a fine evening at Ben Willis's. Half a dozen of the young couples of the Colony came in and the rugs were rolled up and all danced.

"It's a lovely phonograph," Jessie said to Joe when they were dancing together.

"You're a lovely follow-up lady," Joe said. "Reminder Number Two Thousand Six Hundred and Forty-Four."

"Well, Joe, if we didn't have the records——"

"Reminder Number Two Thousand Six Hundred and Forty-Five," said Joe.

"Silly!" she laughed. "I'm not worrying; you promised me a phonograph and I know I'll get it."

FOR Christmas, now but a day or two away, Jessie bought for Kay Willis a delightful little brass tray that was just right for the table Kay had in her little hall, but she did not hear from Kay until a week after Christmas—on New Year's Eve, to be exact. Then her telephone rang and Kay's voice greeted her.

"Jessie, you dear!" Kay cried. "I want you and Joe to come out to-night, will you? For dinner, and we'll dance and sing things and see the New Year in. We're just wild—we're going to have loads of people in and have a celebration. And thank you ever and ever so much for the perfectly darling present you sent me. It was the nicest thing I got for Christmas from anyone."

"I thought you'd like it," said Jessie. "I was afraid you had not got it, not hearing from you. Joe swore he mailed it——"

"Not got it?" exclaimed Kay. "Why I was out of the house and up at grandpa's half an hour after I got it Christmas morning. Jess, I haven't given the poor man a minute's rest. I've been at him every day, and that's what the clebration is for tonight. He just promsied me today that he would run a wire out to the Colony, and now we'll all have electricity."

"But—"

"I'll tell you all about it tonight," Kay cried. "The butcher has come. Tonight! Sure, now!"

"But, Kay—" Jess said to the telephone, but Kay had hung up. Jess turned away and put a dance record on her phonograph.

She had found the phonograph in the living-room Christmas morning. But not the wrist-watch. Thinking it over Joe had decided he had better wait awhile as far as the wrist-watch was concerned, business being what it was and what it promised to be. But noon this day brought him home.

"Happy New Year!" he cried happily, although it was still December thirty-first. "Looky what your husband brung you! Ain't he nice boy?"

Jess opened the parcel and saw the wrist watch, and she gave him a kiss for each hour on the dial.

"But, Joe! How could you do it? How could you ever afford such a darling thing?"

"The old red line on the chart is going to show a new peak," he declared. "Old Rotherwell is going to give Wilshire's Colony current; his men are out there now setting poles."

"How lively for Kay! She just told me," Jess said. "But I think she's gone crazy with joy, Joe. She called up to invite us out tonight and she thanked me for that copper tray, and she said the queerest things. She [Continued on page 68]

Elmus K. Rothwell was a man of sixty-five with a jaw like that of a bull-dog.

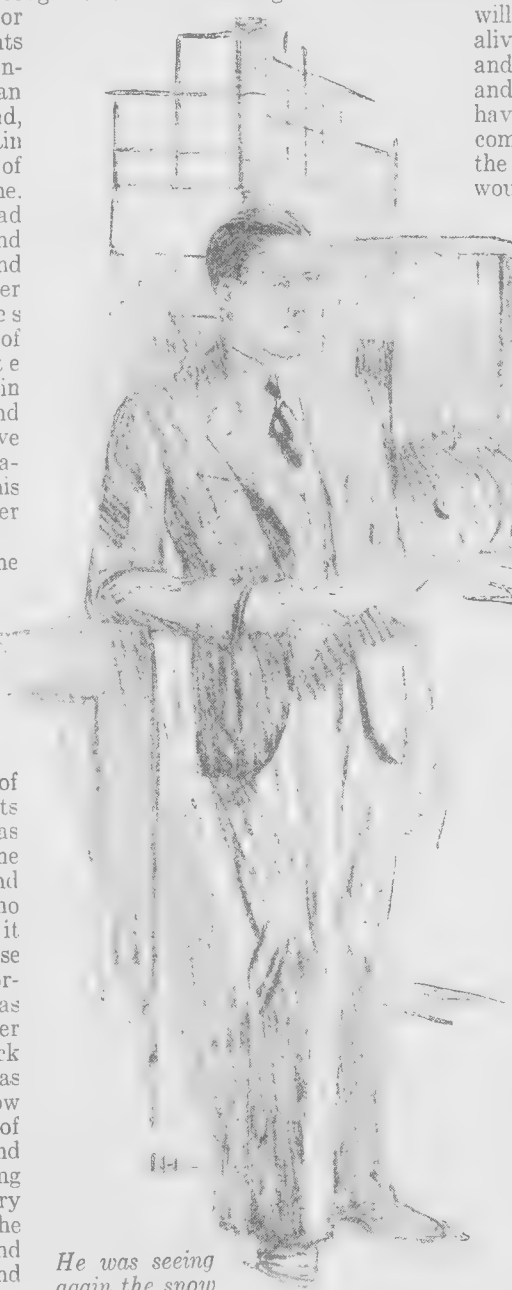
"Home For Christmas"

By Roland H. Sherwood

Illustrated by N. Brett

THE circus was in winter quarters after its long, hard season on the road.

"Nimble" Niles, billed by the Famous Singling Shows during the past summer as "De Canso, the world's most wonderful contortionist," stood along at the main entrance to the huge buildings and gazed over the green landscape. But his thoughts were not with the greening things before him, nor did he hear the coughs of the lions and tigers in the animal building, or the roar of the elephants from the bull pens. Instead, he stood with an open letter in his hand, and he was seeing again the snow-covered fields of the place he called home. He pictured the long road filled with virgin snow and its speeding sleighs, and the lake and river over whose frozen surfaces skimmed the crowds of skaters, and the white mantled trees, gleaming in the winter sunshine, and the crisp, morning air alive with sparkling frost diamonds—all things that this southern state could never know!



He was seeing again the snow covered fields of the place he called home.

It was nearing the Christmas season, but what was Christmas here? Nothing but a product of the imagination. How could anyone be thrilled with the nearness of Christmas or filled with its spirit when the land was as green as ever and the mercury hovering around blood heat? For those who had always lived here it might pass, but for those who had known the northern Christmas it was just the same as any other sweltering day. But back home — There Christmas would dawn over the snow covered earth in a blaze of orange and vermilion, and there would be the ringing of church bells, the merry music of the chimes on the sleighs, the laughter and shout of the young, and the clean, crisp, invigorating air which filled the lungs and stirred the blood and made it good for one to be alive! Nimble could see again the living-room at home, the walls festooned with wreaths of ivy and shining laurel leaves, woven in with scarlet berries. And the large spruce tree which shimmered in one corner of the room, decorated with gleaming balls and fairylike strands of tinsel! How he had enjoyed it, those years he had gone home for Christmas! And now, here it was again the Christmas season and he would not be there, and the heart of Nimble Niles was sad. This Christmas, above all else, he wanted to go home! He was sick of the heat and the noise, the worry and work of constant training, and he longed for the frost-tinged air, the gleam of the winter's sun on the ice and the crunch, crunch of the snow beneath his feet. But he was afraid to make the venture for a mighty fear was eating into the veneer of what little courage was contained in the thin frame of him. The letter he held in his hand was imploring him to come home. It was from his sister—his eldest sister in the snow-carpeted town for which he longed. It was in reply to one he had written informing her that he would not be home for Christmas although, at the time he wrote, he wanted to go with all the heart of him.

"——Do come this Christmas, dear——" her letter read—"Mother is sick and really wants to see you. She needs you. Don't disappoint her, brother dear; you have no idea how she is building her hopes on seeing you this Christmas. Doctor Wheaton said that she must be humored; nothing must be done that would upset or disturb her, so you see, brother, you must come. Looking forward to the time when you will be home is all that is keeping her alive. She talks about you all the time and wants to see you on Christmas day—and she's got a big surprise for you! We havn't told her that you said you couldn't come. We can't tell her! You must come, the disappointment on Christmas day would be too much for her——"

And Nimble Niles knew that he must go home — that he would go home, but always before him was his great overshadowing fear.

NIMBLE NILES, small, almost mean in appearance, was a great contortionist, but he was a coward when it came to physical pain inflicted by anyone else, although he often suffered greatly in the performance of his circus stunts, which had won him fame and not a little money with the Famous Singling Shows. And it was this fear of physical pain which was holding him from going home for Christmas. For it was the fear of the wrath of Jim Butcher, a big, contemptuous man, back in the town where he belonged. For Jim had said he "would break every bone in him!" And that was the overpowering fear that was in the heart of Nimble Niles! A little thing, maybe, but to one such as Nimble, who, although he endured pain smilingly at every performance under the canvas, was afraid of the very thoughts of being injured. For any injury meant that he would never again be the idol of thousands of people who thronged the Big Top and watched breathlessly as his small body twisted and turned in mid-air.

But Nimble made up his mind that he was going home! That he would ever again be back to the noise and the thrill of the circus life he did not know, and so, two days later, he regretfully said good-bye's to all his friends of the Famous Singling Shows and was on his way.

Home for Christmas! And Jim Butcher! Nimble remembered clearly what it was that had grieved the big man. It happened when he had been showing a bunch of the boys back home a difficult stunt which had won fame for him in the circus world, that the bullying Jim Butcher had cut in with a remark about "the dirty little snake" which had sent the hot blood coursing in the veins of Nimble Niles! The circus man had made a retort and Jim had given him a wicked slap in the face which sent him back against the wall. Temper, hot and bitter, had checked Nimble's reasoning power. His hand had closed over a glass and he had thrown it. And the last he remembered of Jim Butcher was seeing the blood streaming down the big man's face. Nimble had gone away, fearfully and quickly. He had said good-bye to his family and taken the train to join the circus in its winter quarters

And word had come to him that big Jim Butcher was biding his time. Nimble felt that Jim knew that his mother was ill and was calling for him. And he was sure that Jim Butcher would be there to welcome him home! As he thought of it Nimble Niles was afraid.

DAYS of moving through green fields gave way to rugged brown countryside as the train bearing him moved steadily northward, and then one morning he thrilled in every fibre of him as he awakened to find that the train had come into snow overnight. There wasn't much, that was certain, but the brown hills were speckled with the white of recently fallen snow, and the man who was going home for Christmas joyed in the scene. Then, as they moved on, days and nights, they came to real snow and lots of it! Through wooded country the train drove on where the thousands of trees were bedecked with the ermine trimmings of Christmas.

For some time past Nimble had forgotten his fear as he drank in the scenes that were kin to those he had known at home, but as the train pulled steadily on toward his home town, he began to worry. Jim Butcher would be waiting for him, Nimble felt sure, and the big man would not care what happened just so he revenged himself on the circus man. And if Jim Butcher carried out his threat Nimble knew that his mother would never stand the shock. As he thought the situation over a plan suddenly popped into his head, and he was surprised that he had not thought of it before. So he set to work to carry it through.

WHEN the train pulled in to Nimble's home town, from one of the rear coaches came a badly crippled man, who flopped rather than walked, for his whole body was out of shape, and his face was twisted as if in great pain. He flopped to a nearby car, hurriedly, and crept in, while the driver secured his bag. As they pulled away from the curbing and the curious eyes of the bystanders, Nimble Niles thrilled at the success of his scheme, for not one in that crowd had shown the least sign of recognition, and he leaned back contentedly in the cushions. He began to enjoy the drive through the congested streets. The gleam of the colored lights in the shop windows thrilled him, for it reminded him of the circus lot. As they passed out of the busy section Nimble began to think about his enemy.

The last he remembered of Jim Butcher was seeing the blood streaming down the big man's face.

"Do you know Jim Butcher?" he asked the driver.

"Yes, I know him," was the reply. "You're Mr. Niles of the Singling Circus, ain't you?"

"Yes," he admitted half fearfully, although with a certain amount of pride. And then it dawned upon him that the driver had never asked him where he was bound. This was one person who had known him when he arrived. Had Jim Butcher been in that crowd at the station and recognized him? He wondered.

"Where is Jim Butcher?" Nimble ventured. The other laughed.

"You needn't be afraid," the driver answered, "he won't hurt you. He's in jail!" and the man chuckled again. Nimble Niles emitted a deep sigh of relief. So Jim Butcher was out of the way! And all his worry had been for nothing! He decided to straighten out and told the driver what he intended to do.

"Drive slowly," he added, and the man complied. And in the back seat of the [Continued on page 58]

SHADOWLAND

With All Its Vagaries

ANYONE who likes acting of the finest and most distinguished sort cannot afford to miss the new talking picture "Disraeli," with George Arliss in the title role. This film is about the best argument that has been put forward in favor of the talkies. It has all round excellence; the cast, photography, the production of the voices, all unite to raise it far above the average picture. But most important, it has as its star one of the finest actors on the English-speaking stage.

George Arliss is no newcomer to the films. Many will remember his brilliant pantomime in an earlier, silent version of "Disraeli." The talkies, however, offer a wider scope for his talents, and now his voice, which has charmed so many theatre-goers, may be heard faultlessly recorded on the vitaphone. "Disraeli" is, perhaps, the most memorable of all Mr. Arliss' splendid characterizations, and it is pleasant to think that camera and vitaphone have now made a permanent record of this achievement in the art of acting to give to posterity and to those who have not been privileged to see Mr. Arliss play this part on the stage. The Disraeli of history—that amazing little figure of a Jew whose statesmanship, astuteness, wit and diplomacy brought him to the post of Prime Minister under Queen Victoria—could not be more comprehensively interpreted than in the stage or screen portrait made by Mr. Arliss. The screen version follows very closely the play, "Disraeli," by Louis Parker, which was Mr. Arliss' stage vehicle. In the film one gets the first glimpse of Disraeli in the House of Commons and the first sound of his suave and witty voice comes as he answers Gladstone's thunderings. From that scene and on, you live in a world of breathless intrigue where statesmen and spies juggle with the destinies of nations. The picture abounds in dramatically effective contrasts. One moment you watch Disraeli puttering about in his gardens, watching the lovely movements of his pet peacocks, and the next moment you see this great man turning his dynamic personality on the Governor of the Bank of England and by sheer force of that personality and his native eloquence forcing him to finance the purchase of the Suez canal. It is Disraeli's fight for English possession of the Suez canal which forms the pivot about which the dramatic action revolves, and at the beginning of that battle of wits and diplomacy Disraeli stands practically alone, his enemies being not only rival governments but the distrust and ignorance of his fellow statesmen. How he wins the respect of these men forms the denouement of the drama, and this denouement has an even wider significance, for Disraeli's victory established Britain's power in the Far East and made Victoria "Empress of India."

The wit for which Disraeli was famous sparkles throughout the whole story and brightens it. Sentiment, too, is well woven into the picture. There are the young lovers that Disraeli helps to happiness. And there is an admirable portrait of that charming lady Mary Ann Disraeli, whose devotion and help were no small factors in her "Dizzy's" ultimate success.

Ronald Coleman in "Bulldog Drummond

Just as Mr. Arliss' stage "Disraeli" was a wonderful piece of acting, so is his portrait in the screen version. Brilliant to the smallest detail, colorful and vigorous in general effect, this characterization will undoubtedly go down as a screen classic.

Excellent performances are given by others in Mr. Arliss' supporting cast. Appropriately Mrs. Arliss plays Mrs. Disraeli. Joan Bennett's prettiness and charm is most effective in the role of Lady Clarissa Pevensey, and Anthony Bushnell gives a fine performance as the young aristocrat who turns from contempt for Disraeli to the greatest admiration for him. Other parts—portraits of real men and women of the period—are cleverly done.

The direction of the film and the photography are both good.

The picture should make a great appeal. Young people who like to take their history in pleasantly sugar-coated doses will get from "Disraeli" a vivid memory of a great period of British history and a clearly etched portrait of one of Britain's greatest statesmen. Lovers of a good story will enjoy the plot woven of spies and political intrigue. Those of us who have a "sweet tooth for sentiment" will find our tastes satisfied by the story of the charming young lovers. Scenes in the House of Commons and the reception of Queen Victoria supply pageantry. And, best of all, connoiseurs and admirers of good acting will be delighted by Mr. Arliss' masterly characterization.

As a postscript I should like to add that one of the most interesting autobiographies I have ever read is that of Mr. Arliss. This book, first published about two years ago, is called "Up the Years from Bloomsbury." In it Mr. Arliss tells of his early struggles in London and his ultimate success both in his native England and his adopted America. In it, too, he pays tribute to the fine comradeship of Mrs. Arliss. The book is delightfully written and rich in amusing anecdotes.

As a second postscript, for the benefit of those who will marvel at Mr. Arliss' agility with the monocle which he uses so constantly and so deftly in the character of Disraeli, let me explain that Mr. Arliss, in real life, always wears a monocle

George Arliss and Joan Bennett in "Disraeli."

Bulldog Drummond

EDGAR WALLACE, that most prolific author of detective fiction, is thought by many to be a benefactor of humanity. Several of Britain's cleverest statesmen are numbered among his host of readers, and they find that his swiftly moving tales of mystery and adventure make them forget their cares and give them a much-needed relaxation. The screen is now helping Mr. Wallace to carry on the good work, and its most efficient effort in that direction is the screen version of "Bulldog Drummond," with Ronald Coleman in the leading role. It is a lively tale, excellently

[Continued on page 87]

Christmas Roses

A Story of Christmas in Alberta, a Big Man, a Stubborn Woman, a Very Small Girl, Red Roses and Miracles

By G. Larva

Illustrated by John Little

BEFORE her favorite pupil had finished the Rachmaninoff prelude, Eaulalia Nansen slipped through the red curtains at the back of the stage and, white as chalk, met the startled gaze of her middle-aged German assistant who was hastily unwrapping prizes in the dim seclusion of the anteroom.

"Ach, Himmel! What is it? Not a breakdown in Pearl Beck? . . . Eaulalia—Mein Gott!"

"Don't talk, Ernestine, get me a drink. I—I—perhaps it's just that little trouble with my eyes . . . hurry, hurry. The number is almost ended."

One ear on the progress of the prelude, Ernestine dashed down the steps leading to the basement, peered about in the gloom of the musty kitchen, found the cupboard and a glass and, already dismissing her foolish fright, hurried back again.

But, quick though she was, she found the anteroom empty. Swift anger dyed her sallow cheeks. So! This was a joke perhaps? A funny business on a programme night! Allemachter! What good then to give decorations and degrees to young professorines if it didn't put a little German commonsense in them! Just wait! What she'd tell that Swedish graduate of Vienna and Berlin the witches themselves couldn't better.

Bursting with displeasure and outraged propriety, she swept to her place at the left of the stage. With a toss of the head she turned to give her superior a befittingly blighting glance and got for her pains a thunderbolt of shock. Mein Gott! She wasn't there. Miss Nansen wasn't anywhere on the platform.

Little Miss Beck was just ending her admirable performance. To leave now would look peculiar, perhaps create a wrong impression. Yet leave she must. With a smile that threatened to tear the paralyzed muscles of her face, Ernestine Bethune approached one of the senior pupils. "Jessie," she confided, as calmly as she could, "Miss Hansen has been taken ill. Ach, no, not bad—just a dizziness. If in two minutes I am not back, announce the finale—and keep your head!"

But neither anteroom nor corridor gave sound or sight of Eaulalia. Trembling with sudden forewarning Ernestine flew to the little choir room. Ach Himmel! There lay Eaulalia's overshoes! Now she would be sick dashing home through the slush in silly satin pumps! Exasperated at this fresh idiocy Ernestine reached for the telephone and dialed the number of the suite she shared with Miss Nansen. Dialed and dialed with no result whatever. And the apartment was no more than a scant two blocks from the church!

Poor Ernestine sat down and stared at the buff-colored walls in utter perplexity. Where was that so so impetuous but singularly lovable Swedish genius gone? Was it a tragedy or just another escapade? A what you call temperament or, maybe, a bilious attack? Ach, Himmel! Maybe this minute she lay in a faint, her Madonna-bright head on the cruel pavement. Mein Gott! Detestably clear and imperious the strains of the final number floated out to her. No matter what had happened she must return . . . to smile and smirk and hand out prizes to stupid little younglings . . . . to prate and apologize and promise. . . .

Somehow she got through with it. But it was a sadly shaken Ernestine who, at the end, almost collided with a tall distinguished Englishman when she rushed pell-mell up the carpeted hall to her suite.

"Excuse, excuse," she muttered, clutching at her glasses and righting her course, so to speak.

"One moment, please, Miss Bethune."

Ernestine was too spent for fresh amazement. She could only gaze and gape inanely, she felt, and idiotically. Not without some reward, however, since it revealed an unmistakable gentleman, not handsome, exactly, but possessing in full that subtle something dubbed personality. Ach, yes, a gentleman, and of military bearing, with eyes that nothing whatever escaped.

"Well—what is it? You have a daughter to enroll of a son, perhaps? Mein herr, be quick. I am all a muddle for haste."

"I, too," he checked her, smiling, "and for the same reason."

"Ach, you jest," Ernestine spat at him angrily.

"Far from it." He took her up sharply. A man does not jest when he has come thousands of miles to settle a misunderstanding. Miss Bethune, have you any idea where Eaulalia Nansen could have gone? She is not here — I have made certain of that."

"Mein Gott!" poor Ernestine wheezed like some jews-harp. "You must be mad mein herr. Not here? Ach, my poor Lalia and I was so full of crossness! Mein herr, you must help me. For nothing on earth could I call those so terrible hospitals!"

She thought him heartless to laugh, but it eased the tension between them and somehow set a brighter face on things. "That won't be necessary, Miss Bethune. If you'll come to the tearoom at the corner I think I can at least explain that fear away effectively," he assured her.

Ernestine looked him over once more critically. "Prut!" came her decision. "After all I'm a homely old maid and you, mein herr, a gentleman Just so you have something sensible to say better come in the suite to say it!"

MEANWHILE a Greyline taxi purred along the Banff highway flirting with the breeze at a scandalous rate. And, just two minutes of twelve the occupants of Silver Hollow Ranch were startled from the soundest sleep by such trumpeting as the holy better.

Archangels alone could

Jenny Larsen sat up in bed and shook her husband. "Jaeger, listen—a car!"

Jaeger, tired from miles in the saddle dived deeper into the pillows and growled peevishly: "Some fool that's lost the turn to Ghost River House. Let him toot!"

"But, Jaeger, come to your senses. It's not on the highway. It's headed here. And listen, Jaeger. . . ."

"Herre Gud!" Jaeger struggled out of bed about as nimbly as a camel takes the road. "Herre Gud! Can't the darn fools stay where they belong even in winter time?"

Then they both stopped transfixed. Up out of the black night a woman's voice hallooed gaily: "Jenny! Jenny! Get up, you sleepy-head. It's Eaulalia Nansen. Get up, Fru Larsen, and welcome your impertinent cousin!"

"Herre Gud!" gasped Jaeger once again. "Here, Jenny, where the devil did you put my grey pants?"

Jenny, already at the stairs, flung back laughing: "In the closet, stupid. And hurry. It's Eaulalia Nansen of Vienna, remember that—madcap or no."

What an amazing hour followed. An hour of confidences and confessions; of triumphs and journeyings; of everything, in fact, save that which Eaulalia most longed to reveal. But for all their gaiety Jenny was not deceived. Next day, when Jaeger had gone about his business and her small daughter Kitty was at a safe distance in the house, she spoke out bluntly: "Now, then, Eaulalia Nansen, explain yourself. You didn't come in this wild, harum-scarum fashion just to re-live school-girl reminiscences. Nor yet, my dear,

Up out of the black night a woman's voice hallooed.

out of pure unalloyed affection for a cousin who always disapproved your artistic tantrums. Come, out with it, Eaulalia—it's a man, I suppose!"

"Oh, Jenny *a* man! As if there had ever been other than one man."

"Well, *the* man, then," snapped Jenny, "which is even worse. Really, Lalia, haven't you come to your senses about that affair yet? Haven't you discovered how unutterably——"

"Stop, stop! Of course I have. Why else did I give up my studio in Vienna, in Stockholm—in Montreal? Jenny, I was cruel, wicked, monstrous — what you will. But why should he hound me from place to place? I thought that by coming west——"

"Piffle! Why does any man circle the globe for any woman? If there's anything in that head of yours but musical vibrations, use it, Eaulalia."

"After what I did to him Jenny, I can't—that is, he can't . . ."

"He shouldn't, that's a fact! But apparently it's become a chronic disease by this time."

"Don't, Jenny. I can't bear it. Why, when I saw him in the audience last night, I thought I'd never find strength to leave the stage—and I should certainly have died to remain."

"Rot! You're just plain weak-kneed, Lalia. Moreover, folks don't die so easily. Which is a good thing or this mad lieutenant of yours should certainly have died of exasperation long ago."

Eaulalia got up from her chair and began pacing the floor.

"I won't go back, Jenny,' 'she jerked out feverishly, "I won't! I can't. Ernestine will have to manage without me. After all, she does the actual work. I'm just the bombast, the name, the nonsense."

"Again I agree," said Jenny, banging down the cake bowl and glaring at her talented cousin. "And it's high time you added a little horse-sense! My dear Lalia, you're so covered with glitter and glory and bronze medals that so far no one has dared to tell you. But I have a reputation for being disagreeable. So I'll ask you, Lalia, is it any sort of white man's reparation to act as you have acted these last five years?"

"No, no, no!" There was anguish in the cry and Jenny's determination almost failed her.

"Well, then," she stormed on, "since you admit the folly, and since you were bold enough to accuse Bret Hemming of being a traitor and a fop and Lord knows what all, in front of a room-full of your Stockholm geniuses — windbags, the most of them — I should think you would be glad to show a like courage in making a just apology. Or are you so vain, my dear, that the little sting to your pride counts more than justice?"

"Jenny Larsen!" Eaulalia was white as marble. "That's a terrible thing to say. I'll not stand it. I'll leave at once."

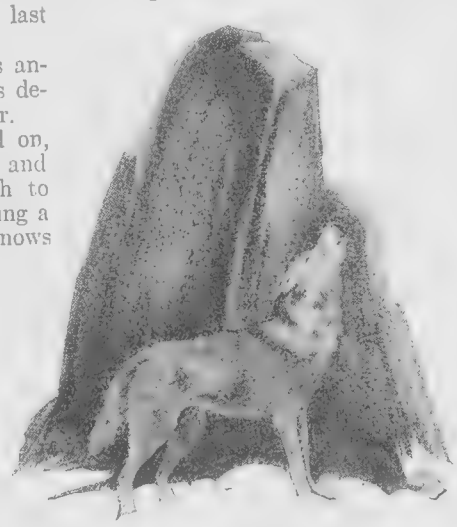
Jenny caught her in strong comforting arms. "No you won't, Lalia. Nor have I said anything you can't disprove in two minutes if it please you. The things you said of Bret clung to him through four dreadful years. And a man's life is none too pleasant ever, bound over to the Secret Service of a warring nation. Really, Eaulalia, I could shake you. For goodness' sake, be a thoroughbred. Quit running like a rabbit and if nothing more, face Lieutenant Hemming long enough to disillusion him completely."

Eaulalia shivered. "I can't, Jenny, it's impossible. Whenever I see him—and it's as if he were hunting me down—the horror of what I did . . . the dreadful things that they said of him, all comes back . . . and like a child suffering nightmare, I run, and run and run."

Jenny nodded, her brisk mind already busy with a dozen plots. "And a fine race it's been, my rabbit. Now, tell me, supposing the hunter once bagged you unawares, what then?"

Scarcely a breath, the answer set Jenny's romantic heart bounding: "I'd stay bagged, Jenny, forever and ever."

Was he altogether locoed? Or was that a child staggering towards him?



High on the hills, a plaintive wail tore through the curtain of silence

"Well, well!" Jenny pushed her kinswoman towards the kitchen rocker. "Pull yourself together, Lalia, here comes Kitty. And about that running-off business—better stay here until after Christmas. Your pupils can do without you in the holidays and Ernestine could come up by train for Christmas dinner."

QUIET days followed. Eaulalia seemed to recover all her lively charm. She laughed and sang and coaxed the most abazing harmony out of the old ranch piano. She rode over the hills with Jaeger and was never done marvelling at the mildness of the weather, the lightness of the snowfall, and the majesty of the distant peaks.

Or again, she might accompany Jenny on a friendly errand to one squat little house or another tucked away in the purple hills. Little bandbox houses where good-will met one in a veritable swirl of excitement and sound and horsey odors. But, best of all to Eaulalia, were her quiet rambles with the child Kitty in whose young eyes earth and air and sky brimmed over with mystery and living magic. "Look, cousin Lalia, there's a Church Knoll!" she would cry exultantly at the sight of a round hillock. "Oh, listen . . ." then, with little hands keeping time she would sing the old folk-song:

My grandmother thus cautioned me: On Sundays never go
In play to yonder Church Hill when the sun is dropping low.
You might disrupt the service when the gentle fairies pray—
Their church is up in yonder knoll—and in my youthful day
I seemed to hear the fairy hymns floating out at sunset.

* * *

You might disrupt the services and lose your peace of mind
Nor ever after on this earth contentment would you find.

Or perhaps a clump of cedars darker than another would catch her eye and fetch the naive explanation: "Why, there's a black forest. Cousin Lalia, see how black it is. Oh, I'm sure it's the blackest in the world! And if it is, that's where God will light His Christmas Roses this year."

"How light His roses, child?" asked Eaulalia absently, busy with her own thoughts, which were sombre enough to darken any scene.

"Don't you know, really?" demanded little Kitty, scandalized. "Didn't anyone ever tell you the story of the Christmas Roses? Well, it's like this, cousin Lalia: All through the year there are hundreds and hundreds of good thoughts wasted. People think them, you know, and then can't do them. So God, Who wastes nothing, keeps count. And on Christmas Eve, for every good thought a red rose blooms in the darkest forest in the world. A red rose that glows like a candle and shines in the darkness like the smile of the little Jesus at Bethlehem."

Kitty's shining blue eyes sobered. "Of course," she explained seriously, "when the roses burn brightest it's because grief has come to the forest. And besides, my uncle Neils told me all red roses were given for the healing of sore hearts. Promise, cousin Lalia, that you'll come with me on Christmas Eve to watch for the miracle."

BUT, when Christmas Eve arrived, a storm drove with it. Kitty wept herself to sleep. No promise of tree nor gifts the slightest comfort in so devastating a tragedy. God's roses would blossom, gleaming like gems in the darkness while the indifferent world slept. And another year might find them on the far side of the mountain!

However, Alberta weather is nothing if not capricious. The household had scarcely settled to rest when the rioting wind died down to melancholy complaining and, as if some genii had spoken from the hilltop, the wide skies cleared and the powdered snow blew itself out in playful puffs against the tall dark pines.

Kitty slept alone in the alcove off the dining-room because it was warmer there than in the bed-chambers above. The very silence may have wakened her, or the gay young moon, just liberated, that sent so bright a ray into the quiet room. Up she sat, her copper curls a tumbled crown above sun-bright eyes. She had known it. God never changed his plans! The storm was blown out and the stars and moon were waiting to confirm the miracle. Oh, why were grown folks so tiresomely skeptical?

Trembling with suppressed excitement, Kitty fumbled for her slippers and stole to the window to behold a scene beautiful as fairy dreams. White and pure the carpet of snow curved upward toward the purple hills; all white as a dove's wing save where the avenue of trees indicated the driveway and a clump of cedars stood proud against the steel-grey sky.

Only a moment the child hesitated. Not so much frightened as overawed by the daring thoughts forming in her mind. Then, spry as a gypsy, she dressed, found her heavy coat and overshoes and cautious as a mouse crept from the house.

She knew exactly how to proceed. The drive through her father's land led out upon the Banff highway, where the walking was always good. And it couldn't be more than a mile to the old Bar X, where the hills swooped down suddenly and the forest swept down in a black semi-circle. Fleet as a rabbit she scampered down the trail.

Ho! there was nothing to fear. It was bright in the big outdoors. . . . almost as bright as it had seemed from the window. And, besides, on a night of miracles nothing whatever could hurt one. But, alas, the trail swung round a clump of [Continued on page 34]

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

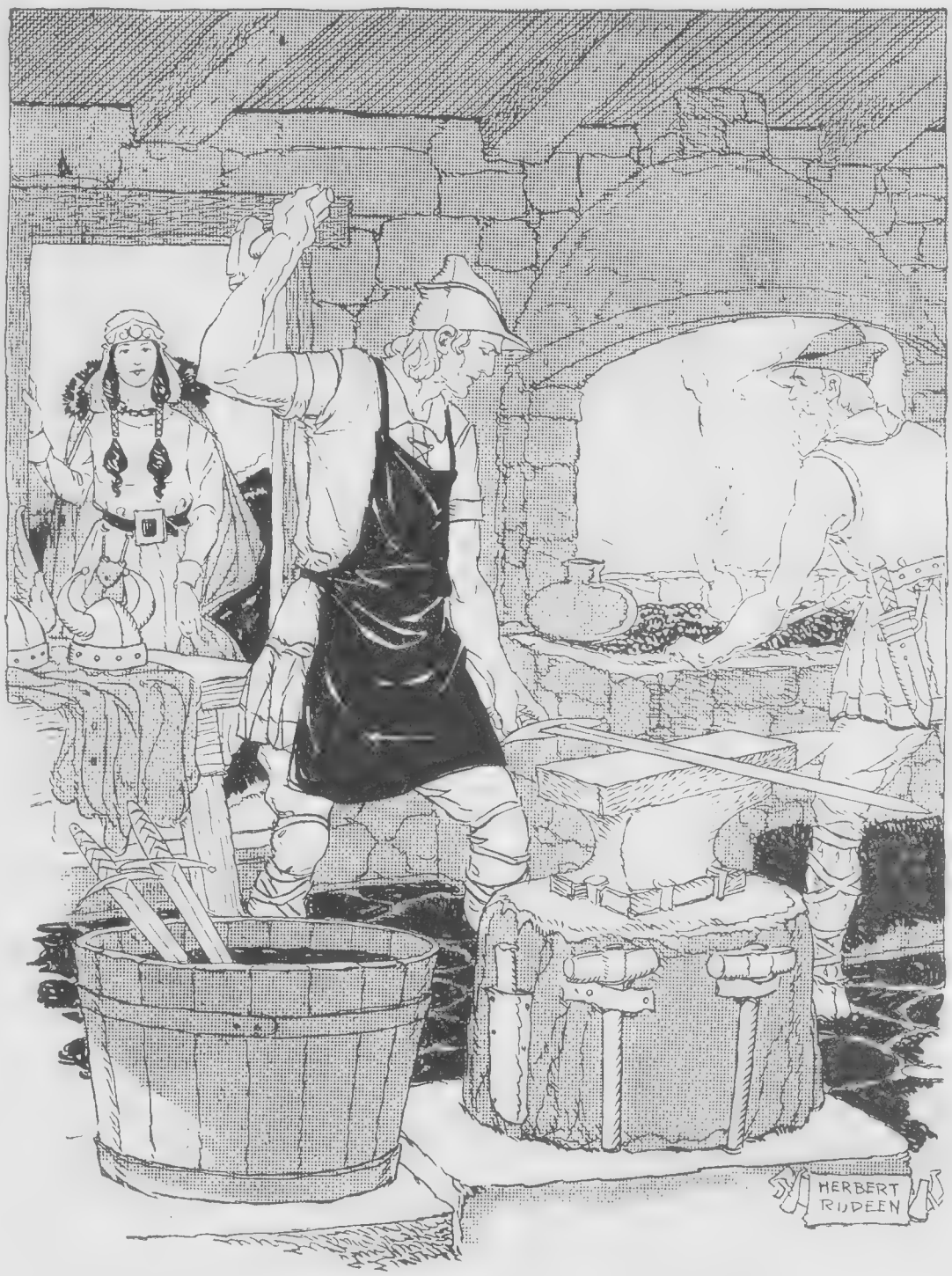
FOURTH INSTALMENT

IF THIS interlude of years separating the faithful lovers had seemed long to the busy Leif, it might well be said to have been an eternity to the lady Thorgunna, languishing in her father's gloomy fortress. A long and harassing time truly, for a tender and constant heart, for the spring marking the beginning of the East Highway in Greenland made the fourth in a dull and intolerable chain of dreary years for the fair Hebridean.

Years, they were, of unmitigated monotony and intermittent black despair, brightened only by the sweet ways and bubbling laughter of her little son! Never was a child more worshipped and adored than this blue-eyed son of the exiled Thorgunna! When her sad gaze rested upon his virgin charms asleep or at play, she told herself fiercely that what she had endured was a mere bagatelle in comparison to the joys he had brought her; this golden-haired baby with the eyes of the man she loved. But for all this she had suffered greatly — more, indeed, than she cared to remember.

At first it had not seemed so intolerable. She had been so grateful for a safe retreat, an impenetrable solitude where curiosity, cruel-eyed and leering, might not follow to spy out her misery. Like some creature of the wilds creeping away to die, she had been thankful for the eternal silence of her isolated prison. And for weeks following the birth of little Thorgils she had hovered 'twixt life and death, racked with the delirium of fever, the despair of poor Elspeth, but for the time mercifully unaware of her world.

A grim world truly it was unto which to return from the very portals of the Great Unknown. A frowning, formidable sea-girt pile of rock was this inaccessible spot which now comprised her world. Nothing less than genius had inspired Rafn to choose this particular headland for his wall-enclosed fortress. Sheer, precipitous cliff, it reared its bulk two thousand feet from the level of the sea, save only to the south where a narrow isthmus bound it to the main body of the island. From this vantage point alone might its perilous slope be scaled. But with the tide in, no vestige of this slender thread of land was visible. Sea-girt and solitary, the grim cliffs defied intrusion.



Her brother was himself putting an edge to his longsword.

No human engineering could have devised a safer retreat, yet because of its difficult approach Rafn had installed his soldiers in rude, rambling quarters on the lower levels of the island, and here he established a precedent later to become a custom with his Norman kinsmen—the very excellent custom of taking into training the sons of nobles and such young freedmen as showed unusual qualities of mind and body.

Here in this huge camp a merry sort of existence marked the passing of time. Youth vied with youth in feats of strength and prowess, and old masters of the arts of war took pride in spurring on the hot young bloods. Nor was the hunt despised by these rough men of the sea, though, if truth be told, the camp was more of a pirate's den than a hunter's paradise. A rendezvous it truly was, whence the long-ships of the Norse chieftain shot out to descend like some dreaded monster upon the unguarded hamlets of the mainland. But of this vigorous life with its dangers and excitement Thorgunna knew little. Rafn had promised her solitude, and solitude she had. In the great fortress she lived a solitary queen of dismal empty rooms and yawning corridors, her sole companion old Elspeth and a mute Scot, black-browed and stooped with years, and carrying a burden of bitter memory.

To the north and south, in box-like enclosures breasting the battlements, Rafn's look-out men kept watch night and day, signalling the camp on sighting danger or the appearance of some luckless ship which promised happy spoil, which knowledge added no whit to Thorgunna's comfort. On the contrary, this unswerving vigilance was her despair, for how might she ever expect to escape from under the very noses of her father's watchmen? Nor did it lessen her sense of helplessness to know that, deep in the bowels of the earth, under her glomy fortress, in vault and subterranean cave, many a captive more luckless than herself awaited his doom.

How keen the ears become in the dread silences of the night. How quick to interpret insignificant sounds! In truth, what language there is in the tread of men's feet! Thorgunna knew them all by now; these muffled testimonies of violence and misery. The grating of a keel on the shallows of a hidden cave, the straining scuffle of unwilling feet down dark and tortuous corridors; the click of steel; and sudden silences—horrible silences, bristling with untold secrets. All these she knew and trembled at the knowledge.

But little Thorgils grew and waxed more vigorous from day to day. the long black halls and the great barren rooms, cluttered at times with strange merchandise, were to him a pleasant enough adventure. And the great wall encircling his world troubled him not at all, though sometimes he wished he might dip his little hands in the foaming spray which far below licked the grey cliffs supporting it. Oh, yes, he would have liked a closer view of that roaring thing billowing all about his little world. Its terrible voice was his first acquaintance; it was his invisible companion on stormy nights. It thrilled him with a strange ecstasy, and if no better opportunity presented itself he waited until Elspeth slept, then, mouse-like he stole out from his warm blankets and by dint of patient effort climbed up the uneven, jagged wall till he reached the deep recess of the narrow, slit-like window. Oh, then, what a sight he beheld! What mad rush of breakers and heaving sea! To the little Thorgils it was a living entity, that sea. It called him, it charmed him, and he loved it. No threat of punishment from Elspeth could keep him from these nightly vigils. To the window he must go. And sometimes, to his own humiliation, he fell asleep there, like a little eaglet in its high retreat, while poor Elspeth implored her saints and bewailed her years and ponderous bulk.

"A bat were a better nurse than I," she moaned to the amused Thorgunna one night, when the young mother surprised them at their game. "'Tis beyond my powers to climb walls, my lady; 'tis not to be expected at my years.

Thorgils, safe and high, chattered down at them like a gay little monkey.

"Thou art unkind to vex thy nurse; 'tis not a brave thing to do," Thorgunna chided him, though she found it hard to be stern in the face of the roguish smiles.

Dear was the sea, but dearer still to Thorgils his golden-haired mother. Now he gazed down at her with hopeful affection—perhaps she would crinkle up those starry eyes of hers and laugh at him in that soft way she had. But no; tonight it seemed he could not have them both: his smiling mother and the wild mysterious sea.

It was all very perplexing, but, obedient now, he began to descend the damp wall, his little naked feet moving from rude projection to projection with the ease of long practice. But when he was tucked into bed once again he spoke his revolt in a fine high purpose: "Some day I'll climb the big wall," he said, firmly; "some day I will."

Only upon the rarest occasions did the lady Thorgunna see her father, and these occasions were painful to them both. But Rafn, whether by way of penance for heaven knows what crimes, or from some hidden fount of tenderness, deemed it necessary to visit the exile at least on Midsummer's Day and at Yule Tide. And be it said to his credit, he strove at these meetings to be friendly if not effusive.

It was farcical to observe them at such times, each endeavoring to maintain a rigid courtesy, avoiding what was of paramount importance and solicitously inquiring after trivialities. Strange interviews, giving satisfaction to neither one; for Rafn was waiting a penitent daughter and Thorgunna a forgiving parent. But she was neither penitent nor humble, nor he prepared to forgive.

Notwithstanding the gloomy outlook, Thorgunna had of late found her hopes reviving, and the reason for this soul-quickening revival was the slowly changing attitude of Scoti, the black-browed thrall whose duty it was to guard her.

At first this scarred old creature, whose tongueless mouth and bent and twisted body bore damning witness to Rafn's ruthlessness, had evinced an unholy joy in her suffering. The sight of her misery had been like balm to his smarting spirit, and the thought of his master's humiliation a heart-healing pleasure. But of late Thorgunna had surprised him many a time in the act of studying her with troubled and gentle eyes. And this relenting toward her, whose kith and kin he had such ample cause to hate, she attributed rightly to the old thrall's ever-increasing affection for her little son.

Little Thorgils, with a child's unerring instinct for the sincere and the true, howsoever deeply hidden, had discovered in Scoti a subtle something which from the dawn of intelligence had quite captivated him, and he had quite surely won the sore heart of the wretched thrall.

Hours on end the little boy followed in the ambling footsteps of his mute companion. Up and down the gloomy corridors and round and about the cold, damp chambers, so curiously stocked with multiple things—pots of pitch and oil, suspended over piles of dried peat, waiting the tinder and the howls of the enemy; queer towers of hides and slender poles standing like gaunt giants over their cauldrons of death; and seemingly endless arrays of weapons and musty armor. Damp and dismal playground, surely, for a little golden baby, but his laughter shrilled the merrier when his happy noise startled the bats overhead and sent the rats scurrying into their holes.

Like a sportive hound at heel he gamboled after Scoti on his rambles about the rugged plateau surrounding the castle, and now that his legs were sturdier he even accompanied the old man on his visits to the great wall. And once he had caught a glorious vision of the enchanting ocean from the sentry-box itself.

But this occasion, which so delighted the little boy, had affected old Scoti quite otherwise. The sentry in a fit of rough humor had caught the wriggling Thorgils in an iron grasp and for one breathless moment held him suspended out from the sentry window. Hundreds of feet below the waters hissed and roared like a hungry monster lashing about the grim grey rocks. Thorgil's shrieks of childish glee delighted the sentry, but Scoti, snatching the child in hungry protective arms, had stumbled off in angry haste, his heart pierced with sudden fears. Rafn hated the child. Some day the mother's fortitude would crumble and she would accept her father's terms. What would then be the fate of the little Thorgils? Who would want to protect and cherish an ill-born and undesired child? These thoughts tormented the old thrall.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Rafn appeared on the scene one smiling summer's evening. And Thorgunna was no less apprehensive than old Scoti when the sounds of grating keel and straining anchor heralded the chieftain's approach. Elspeth, all in a flutter, scurried off to the bed-chamber with the little boy, while Thorgunna dutifully hurried forth to greet her father.

She found him singularly affable, almost gracious, and to her woman's heart this augured fresh danger. Nor was she mistaken. His too-jocund conversation bore evidence of calculated pleasantry and effectively betrayed him. Even a simpleton might have known that this affability was paving the way to less agreeable issues.

Although the evening was warm and the after-glow of sunset still illumined the earth and sea, the room into which Thorgunna led her father was dim, and but for the fire which Scoti had kindled would have been damp and chill. When they were seated on a comfortable bench before the cheerful blaze, Thorgunna took her courage in hand and, smiling with disarming sweetness, put her question plainly: "My lord, thou hast reason for this visit; just what is thy will with me?"

Rafn did not reply at once. Instead he tugged at his ragged beard with nervous fingers, scowling the while with fierce intensity into the farthest shadows of the partment. At length he spoke in curt disjointed fashion: " 'Tis quickly said, but heed me in the saying. I have made peace with Gillebride the Celt—a devil he, and a foeman worthy of our steel—but I am old and have no male issue. Why waste my substance warring with this youth, who, by virtue of his years, must one day undo all my labors? Thus I reasoned, and Gillebride, more wise than I dreamed, quickly agreed to an alliance. Come Midsummer's Eve 'twill be sworn and celebrated here at Dun David; thence on, Gillebride and Rafn will rule the Isles of the Minch and hold them safe against any intruder."

"But what has this to do with me, my lord?" The question broke from the lady Thorgunna in a tremulous whisper, for a fresh apprehension had hold of her.

"Gillebride has heard of thy beauty and because of thy station is constrained to forget the mischief of thy youth. 'Tis part of the alliance that thou shalt wed him."

Thorgunna sat silent, struggling with the indignation which raged within. Why must she be the sport of man, she wondered, bartered like some senseless chattel to increase the cause of selfishness and ambition? Had she not suffered enough? Was there no end to her humiliation? Death were preferable an hundred times to life with this foreigner, whose every thought and act would be alien to her sensibilities! She could not bear it; would not believe that this was the end of all her scheming and patient waiting; this the reward of constancy

Rafn watched her as a tiger watches his prey, delighting in its helpless misery, yet mistrustful and vigilant lest somehow it escape. "No doubt such sudden good fortune overwhelms thee," he said, significantly, "and good fortune [Continued on page 41]

With a final groaning protest the secret panel swung wide apart to reveal the ungainly head and torso of old Scoti.

"Peace on Earth"

By Constance Travers Sweatman

ONCE more, a Christmas season—high tide in the swift ebb and flow of the years.

"Peace on Earth," this Christmas-tide, is at last in our hearts and on our lips as a glorious possibility—no longer a wistful dream, a Christ-ideal impossible. The eyes of the world are on those leaders who are conferring together and asking for our strong support. The heart of the world stands still, waiting, as it waited one November night to make sure that listening ears had heard aright the thundering silence of the guns.

It seems that the day may be dawning when mothers of little sons need no longer clutch them close in fear of future massacre of youth.

"Peace on Earth." What is peace? What might it bring to us all, this thing for which we seek? What would it do to us all in our daily lives, this hoped-for assurance that war-catastrophe is a thing of the past? Perhaps the unforgettable horror of 1914-1918 was, in reality, a "war to end war," and not just wanton waste. Perhaps for the returned men the phantom of futility which haunts their tired hearts, will be laid forever. Perhaps the hoped-for proof that, after all, the dreadful game was worth the candle, may bring them back to buoyancy and hope, may give them back their rightful heritage of faith in the future of the world, for no experience can be wholly devastating save that of finding, at the end of bitter sacrifice, a dead futility. If something worthwhile has been achieved through pain, then, and then only, is pain forgotten. Its natural after-effects are minimized. But to endure to no purpose, is a devitalizing and embittering experience, an experience of which the natural outcome is the death of ambitions. The mainspring of ambition swiftly unwinds in the face of obvious futility. Effort for its own sake is stupid. Results alone can tell. And who of us, until quite recently, has seen any very encouraging result of the great fight that was fought?

But the result is in sight.

Perhaps many of the evils which have been laid at the door of the Great War, should be blamed, with more justice, upon the dread of its repetition. Fear for the future is more destroying than remembered agony. Fear makes every normal impulse questionable. In war-days women asked—and the intelligent ones knew the answer—"If war is to recur—is it worthwhile to bear more sons? Is it worthwhile to rear our daughters to the ideal of devotion to their men, of cheerful self-forgetfulness while little ones need care? If man-made wars are to go on, and on, and on—why should women bother going on with this difficult business of reproduction?" That is how wise women talked in war-days, and so they had a right to talk. If, as they were earnestly assured by experts, a future scientific warfare would wipe out civilization by destroying civilians—where was the sense in supplying civilians to be wiped out? The phantom of futility stalked through nurseries, as well as through hospitals, in those war-days, and has undoubtedly left its effect upon women who bore children in those years of war.

Surely the sad residue of war still in our military hospitals after eleven years of "peace," will feel the effects of assurance that their martyrdom is at last showing results? Surely the thought of those immolated men must spur on every individual able to do his share of the world's work, to powerful longing to help, in any way an individual can help, to secure "Peace on Earth." Futility must not follow those frantic years in France.

The dictionary-definition of "peace," demands a great deal of individuals, if peace is to be a fact and not a dream. Not only does "peace" mean "freedom from war." It means "friendliness," "calm;" "rest;" "harmony."

ANY thinking person who has read or seen (and who has not?) "WHAT PRICE GLORY?," "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," and that most lovely jewel among plays, "JOURNEY'S END," must be impressed by the vital fact that here are three points of view straight out of the hearts of the men who know most about war—men in the trenches: English, German, American. Among civilians, different types, indeed! Yet through the alchemy of war, one and the same; in suffering in the trenches; in bewilderment as to the mythical benefits, to anyone, of their torment; in lack of personal venom toward "the enemy"—each of them "the enemy" to other lads in other trenches, other obedients cogs in the great war-machine whose obscure object in functioning at all in a "Christian" world, was a mystery and a seeming hideous stupidity.

If we are to judge by the words put into the mouths of the characters in these three superb war-pictures—and if "peace" and "friendliness" between those lads, were synonomous, there should have been peace then and there. To have been under the loyal necessity of killing without venom, must have been to drive men mad.

If "peace" and "calm" are synonymous — where is "calm" to be found? Calmness is a quality so rare in these hectic times as to be almost a curiosity. That jerking drive of driven nerves known as "pep" has superseded our old friend "calm" as a mark of sophistication. "Pep" is not a sign of super-abundant vitality, so much as it is evidence of an inability to keep still. Serenity and calm are the concomitants of steady nerves, of mental and spiritual health, even if their social value does seem to be somewhat below par just at the minute. That condition will change. Prolonged peace will alter that. This studied insouciance which has taken the place of manners is understandable. Much of the courage of war-days was a proud refusal to show fear. It was a splendid bravado, that helped sick hearts to carry on as though they knew no fear. That bravado is the parent of insouciance. That will change. In a great permanent world-wide peace bravado will not be needed. We can put away our fears and be ourselves—go on about our normal business with poise and with the dignity engendered by quiet nerves and a self-respecting purpose in conserving force. If we are to be worthy of those who fought for peace, we must aim no less high in our daily lives than that great personal peace which follows honest patient purpose—the "Peace of God which passeth all understanding."

"Peace" and "Rest" are lovely synonyms. Now that peace is a possibility, we can cease this numbing struggle to forget, and we may dare to remember. So long as we faced the possibility of another greater, more frightful holocaust than the last, we dared not think of war at all. "A war-play? No, thanks, I hate the things, I want to forget all that!" On every side we heard that a few years ago. Managers who were offered *"Journey's End,"* shook their heads. "No, no use, the public wants to forget all that!" But the managers who took that stand didn't realize that in the early months of 1929 hope was in the hearts of the people. Peace was in the air. "Let us think, let us face it. We simply *must* have peace!" And *"Journey's End"* has swept the world!! Why? Not altogether for its splendid workmanship—but also because with hope ahead, we are no longer afraid to think! As our horror of the possibilities of a scientific war in the future is dissolving, we say "Let us remember, and be calm. Let us look forward, and be glad again." Perhaps this is to be our precious portion. Peace. Friendliness. Calm. Rest.

And also, "harmony." Harmonious living. How to combine the Golden Rule with the law of the survival of the fittest.

AT THIS Christmas season we see everywhere pictures of Madonna and child." For a study in calm, in peace, in harmony, look in the eyes of the children of the "Madonna of the Chair." For we believe that this is our belief—even while we scorn adult child-likeness as a sign of weakness—"Except ye be as little children, ye can not enter in."

Francis Thompson tells us what qualities would admit us to the Kingdom of Peace.

"Know ye what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief."

Small wonder that in the eyes of a child lies the sweet serenity of summer skies. "Love, loveliness, belief."

The articles of a child-like creed. The creed that we who think we know our world, must adopt if we would "enter in" to peace. Can we adjust our ripe knowledge of the world—of love, of loveliness, of belief—to this clear limped standard?

Love. If we would have peace worthwhile, we must believe with all our hearts that home-love is worthwhile. That love for our children is worthwhile. That old-fashioned, simple devotion to the welfare of children is well worthwhile. Peace will be worthwhile if love between children and parents is held worthwhile, and cherished as the only tie that binds. It is the reason for all other ties. "Belief in love." Independence is fine. Emancipation for drudging mothers is fine. But to believe in the power of love is to make parents and children inter-dependent, mutually emancipated because mutually interested in the common welfare of home [Cont. on page 68]

Take off those whiskers - *we know you!*

AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents? We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as "a practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have to be practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas — and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're *having* to be practical — getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, do give *extra* help with every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But — soap for a woman's Christmas gift! Even Fels-Naptha Soap!... No, we're all for silk stockings, or an amethyst ring, or —

What's that? Don't hang your head — speak up! ... You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think *washing machines* deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash — to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before?

That's an excellent idea... Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own — to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it. She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not — and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!

W.H. 12-29

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little gift offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

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"Chubby"

The Naughtiest Orphan

By Jean McMichael

Illustrated by Katherine Allen

He was too excited to note the gloom of the Sad-Eyed Lady.

EVEN the day Chubby lost his parents in a shocking aeroplane accident someone had sharply remarked, "That the unfeeling little beggar had chuckled the whole morning."

But when one at the early age of six months has discovered that a most fascinating plump pink toe can be reached by much straining, yet nevertheless reached by a buttonhole of a mouth, there was no reason why one should not utter squeaks of delight even upon such a sad occasion as this.

Until a kinless Chubby had passed from a Baby Farm to the gray stone orphanage on the Hill he recalled little that was outstanding in his monotonous milk-fed existence.

The first noteworthy event to imprint itself upon his inventive baby mind was a day some time after his fourth birthday, a morning that he pulled down upon his curly fair mop the label of the Naughtiest Orphan.

He had experienced an overwhelming feeling of daring envelope him that dull, fatal morning. Events too, had much to his astonishment, happened as swiftly as the downward course of a shooting star. The half filled thick blue china bowl of oatmeal porridge that Sally, the slovenly maid had dumped carelessly in front of him, swimming like the other twenty-five bowls that had also been flopped before twenty-five blue-pinnied orphans like himself, in a pale lake of what was erroneously called milk.

Chubby had often wondered if the cows that gave such colorless liquid had been left out in the rain too long, for he had once seen such creamy-looking milk on a sign board in the city and he had never forgotten its lusciousness.

There was no getting away from the fact that this repeated concoction had annoyed him as long as he could remember, thus lately he had nursed a strong desire to give the tasteless contents of the bowl a good smack in the face.

When he finally heard the all-satisfying crack made by the contact of his stiffened palm upon the surface of the milk and watched with a certain degree of alarm milky dewdrops splatter himself and the long bare wooden table in front of him, he tried in vain to smother the spontaneous chuckle that threatened to choke him.

Nor did a peculiar feeling of elation leave him when Old Mother Gloom, as he had secretly nicknamed the Orphanage superintendent, spanked his paddies well and sent him to bed for the whole day. He felt like a powerful Indian warrior who had won a great victory. He just knew he was entitled to one good smack at a poor imitation that folks had the audacity to call milk.

Then there was the time that he had discovered the half-starved baby mouse that he had named Perkie.

He had loved that teenty-weenty animal devotedly, adored it so that he had sneaked bread crumbs from the table to help it balance itself upon it's tiny wobbly feet, until there came that all too sacrificial day that proved to be his Blue Monday.

He had presented Perkie whole-heartedly to the Lovely Lady who came twice a year to inspect the Orphanage, for he had heard her remark, "That she simply doted on little things," and goodness knows Perkie was the smallest thing alive that he had ever laid eyes upon.

So he had placed Perkie in her smartly gloved hand and there upon caused a riot that he long remembered, for bedlam had ensued when the Lovely Lady had uttered a shrill scream and toppled over just like the nine-pins did in the big nursery if the little wooden ball struck them in just the right spot.

But, somehow, it was Perkie's dash to liberty that hurt most, especially after all he had done for the little beggar. Of course, the strong hand of his punisher had left a sore spot too, but not upon his heart.

Chubby tried hard to figure out why his generous impulse should have had such a disastrous ending, but failed.

It was just such happenings as this that at last caused the chuckle that used to gurgle from his rosy lips to become a half whine and the smile that once crinkled his deep blue eyes to be usurped by a slight scowl, a frown that gave him a somewhat sulky appearance. [Continued on page 69]

An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents.

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—these brilliant circles have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

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Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. When still a young girl, she was taken abroad to finish her education in France and England. She became an accomplished linguist, and learned in Paris to dress with simple yet superlative chic.

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For scrupulous cleanliness, repeat these two steps.

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Give your skin this complete care during the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with the Cold Cream, removing cream and dirt with Tissues.

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(Left) *Since she was a girl at school in England, Mrs. Gunther has excelled at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

(Right) *Carefully taught from childhood to guard the beauty of her pale olive skin, Mrs. Gunther is known for the unusual loveliness of her neck and arms, revealed in this striking Paris model of intricately draped black* crêpe romain.

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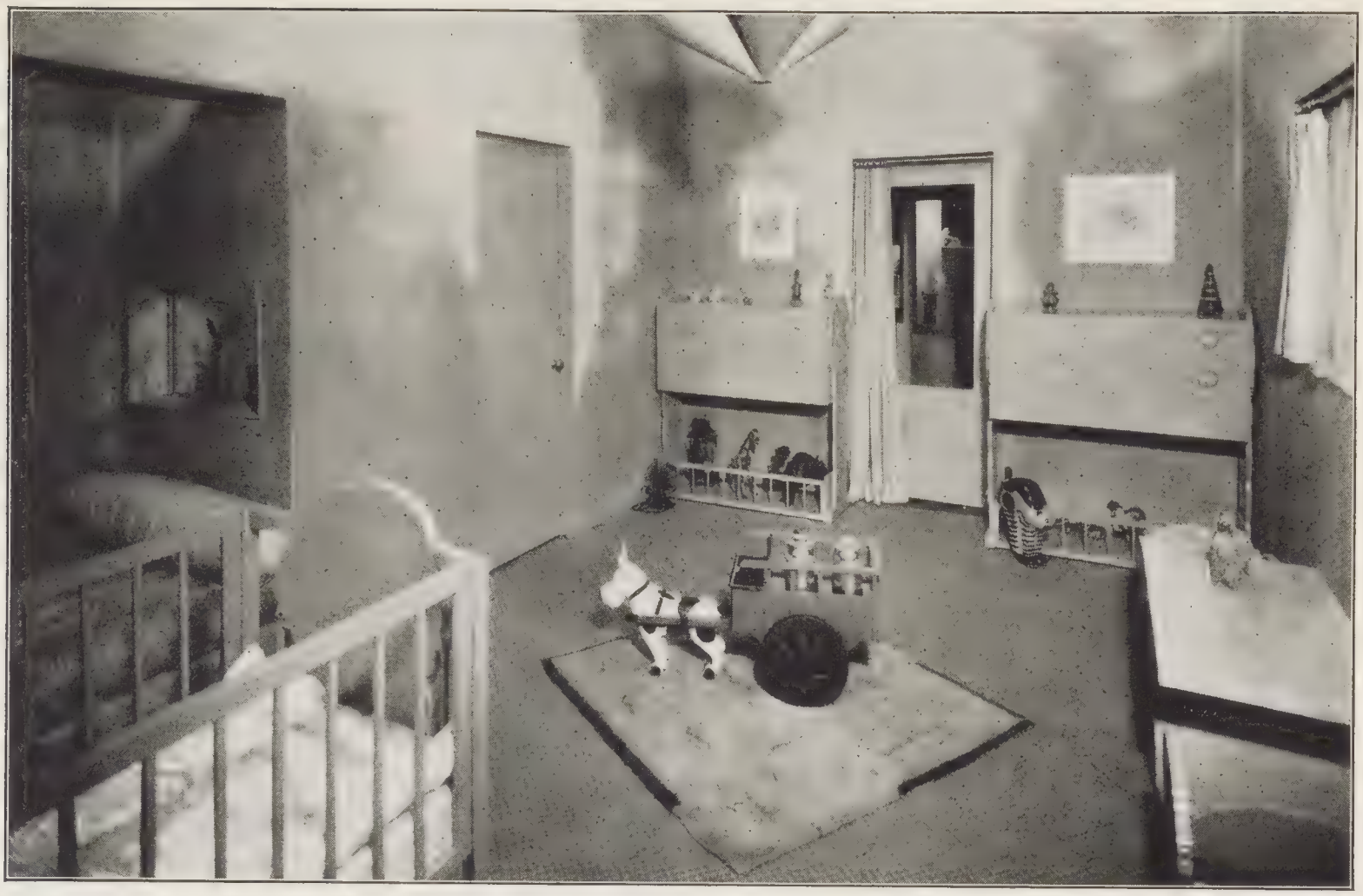

Walls and floors are the primary consideration in a nursery

The Room Which Must Grow Up

It Should Develop Naturally Through the Years

By Katherine M. Caldwell

SUCH fascinating business as "growing up" requires a great deal of attention, if the development from year to year is what it should be—whether it is a child or a room that is making its deliberate progress. And of course, logic immediately suggests that where there is a child growing up, there is also, in all likelihood, a room growing up at the same time.

Long ago, people wise in house-furnishing learned that to build up a home of real beauty, time is nearly as important as taste. In the first place, there are few homemakers indeed who step out to buy their furnishings with all the money they want to spend available then and there. Most homes make a real beginning with the young couple—and not many newly-married people can leave budgeting out of their new scheme of life. So they begin with essentials, choosing things that will remain satisfactory or which can be put to a different use later on, when supplanted by more important pieces; then, piece by piece, as they can be afforded, more things are added, always with a final picture in view which takes shape slowly but surely.

This is a subject on which I have been acquiring some special hints for Western Home Monthly readers, and I shall be passing them along to you shortly. This month, it is with "the growing room of the growing child" that I want to deal particularly.

THE first nursery for the first child is a thing of enchantment. It deserves every bit of the consideration that is usually given, for if there is a little room to be turned to just this use, it can be started with a view to its development in the coming years. Even if there is to be no real room just at first, there are special *things* to buy for baby's corner, and perhaps even these will be chosen as far as possible with an eye to their usefulness for the first few years of the child's life. There must needs be a cot, for instance, and it is well to consider the types available and just how long they will remain useful, before buying. A cot, accommodation for clothes, a basinette and bath are Baby's first demand. Later on, other pieces of furniture can be added as they are required.

Let us consider first the room in which the child's furniture will go. Walls and floor are the primary consideration: The nursery walls may be given various treatments. Paint is given the preference by many people who make a special study of these things, because it gives a very sanitary surface. The walls that are finished with oil paint are washable and so can be kept immaculate; when children are old enough to soil the walls of their own sanctum, that soil is not a serious matter when it will yield to treatment. One feels that there is no reason, under these circumstances, for avoiding one of the delicate colors so suitable for the child's surroundings. The plain wall will make a charming background for all the decorative and gay things we care to place against it. If, however, you want a decorative motif, there is nothing to prevent your having it. Flowers, animals, the beloved nursery rhyme and fairy tale characters, can all be applied to the plain painted background—either by means of stencils or by pasting on the usual paper cut-outs.

A COMPROMISE which interested me in the nursery of two active small boys, was achieved by the use of a varnished paper—the kind we have so long associated with kitchen and bathroom walls. These papers are no longer restricted solely to the tile patterns suitable to these two rooms, but in sympathy with the modern trend, they are now shown in attractive small patternings; it was one of these that adorned the nursery paper—a stiff little tree in gay colors printed on an ivory background. These papers will, within limitations, wipe off, and it was this fact that led to the choice of the one I mention.

Wallpapers are fascinating in the new nursery designs. There are two types—one with all-over pattern of animals, children and toys—the other a plain paper with a cut-out border to be used as a frieze along the top or placed at interesting height from the child's point of view. All the creatures from Zoo-land can be had, or strips showing Red Riding Hood, Boy Blue, Tom the Piper's Son and all their gay companions. Some of these are mounted as a running strip or the individual figures can be cut out and placed to advantage on the wall spaces.

The floor in the child's room is important. The presence of a vacuum cleaner in almost every home removes the ban which many mothers felt was placed against the large rug or carpet, for now we can count on keeping it dustless. Many prefer, however, to have a bare (waxed or painted) or a linoleum-covered floor, with a very thick rug or two for the child to play on. Our illustration shows a nursery in which this plan is followed. This altogether charming room is shared by two small boys of one and five years, respectively. The floor is covered with linoleum, right to the walls—its pattern a very small terra cotta and buff tile. The rug of goat skin is a luxury indeed for the toddler and the small boy who still finds most of his interests on floor level. Soft woolly rugs—hooked, knitted or crocheted—are all admirable for the same purpose and there are small carpet rugs woven today with nursery motifs that are quite irresistible.

Let us consider how a room of this type pictured, can grow with its little occupants.

AS I HAVE already mentioned, the first demand is for the baby's cot. Most parents like to choose one which will answer for the first few years, until such time as the child can graduate to a bed. This plan will carry the child right through youth. The kiddie-coop type of cot is a standardized article of proven worth. It comes in different sizes and the large one will do a child until it is about five years of age. These cots are so deep as to be absolutely safe, the side will open for convenience, the spring and mattress are removable and there is a floor to covert the cot into a play-pen and a fitted fly-netting to protect the child from winged nuisances in the summer time.

The built-in bed in the nursery illustrated, was evolved for Master Four-year-old when his baby brother came along to claim his cot. The alcove being exactly the right size, suggested the bunk bed and the cot is still wheeled alongside it at night, to prevent the active young chap from tumbling out.

At first, there was one set of drawers, with the clever toy-pen beneath; [Continued on page 90]

BULOVA *Watches*

Aristocrat of Beauty

BERNICE: 15-jewel movement; dainty, smart model; exquisitely engraved . . . $24.75

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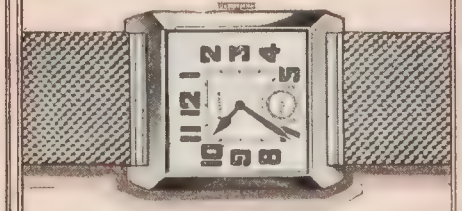

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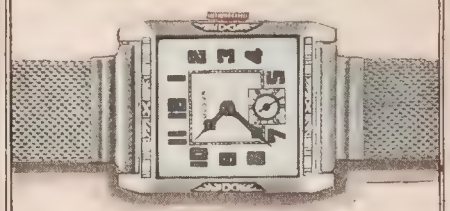

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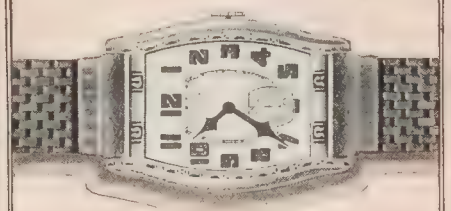
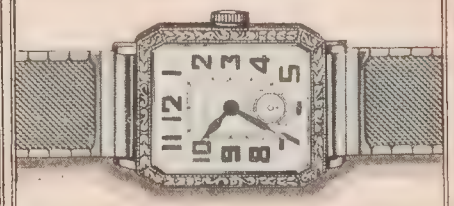
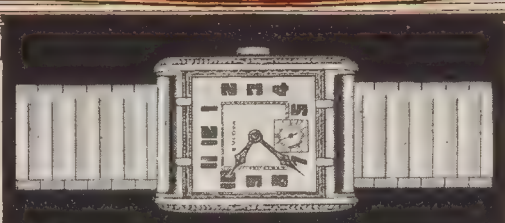


LONE EAGLE: 15-jewel movement; flexible link band; radium dial $37.50



NORMAN: 15-jewel movement; woven mesh band, radium dial $37.50



FLEETWOOD: 17-jewel, radium dial, two-tone engraved case with newest style two-tone flexible bar link band to match. . $50.00

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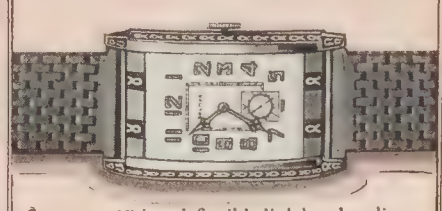
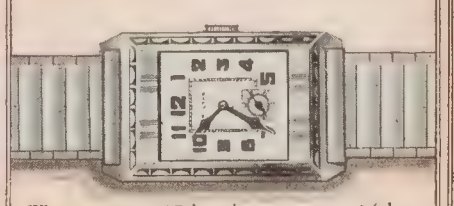


SPENCER: 17-jewel; flexible link band; radium dial; curved to fit wrist $60.00



WELLINGTON: 17-jewel movement; 14 kt.; flexible bar link band; radium dial . $95.00

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

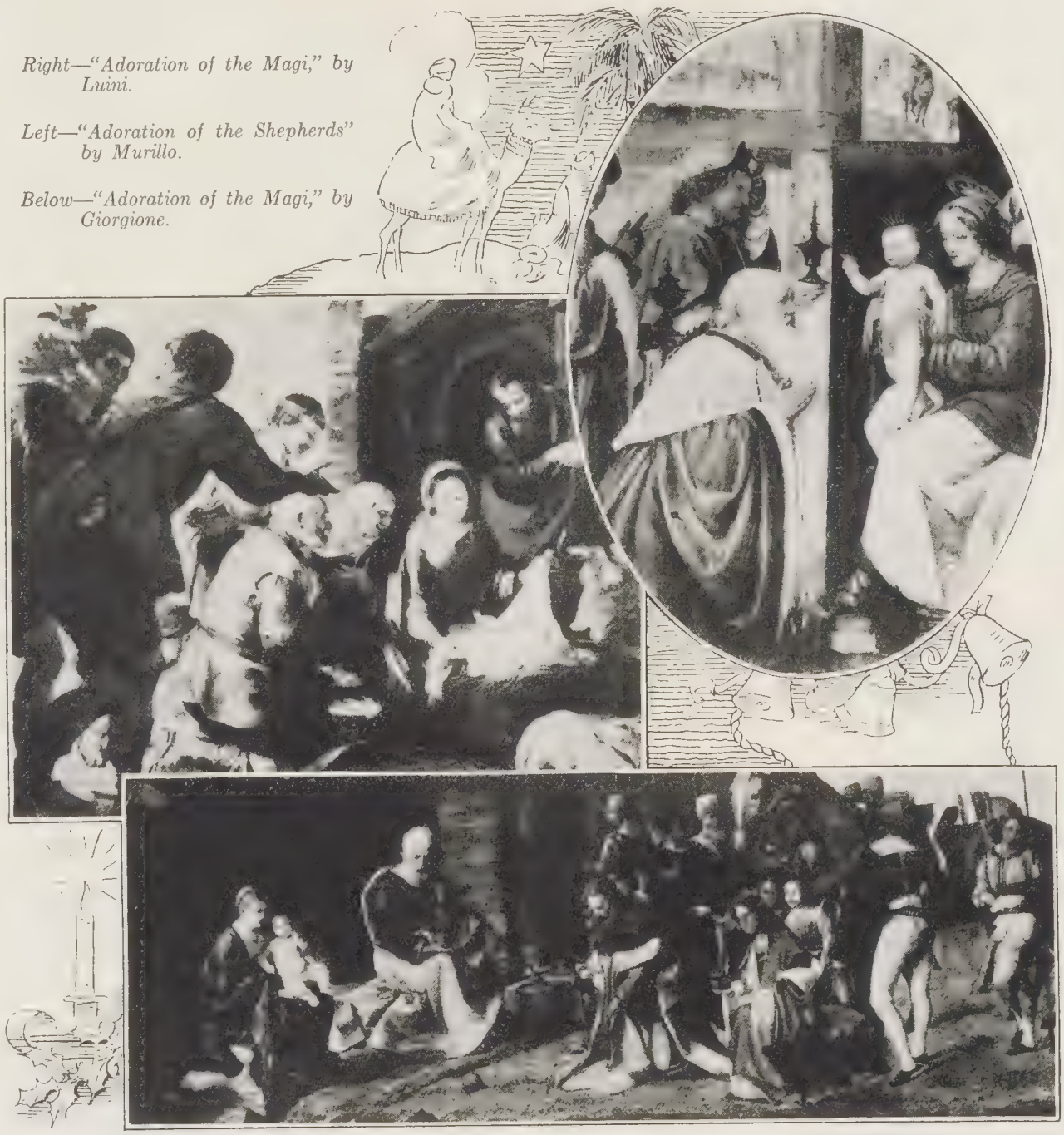
The Christ-Child in Art

By A. W. McNeil and William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

THE highest form of art is the conception of the Christ, both as child and man. Artists who have painted the great religious canvases of the world are said to have been men of singularly pure character, who have overcome most of the common faults of humanity. Many a story is told of inspiration that failed because the wielder of the brush had enmity in his heart towards someone who had done him a real or fancied wrong. Not until he had learned to forgive and to see the worth intead of the weakness of his brother, was he able to impart expression and beauty to the Master's face.

No subject is as appealing as the Holy Babe. To attempt to portray the infant with its natural innocence and sweetness and to further suggest the attributes of the divine, requires skill that belongs only to genius.

With but few exceptions each artist has made the child a type of his own native land. The Babe is variously pictured through all the gradations of color in eyes and hair, from the darkest to the fairest. He is seldom alone and not more than six world-known paintings show him between infancy and manhood. One of these, by the great devotional artist, Murillo, portrays the boy, perhaps six years old, with rapt, upturned face, receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Another, by Hoffman, is the twelve-year-old Child in the Temple. The bright, animated countenance and pleasing personality make this one of the most popular paintings of the modern religious school.



Right—"Adoration of the Magi," by Luini.

Left—"Adoration of the Shepherds" by Murillo.

Below—"Adoration of the Magi," by Giorgione.

The outstanding painting of the world is the Sistine Madonna of the Dresden Gallery. Painted by Raphael for a monastery in Italy, it was sold by the monks in 1794 to Augustus Third of Saxony. An offer of five million dollars has been refused for it. Raphael indeed "caught the angelic vision" in this masterpiece. The Virgin stands on a mass of billowy clouds, holding the Child. Outlines of countless cherub heads are visible in the effulgence about them. At the bottom of the canvas are St. Barbara and St. Sixtus in adoration, the picture receiving its name from the latter. Two little angels looking up, have enough childish playfulness in their faces and attitude to give the human element. The angels were modelled from two small boys who were in the habit of climbing the balustrade outside of Raphael's studio and watching him at his work in open-mouthed wonder and admiration.

The "Children of the Shell," by Murillo, hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid. It portrays the Boy Christ at play with St. John the Baptist, but even in their childish sport there is symbolism in the fact that Christ is tendering his playmate a drink from a shell, emblem of the Water of Life. A lamb in the left foreground gazes affectionately upon the children and further emphasizes the religious significance.

Carlo Dolci, whose "St. Cecilia at the Organ" is one of the favorite paintings of the world, produced a Madonna of rare loveliness. The Virgin, with her head modestly bowed, holds her little son forward, as if to urge that the attention of mankind be directed wholly upon Him. The soft, rosy flesh of the Child and an unusual aureole about His head, stand out strikingly against a dark background.

The Uffizi Gallery, Florence, holds a treasure by Pietro Vannucci. The Child is seated on His Mother's knee, His chubby feet resting upon her hand. His head is turned as if He heard the strains of the Angelic Choir. The Virgin listens, too, with infinite sadness in her face, as if in the soft music the events of the future were revealed to her. No one can gaze upon this canvas unmoved.

"Madonna della Sedia," the Madonna of the Chair, is another of Raphael's works of inspiration. It is recorded that the artist, walking through the poorer quarter of Rome, saw a peasant mother with a child in her arms and one at her knee. The group was so adorable that Raphael instantly saw the possibilities for a Madonna, Child and infant St. John. He had with him his palette, brushes and paints, but no canvas, and he could not persuade the shy mother to visit his studio. He thereupon purchased a cask from a nearby shopkeeper and, removing the cover, laid the outlines for his masterpiece upon it in the course of an hour or two. A pretty legend is connected with the happening: A hermit, well known and beloved, lived among the hills near rome. During a storm in which his life was endangered, he took refuge in the branches of an oak tree. His rescue was effected by Mary, daughter of a wine-dresser. The hermit, in his gratitude, prayed that both the girl and the oak tree might be immortalized for having served him in his hour of need. The tree was eventually cut down and made into wine casks. Mary became the model for this surpassingly sweet Madonna and the cover of one of the oaken casks was the surface on which the figures were sketched.

A most unusual painting by Luc Oliver Merson is a scene from the Flight into Egypt. It was first exhibited in a Paris salon and achieved instant fame for its unknown artist. The Sahara in moonlight is the effective background. Mary and the Babe are between the broad, sheltering paws of the Sphinx. Joseph is on the sands nearby. A faint column of smoke rises from the dying fire. This, too, is a symbolical picture, the Sphinx representing the mystery of the ancient Egyptian religion; the Holy Family typifying the mystery of Christianity.

"The Sleep of Jesus," in the Borghese Gallery, Rome, is a marvelous group by Fontana Lavinia. The Virgin Mother is in the act of lifting a filmy veil from the sleeping Child to better reveal Him to some unseen person who has come to adore Him. Little St. John, finger on his lip, enjoins silence. Two little cherubs are pulling aside the canopy of the couch. St. John's mother, her age in contrast to the fresh young beauty of Mary, and St. Joseph, stand on either side.

A lovely painting by Rubens, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, depicts the same group of five in a realistic setting. The infant Christ has waked from sleep to see little St. John in the act of adoration. With dimpled hand he pats the cheek of the older lad while the three adults in the background survey the pretty scene with mingled delight and worship.

An exquisite Madonna painted by Baron Grosse, a leading artist of Europe in the last century, is in the possession of the Rothschild family. The Madonna is seated on a ruined wall over which wild roses are clambering in profusion. The Child reaches out to grasp a flower, but the mother holds it beyond His reach, so that the thorns will not hurt Him. This symbolizes her wish to protect Him from pain and sorrow.

To single out so few of the religious masterpieces seems almost unjust to their creators, but their number is legion.

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OF COURSE THEY SHOULD and you know they *will,* if they're Community Plate! As you make your selections from among the many suitable *gift pieces* of Community, each is accompanied by the thought, "She'll *love* this one." And think of the satisfaction of shopping for such a large part of your list . . . in the decorous uncrowdedness of your jeweler's . . . knowing your gifts will carry *his* name as well as yours!

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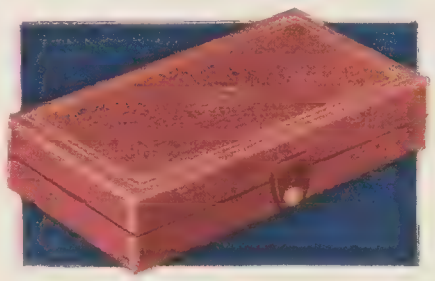

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Cooks in a few minutes!

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A recipe in every package.

CATELLI'S "EGGWEAT" NOODLES SOUP

Have soup boiling rapidly, add Catelli's "Eggweat" Noodles and boil in open pot until tender or as desired.

CATELLI'S "EGGWEAT" FRIED NOODLES

Have water boiling—salt, and add Fine or Broad Catelli's "Eggweat" Noodles. Boil for 8 to 10 minutes, strain, and then fry in butter until light brown. Sprinkle with sugar, and cinnamon, and chopped nuts.

CATELLI'S "EGGWEAT" NOODLE MEAT GRAVY

Strain through a sieve the juice of roast beef, roast pork, chicken or other meat or fowl. Put in a casserole with soaked soft dried mushrooms. Add as much tomato sauce as desired and let cook 20 to 30 minutes. Cook Catelli's "Eggweat" Noodles and serve in earthen dish with above sauce and cheese.

CATELLI'S "EGGWEAT" NOODLES

CATELLI MACARONI PRODUCTS CORPORATION LIMITED

The Real Santa Claus

her, but she oughtn'ter tell my baby. I'd never pester her an' Aileen; I just want to see the baby once in a while. I can't help lovin' my baby, can I? She's my own flesh an' blood—an' Millie's settin' her against me."

He choked again, but apparently from sorrow rather than rage. Boland doubted if in that wretched body there was sufficient vitality or stability of character to enable the Hand-riding Kid to attain to the dignity of a man's fury.

"An' so I wanted to do somethin'," the little man went on drearily — "somethin' that would make her remember her daddy an' think well o' him as long as she lived. She's just eight years old now—just old enough to know all about Santa Calus an' believe in him an' watch for him on Christmas Eve. Maybe you know how it is with kids, sir. They go to bed Christmas Eve — so fellers tells me that's had 'em—after hangin' up their little socks near the fireplace; an' they have their little minds all made up to stay awake an' listen for Santa Claus. When he comes they're goin' to sneak downstairs an' have a good, long look at him. Me, I never believed in Santa Claus, because nobody ever took the trouble to tell me about him, but I sorter got a hunch that there never was a kid that did not believe in him that didn't figger on surprisin' Santa Claus at work an' gettin' a good square look at him. But the doggone trouble is they always fall asleep! Poor little codgers! You know, Mr. Boland, a kid can't stay awake. He thinks he'll do it, but he just can't—an' while he's asleep Santa Claus comes or he doesn't come, dependin' on the size o' the family bank roll. It's pretty tough on the kids, ain't it?"

"Indeed it is," Murray Boland agreed most heartily. "I've been through it myself and I know."

"Well, I figgered out my scheme an' who I'd get to work it out for me. I've been settin' up in nigger heaven night after night watchin' your work, Mr. Boland, an' it seemed to me that if I went to you an' told you how it was with me, an' did business on a business-like basis, you'd understand. I was so sure of it I went ahead an' made all the arrangements."

"In these days it is a compliment to be considered as human as all that. I thank you, Kid. However, go on with your story. I'm profoundly interested."

"I HUNG around Millie's neighborhood all day yesterday hopin' to see her go out, so's I could go up to the house an' see Aileen. But I didn't have no luck until after supper, when I see Aileen's nurse headin' for the motion-picture show. At the corner I stopped her an' asked her if she was Miss Aileen's nurse, an' lifted my hat, politelike, an' she said she was, an' I handed her a ten-case note—the last I had in the world. I says to her: 'That's yours an' another like it if you'll do me a favor. I'm Aileen's father, an' I've figgered it out to give her a Merry Christmas if I can—one that she'll remember as long as she lives. On Christmas Eve I want you to set up an' listen for the sound o' sleigh bells around about midnight. If you hear 'em, look out, an' if you see Santa Claus comin' down the avenoo behind four trottin' reindeer, you wake up Aileen an' let her have a look. Remember, now; if Santa Claus tells me he's seen Aileen at the window, you'll get another ten-case note by mail next day. An' don't you mention nothin' of this to Aileen's mother. Just go to Aileen on Christmas Eve an' tell her you've had a telephone message from Santa Claus, sayin' that her real daddy has been up to the North Pole to see him an' ask him if he wouldn't make it a point to arrive at Aileen's house just at midnight, so she could know he was comin' an' get a look at him. You tell her, I says, 'that Santa Claus says this is a most unusual procedure an' absolutely against the rules, but on account o' his great personal friendship for her real daddy he'll do it, an' for her to be waitin'.

Continued from page 9

"'She'll want a doll that can go to sleep,' says the nurse.

"'Then you tell her Santa Claus asked you what she wanted an' you told him, an' he said: 'All right, I'll bring her the doll.' So the nurse took the ten-case note an' said she'd set up all night if I wanted her to, an' I took her name, an' told her not to say anythin' to Aileen until I telephoned an' told her it was all right. You see, sir, when I telephone she'll wake Aileen up—they sleep in the same room—an' Aileen'll think I'm Santa Claus telephonin'. Of course, sir, I couldn't take a chance an have the little one all worked up—an' then have somethin' slip at the last minute so we couldn't get the reindeer."

"Quite right, quite right," murmured Murray Boland.

"You see what I'm drivin' at, don't you sir? Millie tells my baby her daddy's a tramp an' that she must forget all about him an' never recognizes him if he comes up to her on the street an' tries to speak to her. But if Aileen thinks I've got pull enough with Santa Claus to get him to telephone ahead o' time when he's comin', just so's she can get a peek at him—why, it's goin' to take a whole lot to convince that kid her daddy's as big a bum as she's been told he is. Anyhow, I figger it'll make an impression on her mind, an' as long as she lives she'll never forget the sight o' Santa Claus an' them four trottin' reindeer an' the big pack o' toys in the back o' the sleigh an' the sleigh bells an' the snow on the deserted avenoo an' the roofs o' the houses, just like the pictures in the books. She'll wonder about it an' keep her little secret until she's big enough to know there ain't no Santa Claus, an' then she'll keep on wonderin' until she's a young lady — an' then she'll understand. She'll think it was pretty nice of her tramp of a father to go to all the trouble to make her happy, don't you think she will, Mr. Boland? She'll say to herself what you said in your speech tonight, sir: 'There is a chord in every human heart; if it can be touched, it will bring forth sweet music.' That's what she'll say, an' she'll figger that maybe after all there was a chord in the heart o' the Hand-ridin' Kid, an' if somebody'd only took the trouble to touch it—but here's that tenderloin steak!'"

"Put it under your belt, old man," his host advised, "and tomorrow night we'll see if we can't bring forth some sweet music. But I hardly think we'll have to steal the reindeer. I'll find out Tierney's address in Europe and cable him. He has bought out Bell's interest, and he'll do anything for me. Why, didn't I sell him those four bays he used in the Roman chariot race last summer, and wasn't he a swipe for my father when he came over from Ireland forty years ago? Don't talk to me of Pat Tierney! I'll have his eye-teeth if I desire them."

IT WAS midnight before Murray Boland succeeded in locating the manager of Bell & Tierney's circus one Mr. Larry Donovan. They had awakened the night watchman at the circus quarters out of a sound sleep to locate Mr. Donovan, and they now awakened Mr. Donovan in order to locate Pat Tierney, somewhere in Europe. Mr. Donovan came to his front door in dressing gown and a very ill humor which was dissipated the instant Murray Boland introduced himself and explained his errand.

"An' where might Tierney be, say you? Sorra wan av me knows, but ye might ask the divil that never loses sight av his own. Was it somethin' private an' confidenshul ye wanted to cable him about?"

"I desire to lease, steal, or otherwise acquire for use tomorrow night Bell & Tierney's Celebrated Trotting Reindeer, together with a sleigh, sleigh bells—"

"Wirra, but 'tis the grand little press agent ye are, Misther Boland, playin' Santa Claus to the populace." Nobody ever had to kick Larry Donovan. A hint was always sufficient. "The divil scoort Pat Tierney. I'm his manager, so that the reindeer wit' Pat's compliments an' my blessin', an' see to it (an' sure I needn't mention it) that Bell & Tierney get the binifit av a brief mintion in the newspapers."

"Nothing doing, Mr. Donovan. This is not a publicity stunt, but strictly a private affair. I could murder the man that gives it to the newspapers. I'm going to play Santa Claus to one little girl—"

"You're not. You're goin' to play it to three little girls an' wan boy. Take the reindeer tomorrow night, but see to it that ye come by my house, an' telephone before ye come. As for the reindeer, they'll be the better for a bit av a run in the snow, an' they're as gintle as Shetland ponies. Sure a child could dhrive thim. Whin do ye want thim?"

"At one o'clock Christmas morning thank you—"

"I'll have thim ready for you. And now good-night to you, Misther Boland. If I shtay here a minute longer, I'll have me death o' cold—may the divil fly away wit' you, if he only carried you a mile a day."

The door banged in Murray Boland's face, and he returned to the taxicab to impart the tidings of great joy to his companion. "And now, Hand-rider," he continued, "I'm going to ask you to get the remainder of the props. All the pictures of Santa Claus I've ever seen picture the old gentleman with a great knapsack on his back, and it's just bulging with toys. Now, Hand-rider, here here are two hundred dollars on account of the change due on that ring. Right after breakfast you go to a harness-maker and

[Continued on page 30]

SUNK *by a* COLD

get rid of it!

WHEN a cold first starts to shove you under—remember that prompt treatment will save you. Mentholatum acts directly on the spots where your cold is located.

For over 35 years Mentholatum has been known as the reliable home remedy for colds. Read directions below. Get Mentholatum today. You will need it tomorrow.

BEFORE going to bed rub Mentholatum briskly on chest and throat until you feel *warm glow*. Use about half a tube. Cover with flannel. Repeat nightly till cold disappears.

IN tea-cup of boiling water place teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Inhale vapor through paper cone, or by cupping hands to form funnel. Repeat several times a day.

APPLY Mentholatum with finger to inflamed surface inside of nose. Also leave liberal coating on upper lip under nose.

TUBES AND JARS AT ALL DRUGGISTS

TRIAL OFFER
Send your name and address with 10 cents to Dept. WM-2, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. You will receive a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum, free. "Feel it Heal"

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

For Firesafety

The attractive home of J. A. Edwards, Birmingham, Alabama, is built of concrete masonry—slag tile units—and covered with portland cement stucco. George P. Turner, Architect.

A construction view of the same house, showing the concrete masonry walls before the stucco surface was applied.

PORTLAND CEMENT

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

Beauty and Economy

. . . build your home of

Concrete Masonry

THE trend in home building is toward structures of permanent beauty and fire-safety, with economy both in first cost and maintenance.

Concrete masonry construction provides *all* of these important advantages in a high degree.

What is Concrete Masonry?

The term *concrete masonry* is applied to block, brick, or tile building units moulded from concrete, and laid by a mason in a wall. The concrete is made by mixing portland cement with water and other suitable materials, such as sand, pebbles, crushed stone, cinders, burned shale or slag.

These units are produced in so many sections of the country that they are available practically everywhere. Every reliable manufacturer is able to guarantee uniformity in the quality of his concrete masonry units.

Concrete masonry construction permits a very wide range of exterior finish. It is an ideal backing for portland cement stucco (white or colored), face brick and cast stone. It may be so built that it needs no surfacing material—the natural masonry, with the mortar joints visible, is pleasing and effective.

Resists Fire, Time, Weather

A home with exterior and partition walls of concrete masonry—and concrete floors—requires the minimum of care and upkeep expense. It withstands the attack of time, weather and fire.

With all of its advantages, the cost of concrete masonry is surprisingly moderate. It is equally suitable for a small bungalow or for the most pretentious town or country home. Informative, illustrated booklets will be sent upon request.

This fine house has exposed masonry walls built of concrete block made from sand and pebbles. Home of H. L. Wallace, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.; M. R. Burrows, Architect, Detroit.

ASSOCIATION *Chicago*

. . . AND FIRESAFETY

Ten years ago, a dream

– today the world's largest Peach and Apricot orchard

You'll be interested to know how much this great Del Monte garden means to you — in better, more tempting everyday meals

Almost four thousand acres in a single fruit ranch—planted to the finest fruit trees, all in bearing!

A great fruit orchard in which any organization might take pride.

But you'd call its size only incidental—if you knew the real story behind its planting.

—a story that goes right back to the quality of fruit we demand for every DEL MONTE can that reaches your table.

—a story—and an ideal—particularly important to you if you still have the slightest thought that the modern canner of quality foods is content with the fruits he finds convenient to his canneries—or depends on surplus stocks not needed for the market!

As a matter of fact, DEL MONTE not only insists on *special types* of fruit, but these fruits must meet requirements far more exacting than those set for ordinary market varieties.

Canning peaches, for example, must be as nearly ideal in size, shape, color and texture as the kindest whims of Nature allow. And most important to your enjoyment—they must have *everything desirable in flavor!*

Fruits from a modern paradise

For many years DEL MONTE has selected for its canneries the finest fruit products from the Pacific Coast and Hawaii—bringing the pick of their many crops to your table.

Ten years ago we decided to go still farther. We not only wanted to increase our dependable sources of supply, but to experiment—to see what carefully controlled plantings and different cultural methods could do toward producing even *better* fruit than any we had ever had.

As a result, this great DEL MONTE orchard was planned and planted in the years 1920 to 1922. Every one of the 300,000 peach and apricot trees in this one orchard was produced from selected stocks. Different varieties were planted, so that ripening might be continuous and even throughout the entire canning season.

Today half of its fruit—the pick of the crop—comes to you under the DEL MONTE label.

In like manner, other great farms, orchards and plantations have been developed by DEL MONTE in the most favored localities—each producing the particular kind of fruit or vegetable best suited to its soil and climate.

All of this means that DEL MONTE *starts* with the finest raw materials that can be grown. It means that the entire DEL MONTE canning process can be devoted to just one end—bringing you exactly the ripeness and flavor that Nature can develop at its best.

And remember—the DEL MONTE label brings you this same high quality in a full assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods—every one packed with the same experience and painstaking care that has made DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables so widely known—so universally preferred.

You already know DEL MONTE Quality! Why not see that you get this label, every time you buy? It's the surest, easiest guide you can find to better, more inviting meals!

267 Tested Recipes for You

Recipes for scores of fruit desserts, salads and main-course dishes—all simple and easy to prepare. And in such convenient form for filing! May we send these 7 DEL MONTE recipe books and folders to you—free of charge? Just drop a line to Dept. 37-C, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

Picked fully ripe from the tree, DelMonte Apricots have a delightful tart-sweet flavor which makes them especially enjoyable in salads, custards and puddings—with cereals, meats and other heavy foods—or just by themselves, in their own rich syrup

Only the famous Bartlett Pears are canned under the Del Monte label. Packed in a pure syrup of just the right density to bring out all the delicate natural flavor for which this fruit is prized

The Real Santa Claus

Continued from page 27

give him a rush order for a large knapsack made from white buckskin. My coat being bright red, white buckskin will make a nice contrast when the pack is on my back. After ordering it drop around to a department store and buy the big sleeping doll; and if I were you I'd buy it dressed, full and fancy. Then buy two more dolls just like it, a drum, an air rifle, an assortment of bugles, games and other gim-cracks and a coaster to lash on the rear of the sleigh and give tone to the outfit. Get Aileen a complete set of doll furniture, cook stove — the whole works, understand? We've got to fill that pack to overflowing, so don't skimp on the props. When you've finished your shopping rent a taxicab and bring everything out to Bell & Tierney's. Don't trust to have them delivered; if you do, you'll get them about New Year. In the meantime I'll wire a costumer in New York to send a man down here with a Santa Claus suit for me."

WHEN Murray Boland reached the winter quarters of the Bell & Tierney Circus at one o'clock on Christmas morning, it was not Murray Boland that stepped out of the taxicab, but St. Nicholas himself. Had he entertained any doubt on the subject himself, it would quickly have been dissipated for the night watchman and two circus attendants, having harnessed the reindeeer and hitched them to the sleigh, were standing by with itching palms and expectant faces. Santa Claus looked the equipment over, saw that everything was as it should be, and distributed largess accordingly. The Hand-riding Kid, fairly exuding the spirit of Merry Christmas, sat in the seat holding the reins; only his profound appreciation of the dignity that attaches to a celebrity kept him from swatting Murray Boland on the back or prodding him familiarly in the short ribs. He contented himself with an admiring glance at his leading man's patent-leather jack boots, his scarlet coat trimmed with ermine, his little round fur-trimmed red turban and the silvery hair and whiskers framing a face as ruddy as a winter apple. "By Judas," he said, "you're some Santa Claus!"

It was just the kind of Christmas Eve on which one would expect to encounter Santa Claus. There was almost a foot of snow on the ground, and a recent cold snap had crusted it nicely; a full moon cast a silver light over the white landscape, causing the snow crystals to sparkle until the world resembled a fairyland, and as Murray Boland sent the four reindeer scampering down the white road leading to the city he forgot that he was the greatest character actor in the world and became inwardly what he already was externally — the merriest, the rosiest, the kindliest old Santa Claus that ever clucked to a reindeer.

The team travelled fast, their long, tireless trot taking them over the ground at better than twelve miles an hour. Twice they were halted by policeman, these being the only living creatures that the lateness of the hour and the zero weather permitted abroad, but these halts were merely for the purpose of enabling the guardians of the sleeping city to shake hands with Santa Claus and congratulate him on his originality.

"Everybody gets kind o' human around Christmas time," the Hand-riding Kid observed, apropos of this evidence of the yuletide spirit in the hearts of his hereditary enemies.

Presently they turned into a broad avenue in the best residential section of the city. "We'll run down past the house an' I'll show it to you, sir," the Hand-riding Kid announced, and a few minutes later he pointed out Millie's home. Santa Claus marked it by the elm tree that stood in front of it, and they continued on for three more blocks before pausing.

"Now, sir," the Hand-riding Kid announced, "I'm goin' to sneak around the next block to the fire house. That's always open, an' I can telephone to Aileen's nurse from there. She told me she'd be downstairs waitin', an' I see a light as we passed by. You wait here until you hear me whistle—this way," and he thrust thumb and forefinger in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle; "an' that'll be your clue to come on. An', listen. When you come, come like you've been wired for but was delayed in startin', an' before you start hang them sleigh bells around the necks o' the leaders. Then just imagine you're turnin' into the home stretch, an' if them reindeer have anything left just speak to 'em an' ask 'em to give it to you. You know how it is with Santa Claus. He's got a whale of a route to cover in a night, an' when he travels he don't let the grass grow under his feet. When you pull up in front o' the house, tie the leaders to the elm tree; there's a couple o' snap ropes in the bottom o' the sleigh.

He darted away, his grotesque figure casting shadows equally grotesque on the moonlit snow, his run-over heels crunching it as he ran. Ten minutes passed; then down the avenue floated the Hand-riding Kid's shrill signal. Santa Claus, standing at the heads of the leaders, slipped the bell collars around their necks, climbed back into the sleigh, and started down the avenue. He left is presently and circled a block before coming back, and then he came as the Hand-riding Kid used to come when "beating the barrier." Around the corner he swung on one runner; then as he straightened out he laid the lash smartly across the flanks of his team, and from the long, swift trot they broke presently into a gallop. The snow flew from the runners; the peal of the bells, the thud of hoofs on the crisp surface of the snow, the cracking of the whip, and the hearty exhortations of Stant Claus aroused the echoes in the silent street, and a window or two were raised as the wild spectacle flew by in the moonlight.

It was glorious, and for the first time in his career as an actor Murray Boland felt that he was playing a part that called for the expression of his greatest art; as he glimpsed the light upstairs in Millie's house and saw a little white figure at the open window, it came to him suddenly that he was starring in an unwritten drama, and that at last he could extemporize without hurting the author's feelings.

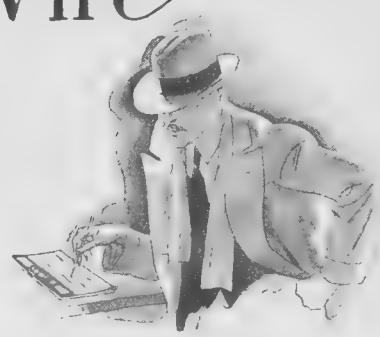
"What an entrance!" he exulted. "And there's the audience on its feet already, dancing in ecstacy. Why, this is my greatest part — Christmas morning and Murray Boland playing to the innocent heart of a child. And now for some acting!"

He stood up in his sleigh and cracked his whip furiously. "Ho, Dancer!" he shouted. "Ho, Prancer! Ho, Blitzen! Ho, Stamper!" He turned his back on the audience and scanned the opposite side of the street as if looking for a house number. Two jumps more and he would have been in the next block, when clear above the uproar of his passing he heard the acclaim of his audience.

"Santa! Santa! I'm he-e-er! This is Ailee-e-e-n!"

SANTA CLAUS turned. He saw her. To prove it he waved his hand at her, and then sat down and commenced to saw at his reindeer, the while the shrill cries in his rear encouraged him. He continued on for a block before he could bring the excited animals under control; then he swung them and came back at a fine fast trot, pulled up under the elm tree, sprang out, tied the leaders to the tree, shouldered his great pack and with exactly the right kind of a Santa Claus waddle started up the steps. As he reached the landing the door flew open and all that the Hand-riding Kid cared for in life stood in the entrance. Santa Claus set down his pack, and they gazed at each other. In flannel dressing gown and slippers the child stood motionless, gazing with wonder-wide eyes, [Cont'd on page 32]

Don't Wait-Wire



The Story of a Woman Who Didn't Believe in Santa Claus

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACK BENT—*A young traveling salesman who works on commission for World Wide Sales, Inc.*

ETHEL BENT—*His wife, who sees that all checks are sent to the home address.*

Hilldale Dec. 1

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

JACK DEAR JUST GOT HAPPY THOUGHT · SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME SILVERWARE FOR CHRISTMAS

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 1

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

DELIGHTED WITH YOUR SUGGESTION · SENDING DIME BY LETTER

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 2

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

I'M SERIOUS · WOULD LOVE 26-PIECE SET SILVERWARE

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 2

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

DO THEY HAVE CLINICS WHERE THEY GIVE THOSE THINGS AWAY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 3

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

JUST GOT CHECK FROM YOUR COMPANY FOR $42 WON'T THAT BUY 26-PIECE SET

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 3

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

JUST ABOUT BUT REMEMBER YOU HAVE AUNTS AND COUSINS DEPENDING ON YOU TO BE BIG HEARTED

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 3

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

CAN'T WE JUST SEND CHRISTMAS CARDS

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 3

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

O.K. PROVIDED YOU TAKE BLAME BUT PLEASE WAIT · MAY CLOSE SALE AND MAYBE SANTA CLAUS WILL BRING SILVERWARE

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 4

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

JACK DARLING I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS · GOT MY 26-PIECE SET ALSO 6 TEASPOONS FOR AUNT NELLIE 6 SALAD FORKS FOR AUNT KATE 6 BUTTER SPREADERS FOR COUSIN JULIE 6 ICED TEA SPOONS FOR AUNT EMMA COLD MEAT FORK FOR COUSIN JANE GRAVY LADLE FOR AUNT HESTER · IT'S BEAUTIFUL ADORABLE

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 5

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

GREAT BUT WHAT DID YOU USE FOR MONEY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 5

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

THAT $42.00

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 5

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

HOW DID YOU DO IT · DID YOU TAKE COURSE IN BURGLARY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 6

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

NO BUT SUGGEST YOU TAKE COURSE IN READING

Ethel

Winnipeg Dec. 6

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ont.

READING WHAT

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 6

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Winnipeg

READ WM. ROGERS & SON AD IN McLEAN'S MAGAZINE AND CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Ethel

How to turn your Christmas Dollars into

TWICE AS MANY GIFTS

It's really simple—very, very simple! Just ask to see Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate—at your silverware dealer's.

Compare its beauty with that of any silver you have ever set eyes on . . .

Then compare its prices with your own ideas of what such silverware should cost . . .

And you will find that you can have *twice as much* of it—twice as much silverware as ever you thought your dollars could buy! For instance . . .

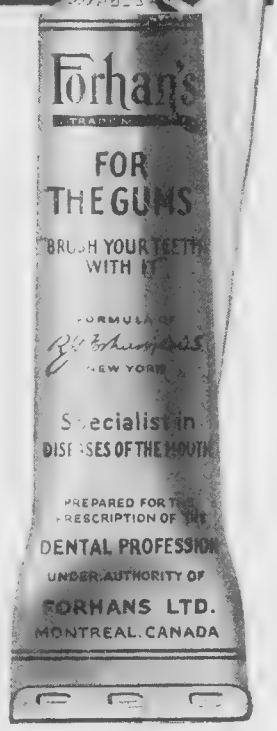
A 26-piece set (with stainless steel knives)	*for only*	$22.00
6 *Teaspoons*	*for only*	$2.00
6 *Salad Forks*	*for only*	$5.50
6 *Butter Spreaders*	*for only*	$5.00
6 *Iced Tea Spoons*	*for only*	$3.50
1 *Gravy Ladle*	*for only*	$1.75
1 *Cold Meat Fork*	*for only*	$1.50

But—just one wee word of caution!—when you go to your dealer's to see the three stunning patterns—Triumph, Mayfair, and the gorgeous new pattern—Princess—remember . . .

Don't say "Rogers"—say "Wm. Rogers & Son"!

WM. ROGERS & SON
Silverplate

CANADIAN SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA



White Teeth deceive 4 *out of* 5 NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed

AS your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums. In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

The Real Santa Claus

Continued from page 30

the while her hands pressed her breast as if she would still the wild pounding of her heart at this dream of childhood come true. Then Santa Claus held out his arms and smiled—and with a bound she was at his breast, her arms around his neck, her lips at his.

For several seconds Murray Boland forgot his lines, remembering only that tonight he was the patron saint of childhood. But the thought of possible interruption by Millie or the Hand-riding Kid's successor spurred him to action.

"Bless my frost-bitten soul," he declared, as with a final squeeze he set her down, "if you aren't a finer little girl than your daddy said you were! And I almost missed you. If you hadn't called to me, I suppose I'd have been in New York by this time, and after all the trouble your daddy—I mean your real daddy—took to get me to do it, I'm afraid I'd have an awfully hard job explaining things to him. But it's his own fault, Aileen. He gave me the wrong address." He stooped, burrowed in his pack, and brought up the cardboard box in which her sleeping doll reposed. "And here's the dolly he asked me to bring to you. Isn't she a beauty, Aileen? Why, that's the finest doll that's been turned out of my shops in twenty years."

She found her voice at last. "Santa Claus," she queried, "do you know my real daddy?"

"Do I know him?" Santa Claus found that question so funny he had to lean against the alcove wall and laugh. "Oh, my furs and whiskers!" he declared. "I should say I do know him. Yes, indeed, ever since he was a little boy—and let me tell you he was one of the best little boys I ever knew and the best friend I've got on this old earth. Why, when he came all the way up to my factory at the North Pole and asked me, as a special favor to him, to step in and say 'hello' to you on my trip this year, I didn't have the heart to refuse him—although," he added, "it's strictly against the rules."

She gazed up at him, her little white teeth gleaming in the moonlight as they clamped over her lower lip. "Mamma says he's a bad daddy," she ventured. "He isn't a bad daddy, is he, Santa Claus, darling?"

Again Santa Claus was overcome by his mirth. "Oh, my new cap and moleskin socks!" he declared. "This little girl is going to make me laugh myself to death with her foolish questions—that is, provided I don't get stuck in one of these narrow chimneys and smothered before I finish this trip. Your daddy a bad daddy! Oh, no, no, no! He isn't a bad daddy. He's just misunderstood, Aileen. Your mamma just doesn't know how good he is. Why, if he wasn't a good daddy do you suppose he would be a friend of mine? Oh, dearie me, what nonsense! However, I mustn't stand here all night talking, for if I do you're going to catch cold and I'll have to disappoint a lot of little boys and girls who are waiting for me to come. Bless my soul, I'm not half through my deliveries yet, and here it is almost daylight—and it would never, never do for Santa Claus to be caught out in broad daylight."

"Oh, don't go; please don't go," she pleaded.

"Oh, but I must. I'm dreadfully late this year. Kiss me goodby, now, and run along upstairs with your dolly."

As he held her in his arms he said: "You must never tell anybody but your nurse that you've seen Santa Claus and talked with him and kissed him. It's all very, very irregular, so you mustn't tell a soul. And whenever your mamma tells you your daddy is bad, just remember that everybody in this world is entitled to an opinion, but that Santa Claus told you your daddy is a very, very splendid gentleman. Don't ever forget it, Aileen. He lives in a far country, but he loves his little girl and he told me to tell you he does."

"I love you, Santa Claus," she assured him. "This kiss is for you and this kiss is for my daddy."

He set her gently down in the dimly lighted hall, handed her the sleeping doll, backed softly out, closing the hall door after him, picked up his pack and waddled back to his waiting reindeer, while a wondering little child stood with her ear to the keyhole listening to the chorus of the sleigh bells—a chorus that grew fainter and fainter as Santa Claus whirled on down the avenue on his way to bring Merry Christmas to the expectant progeny of Mr. Larry Donovan.

"WELL, Hand-rider, it certainly was a howling success," Murray Boland declared as he and the Hand-riding Kid sat at breakfast in the former's apartment five hours later.

"You've been awful kind to me, sir," his guest mumbled soberly, and gazed suspiciously around the cozy apartment.

"Oh, nonsense! Have a cigar," and Boland passed one across to the derelict. The Hand-riding Kid's face twitched; again he gazed around the room; he wore about him the air of a sheep-killing dog. Presently he heaved a deep sigh and faced his host.

"Don't play with me, sir, for God's sake," he pleaded wearily. "I know now why you brought me up here to breakfast. Come clean, sir. What's the programme?"

Murray Boland took out a pencil and a memorandum book and pretended to figure. "As near as I can figure it, Handrider," he announced presently, "the expenses of production were somewhere in the neighborhood of seven hundred and twenty dollars, which includes my salary of five hundred. The appraised value of the ring was a thousand, was it not? Well, I have already given you two hundred and here's the balance of eighty dollars due you. Hand-rider, did you ever hear of the Mossbrae Stock Farm, down in the Blue Grass country?"

"Yes, sir. I was there once as a kid, to try out some two-year-olds my boss was lookin' at."

"Well, I own it, Hand-rider, and you're going to take part of the money I've given you and buy some decent clothes; with the remainder you're to buy a ticket to Mossbrae and when you get there tell Dan Sherry I sent you, that he's to give you a job as trainer at three hundred a month and not fire you without consulting me. I have a lot of fine yearlings and two-year-olds down at Mossbrae, Hand-rider, and I'll expect you to make race horses out of some of them. After you've done that and I find you can still make the weight, I might go to the powers that be and get your license restored. At any rate, we can try, and you know, Hand-rider, it never hurts to try anything once, provided it's something on the level."

The Hand-riding Kid stared at Murray Boland with a wide, unbelieving stare. "Don't kid me, Mr. Boland," he quavered. "Don't spoil it all by ridin' me with spurs. After what I done to you I know you don't want me, an' while I'm dog enough to take your food because I'm hungry—or will be pretty soon—I ain't dog enough to take your money or your job under false pretences. Mr. Boland, I'm a crook."

"I'm sorry you think so. I do not."

"But I—I've been here before, Mr. Boland."

"Yes, I know you were, Hand-rider."

"But you never said a word when I handed you your ring!" the little man quavered plaintively. "I didn't know I was talkin' to the man I'd robbed an' askin' him to do me a favor. If you'd only said somethin'!"

"Why should I? It would have spoiled all the fun. Besides, Hand-rider, that was just one of your mistakes, and after today you're going to quit making mistakes like that. You can bring back the other stuff or tell me where you pawned it, and then I'll forget your mistake. In fact, I've forgotten it already, for this [Continued on page 64]

What Delightful Thrills When Your Gift is Mercury . . .

WHAT a Christmas Gift. Dainty . . . . light as star dust . . . . colorful . . . . and thrillingly intimate. Can't you just picture the boundless delight in her eyes when your gift reveals itself as lovely Mercury Lingerie.

Mercury tailoring begins with but one thought—and that is to make the finished ensemble a graceful fit, yet leave it free from the least hint of body binding.

Or, if the gift is Mercury Full Fashioned Hose, her delight is just as great . . . . clearness of texture . . . . delicacy in shade . . . . and wonderful durability combine to make Mercury Full Fashioned Hosiery a complete harmony—a harmony that enhances every charming detail.

The twin qualities, comfort and style, are inherent in Mercury design and in the material which Mercury so carefully selects.

Your Christmas Gift problem is delightfully solved by Mercury.

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Hamilton, Ontario

The proof is in the pudding..

—these are the finest raisins you can buy!

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Send for delightful new recipe book—"New Interest in Simple Menus." You will find it full of fascinating suggestions! Just mail a note or card to—Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.

YOU can so easily make rice pudding—not just an ordinary dessert—but a real delicacy, creamy and delicious. And watch the children's eyes sparkle as they find these plump, tasty Sun-Maid raisins that make the pudding so much better!

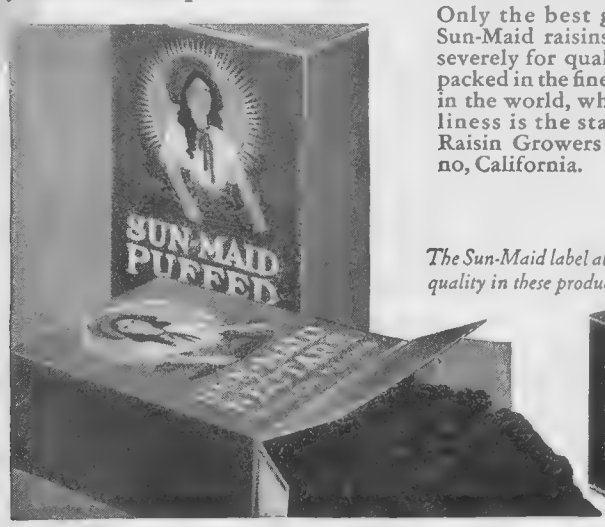
So it is with many simple dishes—salads, cookies, muffins, pies and cakes, too.—The finer quality of Sun-Maid raisins is like an extra touch of cooking skill, insuring better results in all your raisin recipes.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins, both prepared by exclusive processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins.

Sun-Maid NECTARS are tender, juicy, seedless raisins, famous for their fresh grape-like flavor. Note how plump they are, not withered, and how attractive and glossy of skin. Cooks everywhere know Sun-Maid NECTARS as the finest of all seeded raisins.

Sun-Maid PUFFED are the only seeded raisins made which are *not sticky,* ready to use as soon as you open the handy carton! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding processkeeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.



The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Christmas Roses

Continued from page 15

willows and plunged into an inky stretch of poplars and scrub-pine. Kitty caught her breath and glanced up at the sky. No, it was not coming on to storm again The great darkness came from the trees . . . queer she hadn't noticed before how much wood separated her father's ranch house from the highway.

Less fleet now the small figure pressed on. In the open field the snow had affected the trail but little. Here in the sheltered wood the drifts lay like barricades across her path. And the silence, so comforting in the open, asumed here an awful intensity. Every tree and ragged shadow bristled. Surely, thought little Kitty, this was blackness enough. If she just waited here the miracle must surely take place. . . .

High on the hills a plaintive wail tore through the curtain of silence. A familiar sound, gathering in volume and staccato misery: "Ki-yi-yi-yi——ki-yi-yi!" Kitty swung round and stopped, rooted with terror. Not a sign could she see of the house or the friendly field. Nothing but an endless gulf of darkness that marked the runway of the trees. She couldn't go back; God would have to give her a rose to light the way back again. "Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi," from the hills the coyotes answered her.

Kitty bolted. Every nerve in her small body shrieked with the unreasoning fear of childhood. All her energies garnered to escape the nightmare sound and shadow of the hills. And then, just as her last ounce of strength was ebbing, she caught, through a screen of brush that veiled the Banff highway, a tiny flash of brilliant red. A point of gleaming light that showed thrice brilliant in the inky blackness making its background.

Terrified, little Kitty almost sank to earth with the electric shock of justified faith. Bright and shining, a luminous gem in the darkness of the world, was this spot of scarlet. Christmas Roses! Christmas Roses! Ah, she shouldn't have been frightened; she should have remembered that Love ruled the world for one beneficent hour on Christmas Eve! Crying hysterically and clapping her mittened hands together, the child pressed on, and at last the broad highway, rolling from shadow to shadow, lay before her.

Panting and confused, for now it seemed that some trick of the road obscured her shining light, she stopped and listened. What was she hearing? Was it imagination or a voice—a dear human voice, reaching to her through the lonely night? Joy of joys! A voice it was—a man's voice, and he was singing:

> Heigh Ho! Nonny-O
> Merry Fate disposes.
> Some have health,
> And others wealth;
> But I, my dream of roses.

Kitty's fears took wing. Sheer jealousy replaced it. Here was another rose hunter and singing so jocundly. Why, then, he must have found them. The hour had struck and gone . . . she was too late. Like lead now the little feet dragged, the small figure lurching unsteadily. . . .

At that very moment Lieutenant Brett Hemming missed a bar, his heart jolted as rudely as little Kitty's at the coyote chorale. Great Scott! Was he altogether locoed? Or was that a child staggering towards him? Good Lord! "Here, here, little one—cheerio!" he shouted as gaily as astonishment permitted.

She crumpled in a sad little heap at his feet, gazing up into his face reproachfully: "I know you found them—'cause you got there first. But I KNEW they'd be there....I....couldn't have missed them if Aunt Lalia had believed me... I told her this was the Night of the Roses!"

Lieutenant Hemming stared at the small accuser in dire bewilderment. Of all the mad things of this mad night this was the maddest!

"But Aunt Lalia said," the child rushed on, "it would storm all night and NOBODY could make a miracle come true in such bad weather!"

Lalia? Lalia? That, at least, sounded familiar and sane. The lieutenant dropped to his knees. "I'm not sure just what you mean, young lady," he told her smilingly, at the same time lifting her to her feet, brushing off the snow, noting with relief that she was quite uninjured. "I don't exactly understand, but if it's Eaulalia Nansen doubted your miracle I'll agree emphatically that you were right."

"I knew it." Kitty was emphatic. "But how can I make Aunt Lalia believe when I was too late?"

It took some explaining to make this clear to the Lieutenant. However, when the mystery finally cleared up, nothing whatever could have induced him to let the small miracle hunter guess that the red tail-light of his snow-stalled Buick was the brilliant rose she had glimpsed through the trees.

"Well," said he, instead, "there are as many ways as there are miracles. Suppose I gave you not one but a dozen roses, mightn't that weaken Miss Eaulalia's skepticism?"

Kitty shed her weariness at a bound. "A DOZEN roses? Red ones? But where——"

Lieutenant Brett Hemming laughed and tossed her to his shoulder with a "Heave ho! Up you go! And now wait a bit, young lady," he resumed, mockingly grave. "Not quite so fast . . . Red Roses you shall have—red as any that ever sprang from loving thought at Christmas—'pon honor, yes. If you'll just have patience you'll find them in a long box under the robes in a most exasperating car down past that bend."

SOME thirty minutes later, when the big man and the little girl stepped out from the dark avenue of trees into the clean white fields before the ranch house, the wildest confusion confronted them. Every window was ablaze with light, every door flung open. And here and there, like huge fireflies, figures bearing lanterns darted from one ranch building to another. From within the house came the sound of weeping and a tense voice speaking sharply:

"If you hadn't encouraged her in these crazy fancies, Eaulalia . . . you know how imaginative she is. Oh, Lalia, you shouldn't have pretended to believe her!"

Like a spring tornado Kitty whizzed into the room. "Oh, yes, she should! Yes she should, Mamma!" she shrilled, swooping down upon her distracted mother and almost bearing her off her feet. "She should, she should, for see——" and here she disentangled herself sufficiently to point to the doorway—"there's the man who found them—the roses, I mean — a whole dozen of them, and they're all for Aunt Lalia. Truly, Mamma, truly. And they're red like the story said they'd be . . . you remember red for loving thoughts that didn't get done! Such sweet perfumed roses like the dreams he had of my Aunt Lalia——"

"Kitty! That will do!" Jenny could be sharp now her fears were scattered. "Get to the heater and pull off your boots. Not another word, you naughty magpie."

Eaulalia broke through the hypnotic amazement that until now had kept her staring round-eyed and incredulous. She laughed, like a child waking from bad dreams, relief and happiness blending together. "Jenny, don't scold her," she said, her voice very soft, her glances crossing to the tall lieutenant. "After all, she DID disclose a miracle—and—and—I see just what a fool I've been."

The last shreds of stubborn pride fell from her and with a gesture naively sweet as it was humble, she held out her hands to the man she always loved. "Oh, Brett — RED ROSES after all these years," was what she sighed against his faithful heart. Then, with something of her old imperiousness: "And now, perhaps, you'll explain yourself...."

"No, no! Oh, no!" little Kitty sang out blithely. "To explain miracles is silly and makes no miracle at all. Aunt Lalia, open the box and count your Christmas Roses!"

Some day you'll buy her a Frigidaire... *why not for Christmas*

OF COURSE, she wants Frigidaire! And some day you'll buy it. So why not make that *some day* now?

Give her a Frigidaire for Christmas.

Give her the convenience of making desserts with the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control." Give her the carefree, healthful refrigeration assured by Frigidaire's surplus power. Give her the advantages of self-sealing freezing trays that permit two widely different temperatures in the same cabinet.

In other words, give her a *real* Frigidaire . . . one with the Frigidaire name-plate on it. Then you'll be *sure* she'll have a truly *modern* electric refrigerator. She'll have a cabinet of striking beauty in Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel. She'll have the incredible quietness of the Frigidaire power unit . . . a unit that is out of sight and away from dust and dirt. And she'll have the convenient arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves . . . shelves placed at a height that makes stooping unnecessary.

And it's *easy* to give her a Frigidaire. Prices are low and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. So, avoid the usual last minute rush. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and have Frigidaire in your home on Christmas morning. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a MILLION *in use*

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's temperature regulator, which automatically maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment. The "Cold Control" permits positive control over temperatures in the freezing compartment.

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Please send me your book on healthful refrigeration, also the Frigidaire Recipe Book.

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YULETIDE . . .
and a gift that radiates good cheer

A GIFT of thrilling beauty, of utility, of luxury... a gift that eloquently expresses the esteem and affection of the giver . . . such is Keystone Toiletware . . . the choice of thousands who prize good taste above all other factors in Christmas giving.

What can you think of that is better calculated to send feminine hearts a-flutter? And masculine hearts too! For Keystone Brush Sets lead the world in quality. Stiff, glossy, pure-white bristles... flawless mirrors made of finest imported plate glass... lustrous pearl, French ivory and tortoise shell toiletware pieces and sets for women . . . dainty miniatures for children . . . smart Military Brush Sets for men.

Your jewellery, drug or departmental store features Keystone Toiletware. Each piece is a work of art . . . made by master craftsmen. A gift to cherish . . . *always.*

Pearl, French Ivory, Tortoise Shell Toiletware . . . in Single Pieces or Sets.

STEVENS-HEPNER CO. LIMITED
Port Elgin, Ontario
Makers of the famous Keystone Hutax Toothbrushes

KEYSTONE

The Rug Cushion

Enters the Modern Home

SOFT, luxurious floor coverings—at least luxurious in feeling—are now within reach of even the modest home. For "rug cushions" have been developed which give any rug or carpet the softness of a heavy, deep pile. If the rug itself is rich in texture the cushion serves just as valuable a purpose in saving almost unbelievably in wear and tear on the fabric.

That these "cushions" meet a long felt need is apparent in the fact that whereas the first one appeared in the stores only about six years ago, today over 25,000,000 square yards of one standard make alone are in use in the homes and public buildings of the United States.

The present day rug cushion is a far cry from the thin paper backing or cheap cotton fibre pad which used to be placed under carpets in grandmother's time. This newer cushion lies snugly on the floor with no overlapping. For rugs it is cut 3 inches less in width and in length so that no edges show. The edges themselves are trim and durable in a binding of tape or special stitching.

Such a hair cushion is in fact very similar to a good hair mattress. The tendency a mattress might have to pull apart if subjected to wear under a carpet is overcome by inserting through the centre of this thinner floor cushion a stout burlap web. This makes it easy to handle in the same manner as a rug or a width of carpet; it can be rolled up and relaid as desired.

Your rugs and carpets may seem soft, but if you could see what happens every time your heel strikes the floor you would realize why these cushions add so vastly to the comfort of those who walk upon them, and why they give such remarkable results in lessening the wear in even such heavy traffic lanes as halls and stairways.

When you step onto a carpet which lies unprotected on a wood floor, your heel receives a shock. This is repeated innumerable times each day, particularly in homes where there are children. With every heel stroke the yielding strands and threads of the carpet fabric are ground between hard heel and gritty floor. As the nap is beaten down and worn off, colors are dimmed and the rug takes on a faded appearance.

When the carpet is properly cushioned this condition is entirely changed. Neither floor nor carpet receives an impact at each heel blow. A yielding, resilient cushion protects every step. The carpet gives with a restful, soothing springiness, while the fabric itself does not even touch the gritty floor. It, too, is protected and cushioned.

There are many different types of these rug cushions which cover a wide range in price and quality. The less expensive ones contain varying quantities of vegetable matter, which will, of course, deteriorate with wear. The standard cushions are made of animal hair which has been found to provide all the qualities required. Animal hair is made up of natural live springs which never lose their springiness. It will stand up under limitless wear. It is impervious to fire, water, or abrasion. It can be compressed into a compact felted pad which retains the natural characteristics of the hair itself.

Such cushions are fireproof and mothproof. As just stated the hair is naturally fire resistant, and it can readily be treated chemically so as to be made proof against moths. The best grades are also odorless. Getting rid of the clinging animal odor, however, is a much more difficult matter. In one type of cushion, the hair is electrically treated to burn up the tiny musk-like particles which cling to the hair tube and which are responsible for the characteristic animal odors.

In addition to these fireproof, mothproof, and odorproof features, the better cushions are impressed with some regular design of indentations. The side showing these depressions is placed up, next to the carpet. The air spaces formed by the identations add to the resiliency of the cushion and also serve the practical purpose of enlarging the suction power of a vacuum sweeper, and in just that degree make cleaning rug or carpet quicker and more thorough.

One particularly popular feature is that the cushion itself needs but little cleaning, only enough to remove the loose dust which may sift through the carpet. It should be cleaned lightly with a vacuum only when needed which may vary with the amount of wear and the kind of floor covering, from once in three or four months to once a year.

A good cushion lies snugly against the floor, and will stay flat with no curling or lumping no matter what the wear. The natural resilience of the hair keeps it from ever flattening out or matting down in spots where traffic is heaviest.

Of course, such a soft, yielding cushion makes entirely unnoticeable any little unevennesses of an old or a damaged floor. While it furnishes the ideal covering for cold stone or concrete floors such as are usual in basements.

It has lately been discovered that animal hair in a form similar to the hair cushion may be utilized in deadening sounds and in treating wall spaces to prevent the reverberation often so annoying in theatre and church auditoriums. This explains why the house cushioned with rug cushions is not only more restful to feet but is also soothing to nerves. Footfalls are softened and in addition other disturbing noises tend to be absorbed.

To sum up these main advantages: A good hair rug or carpet cushion:

1. Will outwear a dozen rugs.
2. Never loses its natural springiness.
3. Requires little cleaning.
4. Stays flat; never mats, lumps, or curls.
5. Is absolutely mothproof and fireproof.
6. Remains sanitary and odorless even in wet weather.
7. Deadens the sound of footfalls.
8. Evens old floors; blankets cold ones.
9. Can be taken up and relaid like a rug.
10. Makes laying rugs and carpets a simple matter.

Such a restful, comfortable hair cushion is responsible for a rather remarkable effect in those who tread upon it; an effect which lies not at all in the cushion but which is entirely a matter of feeling. Any rug so cushioned, and in fact the whole room in which it lies, seems to take on an added air of elegance, which the psychologist would doubtless tell us, is but the natural result of a feeling of great bodily ease.

This in itself probably explains in part the growing popularity of this new means of making our homes more thoroughly comfortable.

Gobbler's Fate

By F. Eleanor Nichols

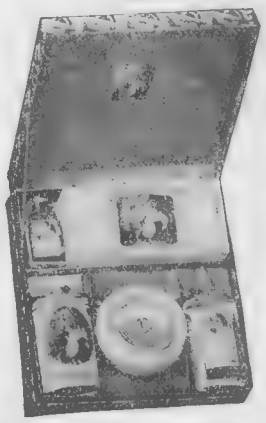
Grandma's farm exploring,
Little maid in red
Spied proud gobbler strutting
Handsome tail outspread;
But her merry greeting
Met a sorry fate
Cross old turkey chased her
Through the garden gate.

Maple leaves a-dancing,
Green frocks changed for gold,
When upon a visit
Christmas Day to hold,
Uncles, aunts, and cousins
Came to celebrate,
Ate poor turkey gobbler
Off a willow plate.

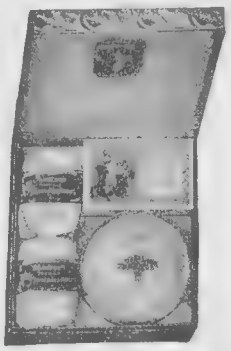
By Appointment
TO H. R. H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Christmas Past and Christmas Present *with* Yardleys

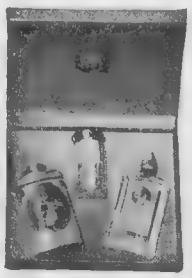
C16/6 — Lavender Gift Case; Dusting Powder, and Bath Salts—$3.00



C16/56 — Lavender Gift Case; Soap, Shaving Bowl, Lotion, Talc and Brilliantine—$4.50



C16/16 — Lavender Gift Case; Dusting Powder, Bath Salt Tablets and Soap—$3.25

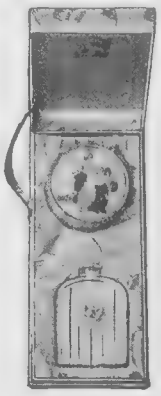


C16/55 — Lavender Gift Case; Talc, Shaving Lotion and Stick—$2.00

C16/57 — Lavender Gift Case; Shaving Stick and Talc—$1.00

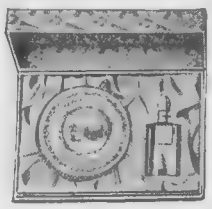
1683—Lavender Perfume de Luxe—$1.50, $2.50, $5.00, $9.00, $15.00

1662—Old English Lavender Toilet Soap—$1.00. Box of 3 cakes



C16/19 — Lavender Gift Case, Silk Lined, Face Powder and Perfume—$3.00

C16/20 — Lavender Gift Case, Perfume, Smelling Salts and Sachet—$2.50



C27/2 — Silk Lined Gift Case of Bond Street or Jessamine O'Devon Face Powder and Perfume — $2.25

1620 — Bath Salt Crystals in Lavender, April Violets and Red Roses — Small, $1.00; Medium, $3.00; Large, $5.00

THREE generations before Dickens' Christmas Carol stirred the heart of humanity with its age-lasting message—the lovable fragrance of Yardleys mingled with the gifts of Christmastide.

Since 1770 Yardleys has been a welcome Christmas Gift and now, after 150 years, Yardley's Toiletries are more popular than ever.

Look over the suggestions in this advertisement. What better solution of your own gift problem could you ask?

Since 1770

C16/14 — Lavender Gift Case, Perfume, Bath Salts and Talc—$2.75

C16/50 — Lavender Gift Case, Brilliantine, Soap, Shaving Stick, Lotion and Talc—$3.00

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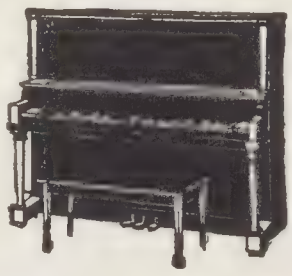

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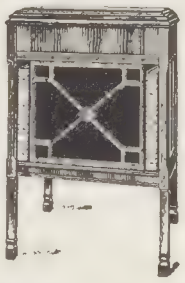

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Never before in the history of our store have we had such a splendid array of the latest and best in all-electric and battery-operated radios, including Victor, Sparton, Marconi, DeForest Crosley, Atwater Kent, Fada, Electrola—ideal gift suggestions that the whole family can enjoy.

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Silverplated E. flat alto saxophone outfit, complete with case and all accessories,

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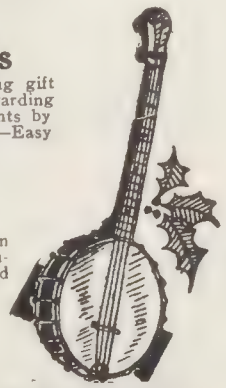

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The Late Sir John and Lady Schultz

By R. G. MacBeth, M.A., D.D.

The late Lady Schultz

THE recent passing of Lady Schultz in her home at Armstrong's Point in Winnipeg, will awaken many memories in the minds of Red River pioneers. Coming to Winnipeg before Confederation had embraced the wide Westland, she at an early age, married an adventurous young doctor who had recently made his way to the Fort Garry country from Ontario where he was born of Norse and Irish lineage. That young doctor, John Schultz, was to go far in the public life of Canada for ere his death at a comparatively early age over thirty years ago, he was to figure in conflict with a rebel chief, become a member of the House of Commons and a Senator, then Lieutenant-Governor of his adopted province and finally receive Knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign. In all this, the aggressive and exceedingly able doctor had to an unlimited degree, the absolutely devoted and self-sacrificing assistance of his talented wife. A lady of culture and refinement, gentle of speech and with a widely informed mind, Lady Schultz was a constant assistant and counsellor to her husband. She watched over him with the most assiduous attention, and in the days after his health had broken she would literally keep the wind from blowing on him if she could. I recall from my student days, being often at their house on North Main Street when he was unable to be about, and I remember how with her own hands she had tacked up buffalo robes on the walls around his couch so that he would not be exposed to draughts.

Later when he recovered somewhat, though never fully, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, she carried all the responsibility she could and saved him from all unnecessary exertion. Government House was "dry" during their double term in office and the rather noisy demonstrativeness of New Year's Day callers became a thing happily unknown. After Sir John's death at Monterey, Lady Schultz devoted much time to the Church as well as to benevolent and patriotic work. She could speak in public with marked effect because there was an accent of pathos and appeal in her voice which commended to her audience, the subject in which she was interested. Several times in recent years as I passed to and from the East through Winnipeg, I had the pleasure of calling on Lady Schultz, having a cup of tea and talking over the former days as well as some of the problems of the present. She was a fervid patriot and on that account was concerned at the lessening regard for the Lord's Day and the indifference of many to the cause of temperance. When she thought of the days past she never forgot that when her husband, then plain Dr. Schultz, escaped from Riel's bastion prison in Fort Garry, with a price on his head and orders to his pursuers to shoot him on sight, it was to the home of my father, Robert MacBeth in Kildonan, that he ran for refuge through the blinding snow. Lady Schultz would never say much about her own agency in getting a knife and gimlet into the prison, concealed in a pudding, to aid in the escape, but she said much concerning the courage of my father who risked his own life to protect the hunted man, and of my brother who took the refugee through the woods to the Indian settlement whence he went East by snowshoes, to tell the story of the rebellion. Neither did Schultz himself ever forget it. Here in my house in Vancouver I have a fine water color drawing of old Fort Garry which, framed and inscribed in his own hand trembling with his last illness, he sent to me as a gift before he left for Monterey. The inscription reads, "For my esteemed friend the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, from Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, Government House, Winnipeg, in memory of my brave old friend, the Honorable Robert MacBeth, and as a souvenir of stirring events in early days." Needless to say I prize this very highly.

[Continued on page 49]

S W I F T

To please tastes that vary greatly—this is a problem which every woman faces! In many homes there is one dish often served and always welcomed because of its mellow, distinctive flavor and tender, juicy meat—Premium Ham. This same outstanding goodness which has made Premium Ham famous is found also in all other Swift foods. You'll enjoy every one!

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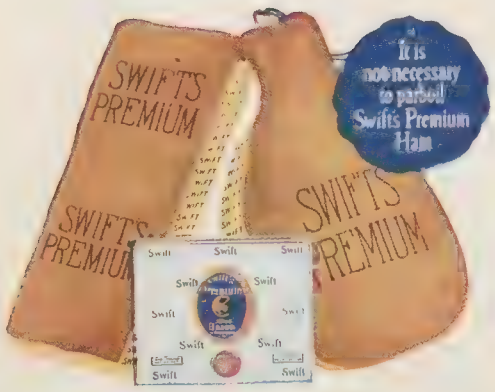

So good with Premium Ham
. . . Hawaiian Pineapple Fritters

Sift 1 cup flour, 2 tsps. baking powder, 2 tbsps. sugar and ¼ tsp. salt together. Beat 1 egg well, add ⅓ cup milk, then mix with dry ingredients to form batter. Drain Crushed Pineapple and add to batter Fry spoonfuls in deep "Silverleaf" (375°F.) until golden brown. Drain on brown paper and serve with Baked Premium Ham.

For years many women have chosen "Silverleaf" for all their frying and baking. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" brings to every dish just that rich delicacy which everybody loves. Ask for "Silverleaf" by name—in self-measuring 1 pound cartons, also in 3, 5 and 10 pound pails.

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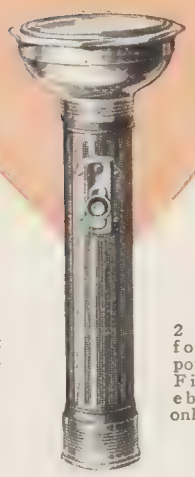

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No. 2697. Boy Scout Light. Rugged and powerful. 2 cells. Finished in khaki. Price $3.30.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 17

it is; Gillebride is a man among men—" The amused derision of his eyes and voice rousing the fighting spirit within her, timidity and fear fell away like a discarded garment. Thorgunna met her father's eyes and laughed—a little recklessly, perhaps, but in unmistakable merriment. And before his astonishment found expression, she dropped on her knees and, taking his hand, laid it to her cheek. "Oh, good my lord," she murmured, "thou hast a tender heart; thou has not altogether cast out thy Thorgunna."

"Tush!" he growled, astonished and pleased with his easy success, " 'tis best to put the past away. Rise, my child, spend not thy pretty affections upon my ugly carcass; 'twill better please the young chieftain, Gillebride. And now we must speak of less happy details. Where is the brat Thorgils?' '

THORGUNNA had been waiting for something like this, yet the question struck upon her consciousness with the fearsome intonation of a death knell. But, now she was on guard for something dearer than self; fearful or not, she gave no sign of it. On the contrary, to Rafn it appeared that her whole attention was absorbed in the veil which had become disarranged when she knelt before him. The vanity pleased him and he repeated his question less harshly. "Daughter, where is the child Thorgils?"

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and shook out the golden locks of her hair to better advantage. "Indeed, dear father, I know not, unless he be asleep."

Unfortunately, this happy artifice was sadly upset by sudden peals of childish laughter from the chamber beyond. Rafn grunted, giving his daughter the benefit of a suspicious glare. "A merry sleeper! Come, Thorgunna, lead me thither; I would see the lad.' '

There was nothing else to be done. With feigned indifference she preceded him down a short, unven passage leading to the child's bed-chamber. Old Elspeth glanced up apprehensively when the door burst open revealing the unwelcome visitor, and with the unconscious movement of a mother-bird ruffling her feathers, she pushed the child behind her. She had been telling him a merry tale of noisy trolls and ingenious young princes, and this sudden appearance of a bristling, fearsomely armed stranger in the doorway seemed a confirmation of the tale. All agog, little Thorgils stared at his grandfather from behind the voluminous folds of his nurse's habit. Rafn misinterpreted the child's spellbound wonder for timidity and scowled his displeasure.

Elspeth, watchful as an old dog, took fright at the expression, and, thinking to get rid of the child, she gave a cry of simulated annoyance and with a sharp kick sent a fat and frolicksome puppy, which had been gamboling about her feet, yelping into a far corner of the chamber. Thorgils loved the little animal dearly, and at this display of unprecedented cruelty on the part of his kindly old nurse, he gasped with amazement and, flinging a childish rebuke over his shoulder, ran after his little pet, quite as the shrewd Elspeth had intended. And the little dog, thoroughly frightened, scampered madly away, yelping and ki-yi-ing down the shadowy chamber and on through an open doorway into the winding corridor beyond. Elspeth congratulated herself on the success of her ruse and beamed her relief. Rafn met her cheerful smile with a terrifying scowl.

"Thy temper groweth not in grace with the years, good wench," he growled, offended and displeased at so rude a reception.

"Aye, 'twas ever my cross, noble lord," she fawningly agreed, and, in anxious haste and smiling amends, spread a heavy rug on a nearby seat for his comfort.

"Thou wert ever a fool," Rafn reminded her ungraciously, as he accepted the proffered seat, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he watched her heavy efforts to increase his pleasure. Yes, Elspeth was grown ponderous, indeed! Ah, age, he thought, how cruel a jade is she; what game she maketh of poor humanity! Though he would not have admitted it, little Thorgils' laughter had turned his memory backward, reminding him of scenes long gone and long forgotten. His face softened perceptibly. "Ah, yes, good Elspeth, thou wert ever a fool, 'tis true—but once a sprightly fool. And thy sweet mistress loved thee."

Two vagabond tears rolled down old Elspeth's furrowed cheeks at sound of this. "Dear master, God's peace upon thee for thy kind remembrances," she responded with eager courtesy. "And may the sweet mistress await thee with open arms in the blessed paradise."

These solicitations barely ended, in marched the little Thorgils, his young brows drawn in a stormy knot and hugging to his bosom the panting puppy. Thorgils marched straight to Elspeth. "Thou should'st have kicked me, not Rolli," said he in grave and emphatic rebuke. "Thou should'st, for 'twould not have made me howl!"

Rafn grunted, interested despite himself. Then, on second thought, an expression both humorous and cruel curled his bearded lips. "Aha! So thou art a bold braggart!" he drawled derisively. "Come, my brave one, give me thy hand on it."

Thorgunna paled at the command, and only her years of self-discipline made it posible for her to check the cry of fear which rose to her lips. Had she dared; had it not entailed greater evils, she would have sent the child away. But knowing her father as she did, she was forced to smile upon his cruel jesting. And little Thorgils, with a sublime faith and seriousness, stretched out his hand, impressed and pleased to have won the attention of this amazing visitor.

Rafn chuckled as he clasped the tiny fingers, and laughed as he ground them cruelly in his powerful grasp. The child winced with the unexpected pain of that iron contact and lifted innocent, startled eyes to the face of his laughing tormentor. For just a moment his scarlet lips trembled and a quiver of pain passed through his young body. Then down clenched the tiny teeth and an odd expression, determined and hard beyond his years, settled upon his little face.

Rafn increased the cruel pressure, and the child's face whitened, but no sound escaped him. With a roar of sheer delight, Rafn let go the bruised fingers, noting with pleasure that Thorgils made no attempt to nurse the aching members. Hands clenched, straight as a young willow, he confronted his grandsire quite undismayed, appraising him with critical and indignant eyes.

" 'Tis a fair showing, God wot!" Rafn shouted generously, perhaps to ease his own mind. Then "What thinkest of me now?" he demanded of the child, in sportive seriousness.

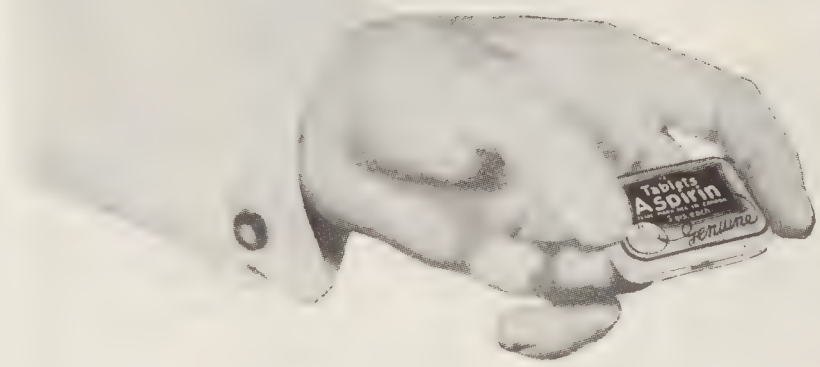
Crisp and clear came his answer: "I hate thee!" Then, to conclude a disagreeable scene, he turned on his heel and, calling his pet to follow, retired to the far corner of the room.

Anger burned like a flame in Thorgunna's breast, but she was wise enough to restrain the bitter rebuke she longed to utter, for her father's hard eyes were fixed upon her. Uncomfortable despite his bravado, he studied her suspiciously, but she dimmed his doubts with a smile dangerously sweet. He was frankly puzzled; from start to finish her manner was past divining. "Well, daughter," he barked at length, rising to his feet, "I must away. Gillebride's envoy awaits me anxiously at camp."

On their way down the long corridors winding to the outer gates he referred of his own accord to the child's apparent hardihood. "A brave little devil, and no mistake," he admitted ungrudgingly. " 'Tis well and maketh amends somewhat. Aye, 'tis in my mind to put him out to foster. In truth, the stuff of soldiery is in him and the camp's a better training ground than a woman's chamber."

[Continued on page 42]

Preventable Pain!



The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's not wise, and it's not necessary. A tablet or two of Aspirin will so easily relieve those headaches. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering. Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 41

Thorgunna did not trust herself to reply for the moment, lest she betray her dread and displeasure and thus precipitate what to her constituted tragedy. If Rafn ever suspected how much she feared this very thing he would certainly remove the child at once from her care. Knowing this, with a woman's guile she kept silent and let him unfold his aggressive plans. Not until he was taking leave of her did she offer a single suggestion or essay an opinion. And even then the irony of her words was lost upon him because of the honeyed sweetness of her voice and smile.

"My lord," said she, softly, "may it please thee soon to find a daughter worthy of thy strategy; and may her gratitude for these thy generous plans be shortly proven."

"Let be, my child! 'Twas ever against mine inclinations to harbor grudges—a soft-hearted fellow, thy old father, truly; and ambitious for thy welfare. God's my truth, it doth rejoice me to find thee grown so tractable! And now let bygones be and turn thy mind to the niceties of the wardrobe, for 'tis my pleasure to have the chieftain Gillebride find a bride surpassing all rumor in grace and excellence. Aye, by the saints, thou shalt yet be a credit to the house of Rafn!" In afterthought he added—each word dropping from his bearded lips with cruel, cold finality—"Gillebride knoweth nothing of the child—a youthful indiscretion, aye, which may befall the greatest and add the tempting spice to virtue's dullness—but not the child! Thou canst but see the sense of it; my meaning is clear to thee?"

"Aye, my lord father," she returned in her throaty voice as, smiling bitterly she inclined her glorious head. "'Tis very plain, indeed, and it beseems me most justly said."

Highly pleased with himself and the success of what he had deemed a difficult mission, Rafn hurried away, leaving his daughter to her sore dilemma and her desperate thoughts.

ON HER way back, she hurried along the dim and winding corridors leading to her chamber, Thorgunna was arrested in her headlong flight by the unexpected sound of heavy footsteps, coming apparently from the sheer walls around her. Accustomed though she was to mysterious and awesome noises, this ghostly manifestation, in a long-familiar and heretofore prosaic passage, struck sudden terror to her heart. In truth, her nerves were already badly frayed through her trying interview with Rafn, so that very little was needed to precipitate the helpless panic which now seized her.

Wide-eyed and trembling, she clung to the damp wall, awaiting she knew not what; and to her keyed-up senses the sinister sound of those secret footsteps was magnified an hundredfold. Unbearable sound. Each halting step seemed to beat upon her brain like a hammer-blow, and yet she must listen in tense, strained eagerness. On, on with slow patient persistence, they crept; now quite plainly ringing on solid rock, now muffled on sand and wood! Nearer and nearer they drew, but with a dragging slowness which tortured the listening woman.

And then, to further increase her panic, Thorgunna caught and interpreted a fresh sound—the indefinable sound of a heavy body being dragged over a rough and arduous path. Whoever was following that mysterious labyrinth was not alone! Of all the disheartening sounds Thorgunna had heard echoing through the grim walls of Dun David, none had so terrified her. But just when faintness was closing down upon her in a paralyzing cloud, the sharp grating of stone upon stone galvanized her benumbed senses to life, acting upon her fainting spirit like a beneficent narcotic.

Attentive and alert now, she watched and waited, straining her eyes to see more clearly through the murky gloom. And then, possibly some fifty feet ahead of her, the apparently solid wall bulged slowly inward, breaking into an ugly, leering fissure, and with a final groaning protest, swung wide apart, to reveal the ungainly head and torso of old Scoti! Thorgunna's astonishment so far exceeded relief that her one desire was to shake the old man soundly. Then the ridiculousness of the whole thing threw her into peals of hysterical laughter.

But the thought of Scoti's mysterious burden pulled her up sharply and with a brave show of composure she hurried forward, greeting the old thrall nonchalantly, quite as though it were a matter of daily occurrence to meet him coming out of the walls about her. Scoti, on the contrary, broke into hideous noises and wild gesticulations at sight of her, his tongueless mouth twisting and writhing like a restless snake in the dark parchment of his wrinkled face. At first she could make nothing of his frantic efforts beyond understanding that he had something in that ill-smelling secret passage which he wished her to see. His excitement, however, had the curious effect of restoring her shattered self-control. Quite her normal self again, she checked his noisy mouthings with an imperative gesture. "Good Scoti, what means all this? What art thou smuggling down that passage with such great toil and secrecy?" she demanded sharply.

Poor Scoti was spared his struggling explanation. A feeble groan from the black depths made answer for him.

"God's mercy!" gasped the lady Thorgunna, "what villainy is this? But whosoever it be, bring him forth at once. Haste, haste, old thrall; haste, I say! 'Tis ill-done to stand a-chattering whilst a fellow-creature suffers!"

Thorgunna was quite prepared for the dreary sight of some wretched prisoner recaptured in the act of escaping by the watchful Scoti, but when the willing thrall had dived into the yawning mouth of the wall, reappearing with his fainting burden, she was dumbfounded upon beholding the unmistakable features, now dazed and bleeding—of her father's faithful sentry. Questions were idle. Scoti's excitement rendered his gestures unintelligible, and the sentry was unconscious and very much the worse for some strenuous encounter or other. But to her profound relief she discovered that his heart beat strong and rhythmically. "Quick, good Scoti," she urged, "and get him to my chamber whilst I hasten on to make my potion ready. Meseems 'tis not so much wrong with him yet. I doubt not he hath a tale to tell."

He had, indeed, nor was he backward in the telling of it when, through Thorgunna's skilful ministrations, he was restored to consciousness. His tale, however, was straightforward and unadorned. Rafn, it seems, had brought along with him on his visit a young stripling closely related to the chieftain Gilebride, and the inquisitive youth had expressed his eager desire to see and explore the great wall of the fortress, with its dark underground dungeons and its famous passages burrowing down to the sea. Rafn, naturally, delighted in fulfilling his future kinsman's request, consequently left him to the entertainment of Snorri, the sentry, who knew the island and its fortress as a mother knows her child.

All might have been well had not the impetuous youth began to boast of the superior warfare of his race, boldly instancing as proof of it Rafn's anxious desire for an alliance with Gillebride. Snorri had never been noted for a mellow temper, and this boastful statement insulted and enraged him. Whereupon the mischievous youth, exulting in his power to irritate the dignified sentry, had overstepped all bounds, goading the quick-tempered Norseman beyond endurance and into an action never contemplated. The consequence was that on his return from the interview with his daughter Rafn found the youthful braggart groaning and moaning in a most un-knightly heap in the corner of the sentry-house. Snorri had thrashed him soundly. [Continued on page 44]

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 42

HERE was a dilemma for Rafn, and no mistake! Snorri had served him faithfully and well for many years, and was, to boot, a valiant Norseman; but, on the other hand, the stripling was the kinsman of his future son-in-law and a sprig, though a foolish one, of a powerful tribe. What he did he felt to be unavoidable. Snorri suffered the stripes and was sentenced to a short imprisonment in the fortress, whilst, to appease the wounded pride and indignation of a youth whose mischief-making propensities might work him harm at a critical moment, Rafn gave over the important post to the vain-glorious Celt. To be sure, the old chieftain had no intention of patrolling his great wall with half-baked striplings for any serious length of time, but as matters stood he felt that this loose-tongued kinsman of Gillebride were safest in the solid keeping of Dun David.

Rafn had not considered the twisted caricature of manhood hopping about the sentry house, nodding and grimacing as though the sight of a Norseman's shame brought ineffable joy to his heart. The great Rafn troubled not to interpret the mirth of the poor thrall, whose spirit he had so effectively broken long years ago, and whose unquestioned obedience he had since commanded. But Scoti came not of a race ever cowed or likely to forgive injustice! His meek compliance had its purpose; trusted and unhindered he went his ambling way, watching, always watching, and with a patience born of unmitigated hate. And now, at last, had come his opportunity! Rafn's attention was all absorbed in the forthcoming alliance with Gillebride. In a day or two he and the most of his retinue would be well on their way to the Celtic country, whilst at Dun David, for the first time in its history, a sentry ignorant of its innumerable passages guarded the west wall!

Though as yet unaware of Scoti's thoughts and purpose, Thorgunna saw immediately that the sentry's righteous indignation might be made to serve her. And she realized quite as clearly as any soldier confronted by a hazardous issue that if she were to succeed she must act at once. Snorri's anger must not be permitted to cool, giving way to calmer reasoning and the long-established habit of loyalty. "'Tis said a Norseman fears nothing but disgrace," she began, with suave insinuation. "If it be so, what's to hinder thy escape now that Scoti hath freed thee from the dungeon?"

"Even hate mans not a ship, my lady; two hands dare not defy these waters."

She smiled at him soothingly as one smiles at the weak protests of the sick. "Ah, is there perchance a skiff to be had, if so be willing hands are found to man it?" she asked softly, evenly, despite the mad hammering of her heart.

Snorri laughed mirthlessly. "Lady, thou knowest over little of thy lord's prowess so to ask. Were all the ghosts who haunt this rocky pile to walk this night, they'd find them skiffs enough in the vaults below to sail a conquering fleet. Yea, and not so few of these slim-keeled boats biding Dun David's need were once the pride of now-rotting Celts!"

Thorgunna sprang to her feet and, flying to a huge chest, drew out an ebony box. In it were such gems as made the eyes of Snorri to burn with sudden envy and fierce covetousness. From this splendid array Thorgunna chose a curious green stone—once the all-seeing eye of an Eastern deity—and this gem of fabulous worth and incomparable beauty she offered to the astonished sentry.

"This for thy past vigilance!" she cried. "'Tis called the gem of wisdom. No doubt 'twill bring thee great renown in foreign parts! Mistake me not, good sir, 'tis not to salve wounds of my father's making I thus endow thee, but to escape a bondage more hateful than Dun David's."

Snorri was thinking fast. It could be done, thanks to that strutting sentry disgracing an honored post. But how to get a heavy skiff through the mad waters of the Minch . . .

Thorgunna seemed to read his thoughts. Oh, there must in truth be some way to man a ship! Such an opportunity as this was surely God-given! In her desperation she swung round upon Scoti and caught on his face so fierce a light of exaltation that for a moment her former doubts of him returned. "Oh, Scoti!" she cried, "Scoti, say not 'tis hopeless! Leave me if needs be, but go thou off with Snorri and the child. Thou lovest my little one and canst carry out my will as regards him. God will reward thee, good old man, and give thee repose in the land of thy fathers. Oh, do thou this, and I . . ."

Scoti cut short her plea with a hoarse burst of gutturals and frantic gestures, directed in turn to herself and the now thoroughly aroused sentry. Snorri apparently divined the old man's meaning and, judging by its effects upon him, it was most enheartening.

"God's truth, mistress!" he shouted, "in all this madness it hath escaped me that in the west-wall dungeon are two berserks waiting judgment at Midsummer's Festival for some offence against the Holy Faith. 'Twill not misplease them to play the fox one better. Nor are they traitors whose might we dare not trust. But we must haste, for sundown tomorrow marks the change of sentry; and though, perchance, 'tis possible to escape the notice of this upstart Celt, 'twill be less simple when Swen The Big comes to the post. But cheer thee, lady, a little gold will far outweigh the danger to yonder freedmen waiting lashings from a squeamish priesthood."

Thorgunna heard these words in rapt and prayerful silence, her eyes burning with a martyr's determination, her whole face a shining mask of hope. "Thou art right!" she cried; "haste we must and shall! Good sentry, do thou command my faithful Scoti; 'twill please him much to serve this rebel cause. And do thou say from me to yonder berserks they shall not lack for gold to make their freedom lively."

Snorri nodded, a grim touch of humor curling his lips. "Lady, 'tis strange that hate should turn a tool in thy sweet service, but thou shalt find it no less harsh than my lord's gratitude. Haste, then, in thy preparations, and, if so please thee, remember that a light burden giveth a swifter flight."

Somewhat stiffly Snorri got to his feet, testing first one limb, then another. A satisfied grunt was his reply to the anxious questioning of the kind eyes fastened upon him in sympathetic concern. Then, as he turned to hobble after Scoti, he smiled at the lady whom duty had compelled him so long to hold imprisoned.

"Be comforted, mistress. Unless my wits befool me, the dawn will give a misty see and a sentry snoring at his post—a happy circumstance not often to be met with at grim Dun David."

ONE evening, shortly after Thorhild's return to Brattalid, Leif was enjoying a quiet chat with his mother as she sat at her embroidery frame. The old dame was sedulously employed in the beautifying of an altar-cloth for her beloved church, whilst he was studiously engaged in admiring the graces of the lively old lady herself.

This peaceful contentment was rudely interrupted by a young thrall, who, breathless with excitement, dashed in to say that at last the Norwegian trader had arrived. King Olaf's ship was drawing up the fiord!

Thorhild sprang to her feet. "Quick, my son, go thou to welcome the King's trader. I shall see to the comforts of the house. Oh, my son, now at last will thy worth be really proven to the people!"

Leif hastily donned his outer garments and ordered horses for the steward and himself, but the news had failed to waken the old ferment and fever of hope in his heart. His first thought now was of the welcome stores which the King's vessel undoubtedly carried, and of Olaf, the great king, who had not forgotten him. Yet, as he neared the shore and [Continued on page 46]

The Joy in Healthy Babyhood

SOUND asleep and happy. Cheeks flushed with the pink of health. The faintest of smiles about the rose-bud mouth. Gathering strength for waking hours, when eyes so tightly shut now will open wide, contented and inquiring. . . Growing, always growing, what a joy a healthy baby is!

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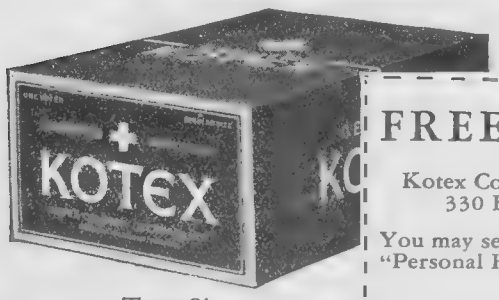

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 44

saw the Norwegian trading ship, which rocked gently in the swell of the sea, an indescribable sensation overwhelmed him; a curious sensation, neither excitement nor fear, but a co-mingling of both, and, impelling it, an intuitive certainty which he dared not believe and yet could not doubt. And, incredible as it now seemed, when he drew near enough to distinguish the people aboard her, he saw at the ship's prow the unmistakable figure of the woman he loved. The unexpected, immeasurable joy of it tore through his apathy with the searing force of a lightning dart, leaving his whole being on flame with reawakened joy and desire. For one whirling, dizzy moment Leif was lost in a storm of tumultuous emotions; afraid to believe his enraptured senses, despairing of disillusionment, and tormented most of all lest he seem cold to the one heart whose approval he coveted—a maddening, cruel eternity demanding of flesh and blood the impossible! He must hide his joy from jealous and unfriendly eyes, curb the natural instinct to cry aloud his welcome, restrain the burning desire to rush aboard that magic vessel and claim at last his heart's beloved. Unbearable and impossible, had not prudence and sagacity, the twin spirits who ever guarded his singular destiny, rushed to his aid, reminding him that his sweet lady's honor demanded a calmer and courtlier mien. Aye, rapture was out of place, he told himself sternly, as he urged his horse down the rough winding trail inclining to the sea.

Never had Leif found an act more difficult of performance than his simulated indifference to the lovely passenger watching him from the prow of the vessel whilst he received the ship's commander in hospitable friendlines. Never had the amenities of polite conversation seemed so inane or a fraction of time so endless as the restless interval whilst he awaited for the beloved Thorgunna to present herself! As for the lady, she was praying for strength to carry out successfully the difficult role she had set herself, and was grateful therefore to have won a moment's respite. But the meeting could not be deferred indefinitely. Sooner or later they must endure the torture of meeting, after the long and weary years, in the presence of callous and curious spectators. They must meet as they had parted, with false smiles and veiled speeches; they must laugh, though the heart be wrung with tears! Her head held high, with no show of the faintness which assailed her, Thorgunna left the ship determined to play her part bravely, and in her slow, graceful fashion made her way to the spot where Leif and the commander stood apparently lost in animated conversation and the genial activity round them.

But Leif was really lost in nothing else save thoughts of her, saw nothing else but her, heard very little of what the good captain was delineating for him. In fascinated rapture he watched her drawing nearer and nearer. How beautiful she was! far exceeding the fairest memory! Proud golden head on a shapely column of throat; the rounded bosom and peerless line of thigh and slender foot; the tapering fingers, pressed now upon the heart which beat, he knew, for him alone—all were woven into the fabric of his very life! Ah, yes, she was the same incomparable lady, and yet not the same. Her great violet eyes were now circled in dark shadows—pathetic haloes in the marble pallor of her face—and at sight of them a hitherto unknown emotion stirred Leif's fiery heart. Tenderness and pity made him yearn to kiss away those sad signs of suffering. And out of this compassion sprang the tender knowledge that the very marring of her perfect beauty had but rendered her doubly dear and eternally his.

Thorgunna endured his appraisal with amazing composure. To outward seeming she was as politely indifferent as convention decreed a lady must ever be to the interested scrutiny of strangers. But her lovely face was drained of color and her great dark eyes were unnaturally dilated and bright. The ship's commander alone was at his ease. He smiled upon his fair passenger, and, smiling still, turned to Leif. "This is the lady Thorgunna of the Hebrides," said he, "whom, praise God, we were permitted to rescue from death at sea."

Leif, never daunted by the grimmest danger, sickened at the mere thought of such a fate. Impetuously he stepped to her side, his blue eyes alight with unutterable love. "My lady, never hath fortune availed me the honor of offering my house to a more welcome guest," he told her, and, under pretext of conventional courtesy, added, in tones intended for her only: "My heart's dearest, art thou alone?"

She smiled at that; her radiant, well-remembered smile, and replied: "My lord, thy hospitality is graciously offered and gratefully received; yet, I fear, more greedily than thou mayest find seemly in a stranger, for I must accept not for myself only but for my son and his good nurse as well."

That, too, was a bad moment for Leif. Only the soft understanding smile in her eyes steadied him. Even so, the rapture of his voice as he replied had surely aroused curiosity at a less engrossing time. Well for him that the ship's cargo attracted more attention just then than a strange lady, howsoever charming, for not only were his words curiously chosen, but he spoke them at a pitch for all the world to hear. "Lady, never was a son more truly welcomed by a father than this son of thine welcomed by Leif Ericson to Brattalid!" he cried, in no doubtful tones or half-hearted courtesy.

During this exchange of seemingly exaggerated pleasantries Elspeth had made her way unseen amongst the scurrying thralls who were feverishly unloading the vessel. With an air of vast importance she now approached the enamored couple, giving Leif the benefit of a scorching glance as she proudly presented the little Thorgils to his beautiful mother with some idle remark concerning the child's attire. Leif stared at the child as if it were an apparition. The little blue-eyed creature regarding him with such immense gravity was so much like himself that he marvelled men did not cry the truth broadcast at once.

Thorgunna smiled softly. "This, my lord, is the man-child thou hast welcomed as thy son. Thinkest perhaps thy offer was too lavish?" At which Leif, caring little what might be said, swooped down with a merry laugh and, tossing the little fellow to his shoulder, cried in his hearty voice: "Friends, make haste to Brattalid and drink with me to the health of the small adventurer whom the fates have brought me to son!"

Followed then much shouting and cheering and good-fellowship. "For," said the people, "who is deserving of honor if not a little child delivered of God from a watery grave? Our generous Leif doeth well, yea, 'tis a deed worthy of Eric!"

And so, with his little son and the lady Thorgunna at his side, Leif led the gay procession over the hill to Brattalid, where Thorhild, in flowing robe and scarlet mantle, waited her guests, a gracious and dignified hostess.

One glance at Leif's face and the fair stranger beside him and the astute old lady knew that the unbelievable had come to pass. When Leif had assisted Thorgunna to dismount, the mistress of Brattalid hastened to greet her guest. "Madam," said she, "enter this dwelling as though it were thine own."

IT WAS not until next morning, while the banqueters, heavy with ale, still slept, that Leif found a moment alone with Thorgunna. Neither of them had slept that night, and in the cold, grey dawn they met as though by appointment in the empty banquet chamber Leif had just entered through the outer door and stood, a noble, statuesque figure, musing above the smoldering embers of the long-fires, when a gentle rustle at the back of the room heralded her coming. To the heart-hungry man she seemed an inimitably resplendent vision as she [Continued on page 48]

Talks With a Demented Gentleman

By Edgar A. Wood

"I HAVE noticed that certain persons get along well with almost anyone, and yet do not seem to possess much of a personality themselves," I remarked to The Demented Gentleman one night as we were waiting on our order of doughnuts and coffee. "Is there an explanation?"

He appeared to think.

"Hunters used to employ a method of bringing the bull moose near by imitating the unlovely 'baw' of the female," he said at length. "Did you ever hear of it?"

"I think so," I returned. "Still, one can hardly see——"

"The practice is now prohibited by the game laws, I believe," he went on without heeding my protest, "and rightly so, for it was not a very sporty way of getting your animal. I will outline the procedure for your enlightenment."

"Pray don't bother. I asked you—"

"The hunters would go to some spot favored by moose, usually near a body of water, in the early twilight of evening. Hiding themselves, one would take a roll of birchbark and make unmusical sounds into it while he swayed the improvised megaphone back and forth. The result was a long drawn 'moo-oo-oo-ah-h-h-h-h!' very unpleasant to listen to. After an interval of silence, the performer would again give this call, and this would continue until a response came. Usually the response came from far off, when some monster male eagerly bawed that he was coming with his ears pinned back. But occasionally, the bull would approach quietly, fearing a rival, and finally break cover close by and stand there revealed for the hunter's rifle to drop him. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but——"

"Now, the bull thought, of course, that a cow moose was calling him. Their love affairs coincided nicely with the fall hunting season, and the animals preferred to pay their courtships at night—moon or no moon. The cow would take a spasm of loneliness down by the lakeside, and lift up her muzzle and let out a mournful bleat to inform the world of it. Across the lake, some gallant minded gentleman moose would hear the invitation and forthwith set out to see the modest cow and assure her that she was not alone in the world. Often, two bulls would arrive on the scene, and a primitive little scrap would result."

The Demented Gentleman paused while the waitress placed the doughnuts and coffee before us.

"Man found he could imitate the cow, but his imitation was merely an imitation. The reason the bull responded to the false summons so readily was that he was in a fitting frame of mind to be fooled. He was standing there in the shallows, say, occasionally tearing up the roots of some water plant, and feeling rather solitary in between spells of chewing on this herbage. He was wishing he had a nice little cow to whisper sweet nothings to. And then, not so far away, came this raucous imitation: 'boo-oo-oo-ah-h-h-h!' The bull perked up and looked pleased. He wheeled out of the water and headed promptly for the source of the sound, not questioning its authenticity. Some cow was calling to him. He was a great feller, all right."

We ate some doughnuts and drank some coffee.

"In regard to your question," continued The Demented Gentleman. "Some people know that all other people like to be flattered. Everybody is conceited in one way or another. Everyone likes a little word of praise for some quality they possess, for some work they have done, or for some feature adorning them. Half the time, I grant you, the quality, handicraft, or adornment is not worthy of honest praise.

"Now, a few people have a faculty of perceiving just what the others admire in themselves. They make use of this knowledge—some of them. They say a few well received words about 'how clever you are at choosing colors that suit you,' or 'old man, you certainly know how to tell a joke,' or 'you sure play a snappy sax, brother. Should get a job in a high class orchestra.'

"The others are willing and very pleased to listen to such things, although they may make all the deprecatory sounds they can, and they will naturally harbor a little warmth in their hearts for the obliging praise-giver. They are just like the bull moose, willing to be fooled. And that is how some unattractive people keep popular."

The Demented Gentleman tinkled a spoon on his cup and ordered some more doughnuts.

The Christmas Spirit

By H. Reginald Hardy

It's coming nigh to Christmas
And it's time to show a smile,
To gather up your grouches
And forget them for a while;
To sweep your heart of memories
That are bitter and untrue,
To recollect the days gone by,
The friends that once you knew.

The years are slipping by you
And it's time to stop and think;
The friendships you have cherished
Have been broken, link by link;
Then greet the ones remaining
With a message from the heart,
For it's coming nigh to Christmas
And you ought to do your part.

If this life has brought you largess
And the ones you love are loyal,
If your dreams have seen fulfilment
And success has crowned your toil,
Then remember there are others
Who have somehow missed the road,
Pass the word to cheer them onwards,
Lend a hand to ease their load!

If the world has used you poorly
And you're feeling mighty blue,
And you feel that there is surely
Nothing left for you to do,
Just recall that there is beauty
In this world that God has made—
Grit your teeth, fulfil your duty,
Battle on, be not afraid!

For there's always those whose troubles
Make your own seem vain and small;
Hold your head a little higher,
You shall triumph after all.
Spread a ray of golden sunshine
As you take the road anew
For it's coming nigh to Christmas
And you've wondrous work to do!

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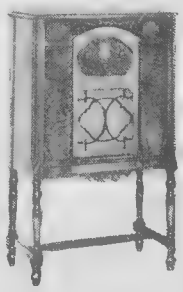

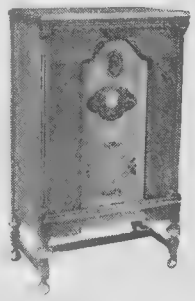

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 46

glided forward exquisitely graceful and smiling and ineffably dear . . . Her habit, of some curious Eastern stuff, as softly shimmering as a moonlit sea, clung to her supple body in jealous protection of the tender flesh it hid; and, since the morning was chill, she had flung across her gleaming shoulders a magnificent cape dark as the midnight sky and heavy with gold embroidery. But what pleased Leif the most—whose weakness ran to fine attire—was to see that in place of costlier gems her single ornament was the simple girdle he had given her at parting. Oh, simple heart and true, to treasure such a trifling gift throughout the bitter years! Somehow the little incident spoke volumes; told him the tender secrets which bud and blossom like fragrant flowers in a fond and constant heart.

Swift and eager, his blue eyes alight with love and happiness, Leif sped to meet his love, and with a smiling courtesy befitting the queen of his heart, he seated her in the ancient throne-chair where the bold voice of Eric had so often thundered its welcome—but never to a guest so fair as she! They had no need of words. A joy so deep as theirs was past all telling; a love so unalloyed, above the flimsy bolstering of pretty speeches! It contented them, these two incomparable lovers, to sit on in silent communion of heart and soul whilst the flickering firelight cast fantastic patterns on the walls and the purple shadows crept like ghosts of vanished revellers about the dim old hall.

High above the smoldering fires they sat like solitary images of some sweet long-forgotten faith. A rare tableau they made; he as impressive in his magnificent strength as she in her soft loveliness; and when she drooped upon his breast it seemed a sweet portrayal of the ancient fable of Tenderness giving itself to Courage to make it divine.

Leif was the first to recover from this sweet intoxication; first to remember that Brattalid's retainers would not always sleep and that there was much he desired to ask his lady.

"Ah, thou hast suffered greatly, my beloved! Tell me how it chanced thou wert on the seas when Finbogi—God's grace upon him — so happily served thee?"

"My lord, it would but distress thee were I to dwell on past mischief. Thou did'st know my intent to guard thine honor. In part my plans succeeded. Leif Ericson is still revered in the Hebrides! But my father found a giddy daughter, and—God pity his hasty temper—did violently condemn a simple fellow who found my smiles intriguing. Oh, Leif, thou must hear more of that noble heart one day, but now let us be spared the sorrow and the pity of it!

"In truth, my lord, what took long years of living may well be told in a few and simple words." Then very quietly she spoke of the lonely years spent at Dun David; of the long deferred hopes of escape, and of the strange combination of circumstances which finally made that escape possible. But even with the Fates favoring them at Dun David, the fugitives had all but perished at sea. They had been caught in a gale and tossed about for days until, miraculously enough, the Norwegian trader, storm-driven and hugging the shore, all but ran them down in the ever-present fog characteristic of the waters off the Scottish coast. Finbogi, the thrifty commander of the well-timed vessel, accepted Thorgunna's gold as a heaven-sent windfall, and with jovial goodwill had consented to carry her erstwhile conspirators back to Scotland, and herself to the land she so long had sighed for and which it delighted her to learn was his true objective. Thus, in the very midst of despair, deliverance had come, bringing a renewal of hope to Thorgunna and ineffable joy to old Scoti, restored at last to his native heath. Thorgunna wiped away a silvery tear as she recalled the old thrall's pathetic pleasure in the sight of his rugged homeland; wishing him peace of days and unhampered freedom; little dreaming that the fruits of his sowing would one day mean the overthrow of proud Dun David and the transference forever of its power and glory to Scottish hands!

"That explains all," she said in conclusion of her tale. "Nor is there need to dwell upon the difficulties of our passage. Storms and stress at sea are not strange to thee, but love is mighty and prevails over all."

"Thy words are Wisdom's own, always," humbly returned Leif, "and little worthy am I of such great love and sacrifice. A lifetime were not sufficient to make amends to thee! Yet such as I am 'twill be my one desire to keep thee from all future grief, and nothing now shall part us more save death."

"Nay, my lord, not even death! In death thou wert still dearer, who art in life my all!"

Then Leif must know her mind on other things—what her will was concerning the child Thorgils—was it her desire to have his rights proclaimed at once, or would she wait till they were wed—and would she wed him shortly—or, better still, at once?

Thorgunna smiled wistfully at his impetuousness. "My Leif, I would not love thee as I do without full knowledge of thy noble attributes. Yet meseems 'tis still my duty to maintain the honor of mine house. Nay, look not on me so amazedly! 'Tis true the hour seems late for such fine scruples; but why should'st Greenland folk — thy folk — make jest of thee? I pray thee in the name of thy sweet love, which hath been treasured above gold by me, give them not cause to say insultingly: "Our lord foolishly weds this Thorgunna, a light woman of the Hebrides!' Nay, good my lord, it must be managed otherwise. Treasure my little Thorgils, train him in all things to be like thee; call him thy foster child, teach him to love thee, and as for me . . . truth, 'tis not unheard of that a great lord weds a widow, so be her wits are sound and her wimple snowy! But in all seriousness, 'tis better so—'twill surely prove so to thy sounder reasoning. 'Tis surely best that none should scoff in secret at their chieftain's wife or cast aspersion on my father's daughter! Bethink thee, good my Leif, if this much be not owing to the house of Rafn?"

Leif considered her impassioned plea in grave silence, perplexd and sorely disillusioned, for he had thought their problems at an end. In the optimistic manner of lovers the world over, he had imagined now she was come that all must speedily right itself and joy and happiness unhindered have their way. He did not doubt her sincerity, but, none the less, in his sudden fall from glamorous hope he did incline to judge her scruples unimportant—the whim of a super-sensitive nature. Nor was he at all reconciled to such high-handed disposal of Thorgils' rights. But swift on the heels of his momentary resentment came the thought of all she had suffered and endured for his sake, and the heart melted within him. What mattered anything but that she could smile again and the marks of sorrow and pain be wiped forever from her sweet face? In a passion of protective tenderness he drew her into his arms, vowing, as once before he had done, ever to love and cherish her; never to doubt or distress her: never consciously to cause her a moment's grief. And then, man-fashion, he at once proceeded to break his golden promise. "Thou art wise and good, my heart's dearest," he murmured into the soft meshes of her golden hair, "and yet, 'tis foreign to my taste to follow thy suggestion. My thoughts are of the morrow. In after years the child will judge us harshly—nay, will despise us if now, to salve an uppish pride, we thus deprive him of a noble birthright. Reflect, my sweet, upon the injustice of it . . . if there be others, are they . . ."

"Aye, my lord," she interrupted him quickly. "It seemeth best to me. Yet whosoever be first in honors, none else will be so greatly loved; none else have preference in my heart. None else, my lord, but thee!" [Continued on page 50]

The Late Sir John and Lady Schultz

Continued from page 38

TO ME the outstanding and most distinctive characteristic of Schultz was his oratory, his power to deliver addresses, exquisite both in form and diction. Sir John had the qualifications for an orator. He possessed a magnificent physique, and the graceful ease of movement which so often accompanies strength. I have a vivid recollection, from early boyhood, of being required to go with Dr. Schultz from our old home in Kildonan to the Red River and point out to him a house on the other side of the river where he was called in consultation over one who was very ill. I recall how I had to run in order to keep up with his long strides as he walked, and I can see yet the oars bending in his powerful hands as he propelled the clumsy wooden boat against the wind and the current of that day. It was quite well known to everyone that in his prime his physical strength was almost incredible, and it was equally well understood that his force of will and his courage were in proportion.

But it was not so generally known, outside the circle of his relatives and friends, that Schultz had a remarkable depth of tenderness in his nature, coupled with sensitive appreciation of the beautiful in the literature, poetry and music of the ages. His references in addresses showed him to be a widely-read man in all these lines. But he had other qualifications, in a mellow, musical voice and a perfect mastery of himself under any conditions of debate. He would never "tear a passion into tatters," but he could be righteously indignant. When moved with anger he simply became more intense, and his voice took on the deeper tone of a power kept under control.

In another direction I heard Sir John once addressing a body of medical students. He was then Lieutenant-Governor, but all the students knew that he had studied and practised medicine. Sir John appealed to the students not to waste their time. Calling up his knowledge of the angelology of certain religions, he said: "Some hour will come to you when you will stand where Azrael, the black-winged angel of death, seems hovering in the sick-room, and in that hour you will thank God if you can say that you made good use of your opportunities in the study and practice of your profession."

But it is the remarkable address given by Sir John at the unveiling of the Seven Oaks Memorial which specially comes to mind today in recalling his powers of oratory. As your readers know, the Seven Oaks memorial is on the Inkster homestead, and is situated beside the old main trail of "King's Highway," which connected the forts on the Red River and extended over the plains. It was this historic trail which held chief place in Sir John's thoughts that day as he unveiled the monument, which, he said, found a most fitting place beside it. After speaking of prehistoric travellers over this road, Sir John went on to say: "La Verandrye, the first white man who looked on this fair land, must have seen this spot and passed by this trail; and while it was yet a bridle-path or cart track, and long before it was known, as it afterwards became, the "King's Highway," men who were great in their day and generation, and are deservedly still remembered for their important discoveries and their administrative abilities, have trodden the path which lies at our feet. On it have passed discoverer, courier, missionary, Arctic voyager, chief, warrior and medicine man, governor, factor, judge, councillor and commander; along it have been carried wampum and tomahawk, message of peace and war. Truly, this is an historic place; and from the spot where I now stand could once have been seen nearly all the old historic strongholds of the Hudson's Bay, the Northwest and the X. Y. companies. From it may be still seen places made memorable by the good work of Rev. John West, Bishops Anderson and Provencher, the Rev. John Black and other devoted men; within view are the residences of the Hon. John Inkster, father of our worthy sheriff, a member of the old Council of Assiniboia, and that of my brave and valued old friend, the Hon. Robert MacBeth, also a member, whose instincts of hospitality were not to be thwarted by the knowledge that confiscation and worse might follow his shelter of a hard-hunted friend; and I see around me here worthy children of worthy sires, the descendants of those pioneer Selkirk settlers whose tales of sorrow, suffering and danger always evoke sympathy and wonder."

Sir John closed his remarks in the following sentences; "In the name of the Historical Society of Manitoba, I unveil this monument, which marks the scene of the battle of Seven Oaks, in the hope that when these rocks are seen from the historical path near which it is placed, and from the railway which passes close by, types in themselves of the change from the old to the new, it will be remembered that as Nature has clothed with verdure this spot, once wet with blood, so should we, except as matters of historic interest and record, clothe with forgetfulness all animosities, jealousies, bitternesses and strifes, and turning to the fair prospects before us, as a united people and nation, thank Almighty God that the sad past is indeed past and implore His blessing upon our efforts for a brighter future." We have not in our English tongue many greater examples of true eloquence than these words.

It is very interesting just now, when the Peace River country is in the limelight as a vast area demanding settlers and transportation, to recall that it was Sir John Schultz, in the Senate at Ottawa, who so persistently and eloquently advocated the opening up of that country, that a commission was appointed to look into the facts concerning that great empire of the north. The commission reported it to be all that Sir John claimed and all the present development is the realization of his remarkable vision and dream.

Christmas Day

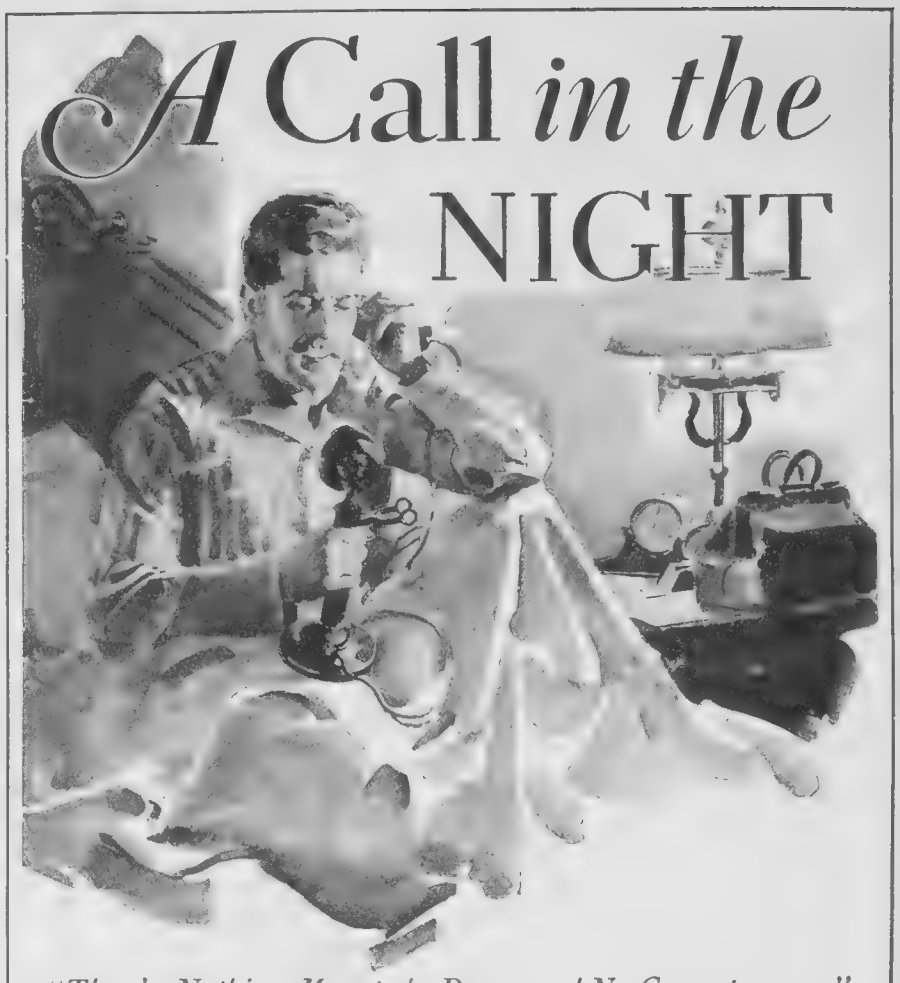
By Edward Ormerod

Long years Man strives and struggles,
Sweats and labors, his ambition to be what the world calls
A self-made man.
He craves kudos and credit. He practices
The virtues, for "honesty," says he, "is the best policy!"
He is puffed up by his success.

When pride has been followed by
The fall . . .
There is little left of his success to sustain him.
In a quiet hour somewhere
Something awakens within him;
He lifts his eyes from the clod, and gazes
At the stars!

He remembers it is written that men are sons of God!
All the years he has been striving
Apart from his Source.
Like a magic tapestry there unfolds before him
The magnificence of the heritage!
With shining eyes and throbbing heart he waits,
Marvelling at the realization
Welling up within him.

That moment is the Birth; the Miracle;
That hour dawns Christmas Day
In the soul of Man!



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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 48

What could he say to that? What befitting answer find, save in those soft and gentle words which ever have made music to the harp of Love? He was not satisfied; he would have liked to play a generous part; to share something of her sacrifice by drawing down upon him the very condemnation she wished to spare him. But for the moment her dear presence thrust out all other thoughts. And after the long dread years it was sweet for both to forget duty, and pride of place, and all things grave and dignified; good to live again, howsoever briefly, in a paradise of fond and tried devotion; ineffably good to beguile themselves that security and happiness were theirs at last!

THORGUNNA'S fame spread rapidly. The ladies of the colony, despite wind and weather, managed to visit Brattalid and welcome the fair Hebridean, and, if truth must be told, to examine her much-lauded wardrobe. They found enough to admire; much more, indeed, than was pleasing to the dames of an isolated and ill-conditioned island. The Hebridean was fair enough, they admitted with some truthfulness, but it was indubitably clear that their admiration was blended with jealous envy.

Freydis, at the time lying-in to a daughter, nursed her natural curiosity in fretful impatience and drove her husband near to madness with her alternating fits of rage and sickly peevishness.

"Ah, thou art a blind fool!" she stormed one night, as he came to inquire after her health; "thou givest ear to all this chatter of the Hebridean and art nowhat moved!"

Thorvald shrugged his shoulders philosophically and for the moment studied the lacing of his footwear intently. The barest hint of a smile flitted across his face ere he drawled slowly: "The tales are scarce distressing, my love, nor of concern to me."

"Thou art both a fool and a stupid!" his love assured him emphatically: "thou knowest the lord Leif is as ignorant of woman's guile as thou art of wisdom, and yet it concerns thee not if he be gobbled up by this crafty stranger. Devil take her! Thou heard'st dame Thora tell me that 'tis whispered my foolish brother hath eyes and ears for the Hebridean only—thou knowest this, yet sittest at meat in comfort and chidest me for a sister's true affection."

Thorvald attempted another feeble smile and again took refuge in a shrug and the ornaments of his buckles. "Love is a malady which runs its course, good wife."

"Speak not the word, thou grinning idiot! Wert half a man thou would'st warn thy brother-in-law against the adventuress. But thou art content to sit quiet and see her and her brat installed at Brattalid."

Even Thorvald's sluggish spleen rose at this. "Hold thy tongue, woman! Much have I tolerated in thee for the sake of peace—yea, despite the knowledge that virtue no less than wool is but a shoddy thing if largely mixed. Why should'st I, who paid too dearly for so small a part of Eric's blood, be overly concerned about the breed?"

Owing to her weak condition, Freydis was utterly incapable of exercising that control of temper which generally characterized her action when her purpose was serious. "Knave thou art!" she shrilled at him fiercely; "knave and coward to attack a feeble woman. But what matter? Of thee I think no less than formerly! And yet, dullard or no, hearken when I avow that Eric's base-born daughter means yet to be a power in this land. And, fool though thou art, thou knowest that if the lord Leif dies without issue, Brattalid must pass to mine own Eric—yea, Brattalid and Brattalid's authority!"

Thorvald was no stranger to his wife's greed of power and riches; nevertheless this shameless confession shocked him. He laughed mirthlessly. "In truth, good Freydis, thou art as fond a sister as a

[Continued on page 51]

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CHECKS COLDS 2 WAYS AT ONCE

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 50

wife! But let me hear no more of this; Leif Ericson is a man, with a man's right to honor—which honor is his son."

"Fie!" she derided him mockingly, "ah fie! Thou hast forgot thine own sire's misfortunes—ah, honor in sons indeed!"

"Woman, thou art a very devil!" cried poor driven Thorvald, and fled ingloriously into the peace of the outer court.

But if Freydis was troubled previous to meeting the fair Hebridean, words failed to express her chagrin and jealous fear upon beholding the lady in person. Such grace and beauty in another woman amounted to gross impertinence! It was utterly intolerable to find at the very first glance her worst suspicions confirmed, and not only Leif gone mad about the smiling adventuress, but all Brattalid as well! Yes, the entire household was fallen under the spell of Thorgunna's golden beauty and was rejoicing in such luxurious celebration and brilliant gaiety as might have satisfied even the captious Eric.

Thorgunna had brought along considerable treasure. Ancient tapestries that once had charmed the eyes of dusky Andalusians now decked the walls of Eric's rude hall. Fine linens made sweet the bed-places, and on the groaning tables many a curious urn and glittering platter wakened fresh envy in the avaricious Freydis. But most galling of all was the sight of the lady herself as she glided about the hall with all the glad confidence of its mistress, or sat at the right hand of dame Thorhild, quite as though another more worthy of the honor were not near. Indignity of indignities! And then the Hebridean's lavish attire was of itself an effrontery. Gudrid had created envy enough with her fine Iceland stuffs and her sunny beauty, but Gudrid at her best would have been a simple foil to the Hebridean.

Worse was to follow. That very evening Thorhild guilelessly urged the fair visitor to show her wondrous jewels to the worthy mistress of Gardar. Incomparably wondrous they were, and in her heartsick envy Freydis felt that to possess such gorgeous, scintillating treasure no sacrifice was too great, no crime too desperate. With her hate of Thorgunna trebled, she studiously affected a fonder manner. Her flattery was honeyed, and yet as she fondled a circlet of priceless emeralds, reluctant to let the lovely thing go, she could not restrain the sardonic exclamation which burst like a volcano from her cunning lips: "Ah, lady, how great must be thy grief for the loss of a husband whose generosity is so eloquently reflected! To replace so fond a lord is not within the bounds of possibility."

Thorgunna dropped her eyes and smiled her slow, inscrutable smile. "Aye, my lord hath a permanent place in my heart," said she quietly, and then, to avoid further discussion of a delicate subject, she stepped to a door at the back of the bower and, calling softly into the shadows of a small adjoining chamber, bade her little son to attend her.

Freydis literally jumped at the sight of the child as he came skipping joyously into the circle of light cast by the friendly fire. He seemed curiously familiar, that merry bit of boyhood, with his sunny hair tied back from a broad white brow, his bright blue eyes and the good chin already hinting at firmness. Altogether too familiar he seemed for the mistress of Gardar's comfort. Greatly perplexed, she scanned the boy's face. What was there about these childish features to so disturb her? Where had she seen his like? What was memory striving to recall? And in that instant she remembered. It was the mouth which told the tale; aye, that tempting scarlet bow resting so snugly on its firm lower lip—it told the tale! Hateful realization of a thrice hateful and tormenting fact! Irrelevant or no, in years gone by the young Leif had been pestered ceaselessly by the gay serving-wenches for possessing just such another kissable mouth!

Fascinated, she stared at the child as if he were some monstrous curiosity never seen before nor likely to be seen again. Dazed and at loss to explain so confounding a mystery, she regarded the little boy banefully in chilly silence. That he was her brother's child she never doubted, but what had induced Leif to enter upon such a mesalliance? The troublesome thought cropped up that possibly Thorgunna was no Hebridead, but a faithless lady from the court of Olaf, and to be rid of her machinations might not be so simple as it had seemed, nor without grave consequence. But whatever the explanation she understood the need for discretion; innocence and ignorance must veil her every thought and action. Not without effort she managed a dry smile and a perfunctory caress for the little boy gravely awaiting her dismissal. "Ah, sweet child, thou art no doubt a comfort to thy bereaved mother," she said derisively, and, turning to the lady Thorgunna, she added: "He is very like thee, lady, and must resemble his noble sire but little."

Thorgunna was not indifferent to the implied sarcasm, but she laughed softly. "There are those who see no such resemblance. Deplorable blindness! As thou sayest, madam, the child is altogether like me."

"Aye, to the very finger-tips," Freydis agreed firmly; and to herself concluded: "Thou art a pretty liar, my lady, but in that art I am quite prepared to match thee!"

FREYDIS was not long in discovering the potent changes in her brother, and before his rekindled confidence and sense of power she felt for the first time quite helpless. To mention the hateful Hebridean would not only be foolhardy, but fatal, for even the blindest could not mistake his attitude toward the fair, so-called widow. It was very obvious that for the time being things must remain as they were. Having so reconciled herself, Freydis waxed exceedingly friendly and attentive; to everyone's deception save that of the lady for whose benefit the effort was affected.

But, troubled or not, Freydis had an eye for business and was therefore much attracted to the Norwegian merchant. Nor was she alone in her admiration; other ladies found the trader and his light-hearted crew well worth the interest, and before the excitement abated three buxom maids, daughters of Leif's vassals, had found themselves likely husbands from amongst them.

Finbogi, like the Iceland merchant before him, fell prey to the lure of Vinland and lent a ready ear to every tale of that far country. And Freydis, busy with her eternal plotting, made a point of adding fuel to the fire of his interest. She was half convinced that if she ever intended to drive a stake in the new world beyond the seas, no better opportunity would be available; Finbogi could be made to serve her, and serve her well. But the thought of leaving Thorgunna to further enslave her brother tormented her.

Finally, determined to sound him out on the question, she hunted him up one fine morning for that express purpose. He was superintending the welding of tools in his smithy, and was himself putting an edge to his longsword. Freydis confessed her errand and intention in her customary brisk fashion; she had important matters weighing upon her mind and needed his advice. Leif responded by immediately putting aside his weapon and then leading her into the dim seclusion of the arsenal beyond, away from inquisitive ears and prying eyes. She came to the point at once. "What thinkest thou of mine intent to join Finbogi on a Vinland expedition? Thorvald hath a sound tub which it pleaseth him to call a ship, and though 'tis scarce fit to enter upon a long cruise alone, it may serve us well enough in company with the great Norwegian vessel."

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"I say, Mabel, where do you learn all these new dishes"?

"This would be the best yet, if it were not for some of the others! I had no idea I had married such a trick cook."

"My mother's daughter, old dear. She imparted a few secrets of fine cookery that she felt ought to help keep my home happy. One of them was to season my dishes successfully—to make even very simple things savoury and tempting.

"Another 'trick', as you call it, is to adopt new things occasionally —or *adapt* them to your own liking. That is what seems to tickle my noble lord's fancy so much!"

"Well, now that you speak of it, I realize what fine flavour your dishes have, old and new. They certainly make me hope to see them again soon—although a new dish makes a hit with me too. I began to wonder how you do it."

"Mother's seasoning trick is Lea & Perrins Sauce—a few drops of it contain countless herbs and spices I could never learn to use by themselves; in Lea & Perrins they are all expertly blended for me, and it is so easy to add a few drops to my soup—a dash to the gravy—a little in a sandwich filling, in made up fish and meat dishes like this soufflé; a dash of Lea & Perrins in a salad mixture or in a dressing, works wonders —this is a perfectly ordinary French dressing, or would be so if I hadn't added just a quarter teaspoonful of my magic Lea & Perrins."

"You're a wonder Mabel—and I'm even luckier than I thought I was! I'd like to tell some of the fellows who think meals at the club a treat, to take home a bottle of your LEA & PERRINS."

—the sauce for subtle seasoning.

Savoury Shrimp and Bacon

6 slices side bacon
2 cups canned shrimp
1 quart canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons flour
Salt
Few grains pepper
1 teaspoon Lea and Perrins

Cut bacon in small pieces and cook in frying pan until nicely browned; turn in the shrimp (after removing the little black line from each), the tomatoes and finely minced onion. Heat well.
In another saucepan, scald the milk and stir into it the flour moistened with a little cold milk; stir until smoothly thickened. Just before serving, combine with the first mixture, and add salt to taste, pepper and Lea and Perrins.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

M-4

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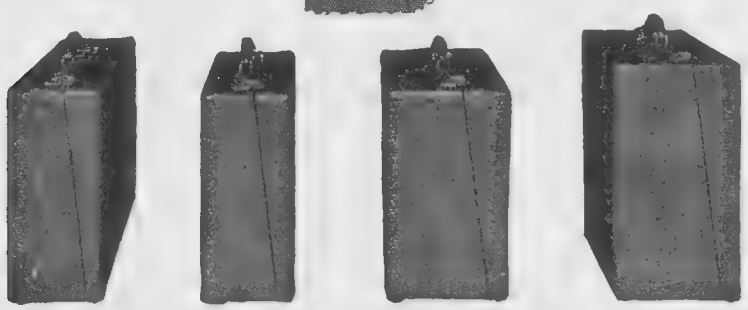

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 51

Nothing else could so effectively have eradicated from Leif's mind the growing suspicion that Freydis was unfriendly disposed to the lady Thorgunna. Evidently he had been mistaken; her interest was more keenly centred elsewhere, and his fear of disagreeable opposition to his contemplated marriage was quite unfounded. Thus deluded, he replied eagerly: "Good sister, thou knowest well my enthusiasm for Vinland and what faith I have reposed in that remarkable country. 'Tis mine earnest belief it hath a mighty destiny, and that whoso helpeth to interpret its latent greatness will acquire eternal honor."

Freydis shrugged her shoulders at this. "Honor is well enough," she said, "yet I am more determined upon timber since my lord's hall is sadly in need of refurnishing. But one thought above others restrains me: thou hast been a generous brother, and 'twould grieve me to be absent from Brattalid at the time of thy wedding. Dear brother, 'twould sadden me to miss the joy of paying honor to thy sweet lady."

Not until this speech of Freydis' filled him with pleasant relief, almost amounting to gratitude, did Leif acknowledge to himself how much he had feared her mischief-making propensities. He was delighted and at the same time ashamed of his suspicions and uncharitable thoughts. With native and impetuous gallantry he cried: "Now, indeed, thy speech proclaims thee a true daughter of Eric! As to thy good intention, let me assure thee 'twill find fulfilment. Aye, sister, put that worry from thy mind, for thou shalt do my lady honor at the betrothal before thou leavest. And I am certain of thy return in time to see us wed, for 'tis my firm intent to complete the main highway before that happy hour."

Thus reassured, Freydis proceeded with her plans and before long had satisfactorily convinced both Thorvald and the Norwegian merchant of the mutual advantages of a joint expedition to Vinland. This settled, the resourceful lady entered into the pleasant preparations for Leif's betrothal with such enthusiasm that even Thorgunna began to waver in her suspicions. But the day before the proposal ceremony, the poor lady was suddenly stricken with violent pain. Many guests were already assembled, and to the superstitious amongst them the unfortunate circumstance appeared ominous and a sign of Divine displeasure. Freydis, who might have interpreted the phenomenon better, chose to make the most of the doleful supposition. From one to another of the gloomy croakers she passed, wringing her hands and bemoaning the sad mishap, the cruel disappointment. "'Tis woeful, truly, but it may be that my lord Leif is appointed of God to the service of his people," she murmured piously. "Aye, possibly 'tis not his portion to share the common joys of humanity. But alas, he loveth the lady so devotedly! In truth, my heart bleeds for him, and to mortal scheming it seemeth a goodly match."

Freydis' words had the desired effect. Old women reminded their hearers of Leif's pledge to the dead Eric. Would he not forget his duty to race and country once he was bound to this stranger, shrouded as she was, in mystery? Would she not woo him from all serious purpose with her seductive wiles and extravagances? Ah, they thought so. Thought, too, that sensible daughter of Greenland would make their chieftain a more comfortable wife. And the priests, desperately in need of Leif's undisputed support, and already plotting to build a monastery on one of his estates, were as zealously determined that the wrath of God should be the acknowledged cause of the unhappy situation.

With this generous purpose in mind they approached their lord with solemn expressions of pious solicitude, as he stood lost in helpless despair beside the beautiful sufferer. When they had sufficiently captured his attention to be certain that he [Continued on page 53]

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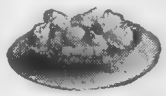

COCONUT DIVINITY

1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut (or ¼-lb. pkg. Baker's Shred Coconut)
3 cups granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup corn syrup (white)
1 cup water
2 eggs (whites only)

Boil sugar, syrup and water together until it spins a thread—230° F. Remove one cup of this syrup and set aside. Boil remaining syrup until it cracks in ice water—290° F. To the stiffly-beaten egg whites, slowly add the first cup of syrup, then the remaining syrup, beating constantly. As the beating becomes difficult, add the flavoring and coconut. When the mass can no longer be stirred, form in a loaf or drop by teaspoons on oiled paper.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Write for free Booklet of delicious recipes to Franklin Baker Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A-6-29M

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 52

really heard them — experience having taught them this precaution, they confessed their grave belief; but, terrified at the look Leif cast upon them, they hastened to conclude that quite possibly the lady's life would be spared if for the time being he renounced all thought of a marriage which, obviously, was odious in the eyes of a loving God.

Leif's mother and sister were upon their knees beside the sick woman, both apparently deep in prayer, but Freydis broke off to join the priests in their plea. "Oh, my dear brother, be guided by these faithful servants of the Truth. Think only upon the poor lady's recovery; no sacrifice is too great to win that favor. And be enheartened to reflect that mayhap in a future hour thy desire will be granted thee."

Thorhild staggered to her feet like one burdened with a heavy load, and, impelled by a new and terrifying conviction, she drew the dazed and sorely perplexed Leif aside. "My son," she whispered, "perchance 'tis thy testing. Forget not thy grievous sin, but show thy willingness to abide by the Heavenly will and mayhap thy judgment will be lighter. Oh, I implore thee, let not thy selfish desire rob so sweet a lady of life. 'Tis enough, surely, to have robbed her of home and kindred!"

That bitter shaft struck home. Once again Leif pledged himself to selfless duty, renouncing all that redeemed life of its barrenness and toil.

Freydis could have shouted with laughter. The hypocritical priests, the superstitious Thorhild, and Leif's helpless perplexity, all were equally amusing, and in her heart she despised them for so many gullible fools. Nevertheless she managed to weep copiously into the coverlet at Thorgunna's feet, while the priests prayed with renewed fervor now that their ambitious plans were no longer threatened, and in a burst of gratitude vowed to make the unfortunate lady patron of a future nunnery. Thorhild alone was sincere, believing that Leif was being called upon to atone for an odious sin, and in her sincerity prayed from a full and contrite heart.

Thorgunna moaned, and the pitiful sound cut Leif to the heart. "God be thanked! she is reviving," Thorhild exclaimed in excited hopefulness. But he gave no sign of having heard her. He was thinking that in reality life was more cruel than death. In death Thorgunna would have been his to dream of in all her grace and beauty; in life he must look upon her no more with love.

The priests began chanting a Gloria and the sound was singularly paniful to Leif. It seemed to him that each measure was deliberately intended to crush something joyous and beautiful out of existence forever, deliberately intended to substitute colorless death for life. All eyes were bent upon the poor tortured Thorgunna, tossing and turning in her bed of pain. "Oh, she thirsteth," said Freydis suddenly, and snatching up a goblet, hurried out, reappearing a moment later with a curious cooling draught, which the patient drank eagerly and, sighing heavily, sank back upon her pillows.

Had Leif been less distraught he might have wondered at his sister's sudden and curious anxiety, for now Freydis watched the sick woman like a hawk; not a sound, not a movement escaping her. From time to time she leaned forward to pass analytical fingers over her patient's satiny skin or to take count of the racing pulse. Slowly, but unmistakably, Thorgunna's breathing grew lighter and more regular, and finally, to the immeasurable relief of those around her, she drifted into normal sleep.

Freydis turned her black, inscrutable eyes upon her brother. "My lord," said she, "take heart, for the evil is passing from her. See, dear brother, her skin is all dewy wet."

WHAT transpired between the lovers after this no one ever knew. Leif offered no explanations to his guests save only that the betrothal was postponed owing to his lady's illness. This information, given curtly enough, was all that the garrulous got to enlarge upon.

Thorgunna's recovery was slow. When the Vinland expedition sailed away she was still a captive to her bed, a pathetic gold-crowned shadow of her former self. She made no impatient complaint, and refused to discuss her illness or the unhappy ending of an event long dreamed and desired. But after the departure of Freydis' party she summoned Leif. She smiled upon his gloom with maternal tenderness, for in his rebellious misery he reminded her very much of the little Thorgils storming at the great sea-wall.

"My lord," she began softly, "many strange thoughts have entertained me these idle days, and much that the heart rejected reason hath accepted. 'Tis plain and undeniable that our lives are curiously interlinked, yet plainer still we are not destined to enjoy the common privilege of humanity. Nay, do not interrupt me nor frown upon my poor reasoning, which, meseems, is no stranger than our love and meeting. And to what purpose, since purpose there must be in everything? Oh, Leif, thou camest from the great unknown to teach my heart patience and devotion. Nay, more, in loving thee the quality of love itself hath changed for me. Thou knowest that our people have not connected love with honor and duty. To them 'tis but the meaner emotion; to me it now seemeth that duty, lacking love, is harsh, and honor but a travesty. 'Tis wondrous hard to make my meaning clear! Such strange thoughts arise within me; such deep emotions—dim longings, dim visions of some far place and time, when such as we may live unhindered, to pursue their destiny with love alone to lead them. Thou, my lord, wert singled out to find a great new country. Oh, Leif, perchance thy Vinland will welcome Love as ruler and Freedom as its God!

"Nay, lord, think not all this a sick-bed fancy, for 'tis the one thing makes all disappointment bearable. Dare to love, poor heart, dare to dream—thus have I consoled my fainting spirit Others will follow and one day reap the harvest of thy daring. Thou, my lord, dreaming of freedom for thy people, risking thy life to win it, and I dreaming of love as no Norse maid hath dreamed heretofore, are we not types, mayhap, foreshadowing a new and gentler dispensation? To me it seemeth so, and now I am content to let the Fates do with us what they will."

Leif found her philosophy a strangely uplifting and comforting solace. But in one respect he was determined to be firm: neither friendly counsel nor super natural warning should be permitted to affect his purpose. When his first project for the good of his country was completed he was resolved to proclaim before the world the true parentage of Thorgils. "For," said he, "we may rightly be deprived of our mortal privileges, but the child must live after us as befits his station." And having at last arrived at an agreement in this particular at least, he left Thorgunna in the affectionate care of his old mother, and with grim determination returned to the heavy task before him.

Thereafter time passed uneventfully for Leif, though his work progressed successfully and rapidly, far more rapidly than he would once have deemed possible. A hard taskmaster, now he drove his men over seemingly impossible obstacles by the very force of his will power. Yet what was a miracle to the colony at large never quite satisfied him. But if he drove his men he drove himself no less, for only in feverish activity could he win momentary oblivion from oppressing memory. And because of his impartiality and personal diligence, his men forgave him much which they otherwise would most certainly have resented and condemned. Then, too, the superstitious amongst them were inclined to blame the Hebridean for all which displeased them in their master. His former reticence and occasional harsh [Continued on page 54]

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which
The first was made"

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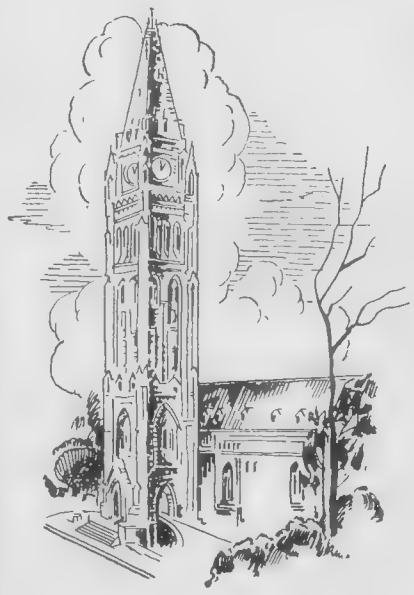

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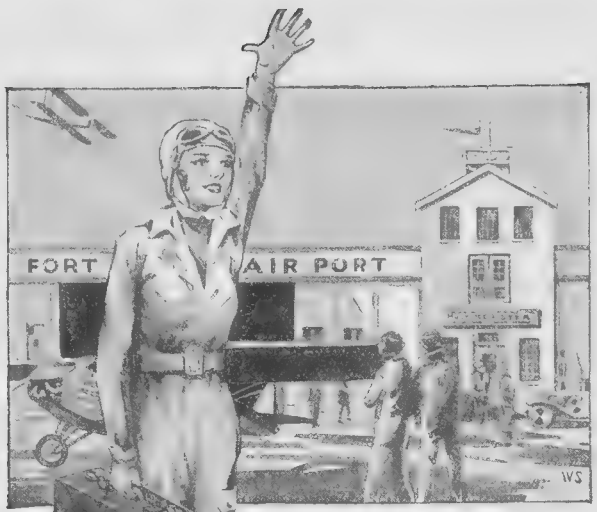

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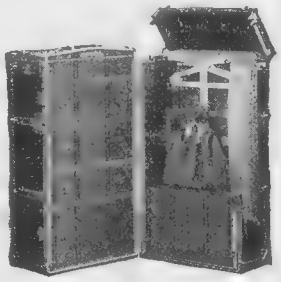

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 53

measures were quite forgotten, and his every foible held to be the effects of the fair widow's influence.

Very much to the support and strengthening of the vicious rumors concerning Thorgunna came the unhappy news that the fisheries were failing. God's grace was being withheld for some strange reason, so said some. Others announced boldly that it was all the work of the strange woman. "She hath cast a spell upon our waters to show her displeasure; 'twere well to be rid of her," they repeated amongst themselves with angry vehemence. Then, seemingly to further inflate their superstitious fears, an even more damning bit of evidence followed. Freydis' infant daughter, left in foster at Brattalid, had died one day in the bath. "Ah, ha!" cried the croakers, "'tis plain the Hebridean witch hath heated the bathstones with her malice and laid low the innocent." And they began to frown upon Leif and to chafe under his colossal indifference to so obvious a truth. Why did he not send the disturber of peace and prosperity out of the country? "She hath bewitched him as well," said some, and proved the theory by a string of grievances. "Aye," agreed the freedmen, "he uses us all like thralls, nor feeds us better, and mayhap while we toil here in the hills the accursed witch worketh her evil upon our guiltless wives and children."

What this ferment might have produced it is now impossible to imagine, for shortly thereafter one of Leif's thralls, while tunneling around a certain ridge, came upon a peculiar deposit, which upon examination proved to be silver ore. In the excitement of so unparalleled a discovery all doubt and grumbling was for the time being forgotten, and in the madnes of exaggerated expectations they were all for abandoning their present mundane labors.

Leif was not to be so foolishly persuaded. "'Tis not my intention to return to Brattalid this coming winter," said he, "but to repair to Gardar, whither our highway must be extended. That much done, ye shall be free to enter these hills at will, each man with permission to mine for himself what he can while the weather permits."

This put an end to dissensions, and since it was obviously to their own advantage, the work sped on so swiftly that Leif began calling the men his silver-souled berserks. Needless to say, the highway was completed in record time, and long before the duties of the Fall Thing claimed Leif, his hirelings were back amongst the promising hills.

Except for the hopeful reports they brought with them on their return—reports which kept gossip lively and gloomy brows cheerful—the winter now closing in upon the isolated colonists dragged on monotonously. But with the hope of unexpected wealth before them, even a Greenland winter lost much of its dreariness, proving less harsh than usual and giving way to milder airs with better grace. Almost overnight the young grass sprang up triumphant, showing miraculously green among the fiords in glad contrast to the snow-capped ridges above. And almost overnight the sound of newly-released streams thundering gaily to the sea mingled with the sound of pick and axe and the twinkling cavalcade of Leif's horses, as in one merry universal spring glee. Joy seemed the keynote of everything—of everything but Leif's heart. He alone could not respond to Nature's fervor. For him there remained only duty, the grim-visaged and the gallant hope to be worthy when the hour of release should find him.

The brief Arctic summer was at its hottest, drowsy with its own brilliance and jewel-like beauty, when Leif's men struck a rich and seemingly inexhaustible vein of silver. As a result the camp went almost wild and savage rejoicing; not a man there but imagined himself already [Continued on page 55]

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PLAY YARD

Is Baby safe? Eliminate all worry during playtime. He will be in this Little Tots Play Yard—he can't fall out—no sharp corner or rough edge to scratch him—and the colored enamel beads set in at each side keep him busy and contented. And when Baby sleeps the Play Yard folds up, neat, compact, and out of the way.

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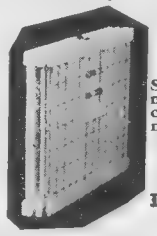

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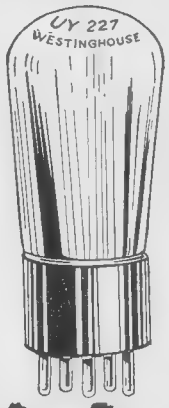

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 54

possessed of a wealth equalling King Olaf's! And to cap the climax, hard on the heels of this extraordinary good fortune, came news from Brattalid telling of Freydis' return from Vinland laden with the richest treasures.

That was temptation of a kind not to be resisted. In a body Leif's laborers demanded a holiday, for they were burning to test the magic of their silver ore upon the Norwegian merchant and the lady Freydis. "We would buy us the Vinland wine so greatly lauded, and a glossy pelt against the coming cold," they told their chieftain in rough good humor; "aye, and a weight of sweet grapes to barter for yet sweeter kisses!"

Leif recognized the wisdom of giving way to the boisterous wishes of his men since, denied an innocent outlet, their frenzied excitement would surely result in serious rebellion. Knowing this he wisely contented himself with their decision and, somewhat reluctantly, prepared to follow them to Brattalid.

LEIF was not prepared for the surprises awaiting him at Brattalid. Finbogi's Norwegian trading-vesesl lay in the fiord, but the merchant himself had not returned, nor a quarter of his men; whilst the few who were come home from their far adventure greeted him with sullen speech and furtive glances. Thorvald, too, was changed, his phlegmatic indifference having given way to nervous irritability. Little noises set him a-tremble, and he seemed, literally, to be looking for condemnation in every utterance. Naturally, everything displeased him, from the sagaman's chanting to Thorhild's innocent queries as to the cause of his indisposition.

Freydis ignored her husband's condition and with exuberant enthusiasm delineated their adventures and the fortunes they had won. So elated was she, in fact, that the news of her small daughter's death appeared in no-wise to affect her. Indeed, to Thorhild's indignation, she replied to her kindly sympathy that sons were much to be preferred and a feeble woman-child small loss in a difficult world.

Leif was disturbed by her hectic manner no less than by Thorvald's nervous gloom and Finbogi's absence, though this last, it must be owned, troubled him the more. Thorvald and Freydis might have been indulging in one of many stormy quarrels, but the Norwegian merchant had serious business impending in his native country. "How comes it, sister, that Finbogi remained behind after pledging his honor to pursue the Norwegian-Greenland trade?" he at last demanded of his enthusiastic sister. "'Tis beyond credence, for unless memory fails me 'twas his purpose to sail for Norway this summer."

Freydis laughed lightly. "Ah, ho! good brother, thou art at times a simple! The honorable merchant is wedded to yon golden clime. None but the saints could induce him forth! Aye, my good Leif, the man found the place too charming and the wife of a comrade too kind. 'Twas quite his pleasure to sell thy sister his ship. Is it not so, my Thorvald?" she appealed to her moody husband. "Was there aught in Finbogi's behavior to suggest displeasure in being rid of us?"

"Nay," snapped Thorvald curtly, "but thou art the best judge and most fitted to tell the tale."

Freydis shrugged and smiled quizzically. "My lord Leif hath heard enough of tales. 'Tis certain our clarity and truth hath convinced him.' "

Leif let the question drop just then, since obviously to pursue the subject was useless. Freydis had been too glib and he suspected her of mischief—just what, he scarcely knew. Something had gone wrong, and the suspicion that evil had befallen the trader nagged him with the tenacity of a guilty conscience. Nevertheless, under the spell of Thorgunna's lovely presence he found himself more and more envious of this rash seaman who, if Freydis spoke the truth, had dared to choose what pleased him in preference to duty. And, despite its futility, he began dreaming again of a Vinland awakened to flourishing life; of a Norse colony where liberty and love might prevail. Into these longings stole the sudden appeasing conviction that Thorgils would effect the miracle of his release. When the child had reached a man's estate he would assume the burden of his father's pledge along with the chieftainship of Brattalid. Then would he, Leif Ericson, the much-fettered, be free at last to return to the open seas and his Silver dragon! This pleasant conviction so fired him with hope that in turn even Thorgunna's calm fatalism was swept away and she, too, snatched at this rainbow of promise. And this new aspect of the child's possible destiny at last won her consent to Leif's long-deferred desire to publicly acknowledge his son.

Consequently, what had been unalloyed success and triumphant rejoicing suddenly turned to gall and wormwood for the lady Freydis, and had her glances been as potent as certain brews whereof she was an adept, the beautiful Hebridean had not survived the day.

But Thorgunna suffered enough. Much as she gloried in Leif's generous conduct, the thought of becoming the helpless target of every curious and unfriendly eye was actual torture. She was familiar with the code of her people and knew the manner of their reasoning. Stripped of her pitiful subterfuge, she was become something of a monstrosity. How else might they judge her, a Norsewoman, nobly born, who had listened to words of love and given like a thrall what she might have sold for the enrichment of family and fortune.

In truth it was not that the lady Thorgunna's deplorable action appeared exactly sinful to these rationalists of the North, but rather that so curious a weakness seemed singularly unnatural. The unromantic colonists deemed her not so much a wicked woman as a spiritual cripple, an offence to be removed from sight as their forbears had removed the physical cripple from the paths of a world indifferent to and intolerant of such disagreeable unfortunates.

But whatever men thought of the lady, they thought better of her paramour for accepting the child as a man of honor should, and they cheered the little prospective lord of Brattalid whole-heartedly and drained him many a brimming horn with unqualified relish.

Freydis' humiliation and fury were so intense that she actually suffered agonies in restraining the primitive impulses to howl and shriek aloud her maledictions upon the innocent cause of her distress. Consequently, her pallor rivalled that of the abashed Hebridean, whose great eyes burned in the white mask of her face with an unearthly lustre, eclipsing the gleaming gems on her tortured bosom. Freydis was indeed well-nigh sick with disappointment and reviled herself bitterly for a silly fool not to have foreseen and forestalled some such possibility as this. She realized with disturbing conviction how futile had been the binding of Leif; howsoever many fetters might be heaped upon him, the menace to her ambition still remained. Thorgunna's son was the real obstacle! Well, to the determined an obstacle was no more than an impetus to achievement, so she reasoned ruthlessly. Yes, and whatsoever blocked the path to power must and should be swept away, without compunction and without regret! On that her mind was fixed and irrevocably set. Such conscientious scruples as formerly had somewhat tempered her malevolence were by now effectively silenced, deeply buried under a weight of ignominious treachery as black as her own vicious nature. Having plunged so deep, staked so much on fortune's wheel, she was prepared to risk her very life, if need be, in the pursuit and fulfilment of her unswerving and colossal ambition. [Cont. on page 64]

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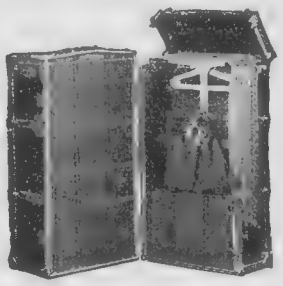

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AROUND-THE-WORLD BAGGAGE

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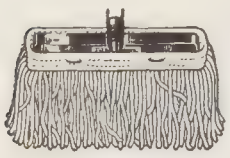

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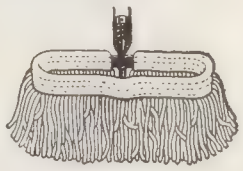

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WHAT About Your Subscription to The Western Home Monthly? Watch It Does Not Expire.

Bethlehem---It's Customs and Conditions

By Irene Wilson

"Sweet Bethlehem, so quaint and still
With tender valleys, gentle hills,
Your walls of grey so strong and stout,
With fig and olive grown about,
You know not of your Lord without—
Your little Lord—that star-kissed night,
There was no room—no room for Him,
No room in all that peopled inn,
All humbly Mary turned away,
She laid him in the scented hay."

AT THIS Christmas season, when we look around at the fields of snow and ice, our thoughts turn to the little town of Bethlehem with its vastly different conditions of climate and customs. We are not particularly interested in the homes of the wealthy; but in the lowly stable, the birthplace of our Saviour.

In time, boys and girls learn to know of Vancouver, Winnipeg and other large places; but the smallest boy or girl knows all about the little town of Bethlehem. The song, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," reaches every heart. Poets and writers have immortalized the birthplace of Jesus in song and verse. As Christmas draws near, we can almost imagine we hear the shepherds say, "We have seen his star in the East and have come to worship him."

The stables of Bethlehem today are little different than they were on that memorable Christmas Eve, many, many years ago. They are of a very rude sort, consisting of caves or holes dug in the hillside, with the front roughly roofed over. A manger said to be similar to that in which Christ was born, is still preserved in Bethlehem, for the benefit of Pilgrims visiting the Holy Land.

At the time of the birth of Christ, Bethlehem was a very small town, surrounded by farms. The principal industry of the people was sheep raising and the cultivating of grapes. As the climate was warm the year round, many people lived in tents, and flowers flourished in profusion on the hill-sides. The sloping hillsides seemed to have been particularly well adapted to the raising of grapes, the main trunk of the vines sometimes reaching a foot and a half in diameter, and the larger clusters weighing from ten to twelve pounds.

We can well understand that in such a hot country there would be little demand for furs, so that wild animals roamed practically unmolested, proving a great menace to sheep, the shepherds having to watch them continually.

It seems a long stretch of the imagination from the automobile, the modern conveyance, back to the time of our Saviour, when donkeys or cattle were the means of transportation. Only the very wealthy owned two wheeled carts or chariots, and horses were only used in war times.

To the majority of people it is a consolation to know that it was not to the learned or wealthy class of people that the birth of a Saviour was revealed. The shepherds tending their flocks on the hillsides were a poor and ignorant class of people as far as worldly knowledge goes. They must have had great sincerity of heart, otherwise they would never have been chosen to receive the divine message.

Considering that the Holy Land was the birth place of Christ and of Christianity, it has made less progress socially and religiously than almost any other country, and today, if you were to visit Bethlehem, you would find the people dressed little different than they were on that Christmas Eve when our Saviour was born.

Santa Claus at Home

By William Thompson

You may sometimes have wondered,
When Christmas comes around,
On other days, if wanted,
Where Santa could be found.

Of course, he works so very hard,
One day in every year,
He must have rest and quiet,
And time to tend his deer.

And so he goes into the woods,
A toadstool is his home,
And lives a quiet, restful life,
And does not care to roam.

He has a jolly, little man,
With whiskers long and white,
Who does his chores and cooks for him
And stands on watch at night.

And once a year the little chap
Comes round to tend the flue,
And sings a merry little song
As soon as he is through.

He makes no charge for service,
And knows on Christmas Day
That Santa will remember him,
So quickly runs away.

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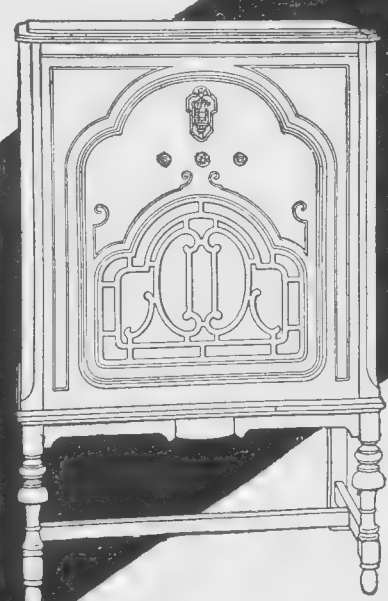

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Home for Christmas

Continued from page 12

slowly-moving car Nimble Niles snapped his bones into place and untwisted his joints until he was normal again. Then he settled back in a state of relief while he wiped beads of sweat which had gathered on his forehead over the exertion.

"Here we are," said the driver as the car drew up to a house which was ablaze with lights. Nimble could see the Christmas wreaths in the windows and he saw the shadows of people moving about inside. He was home at last! The driver opened the door for him and he got out. As he paid the man for his services Nimble looked at him for the first time and nearly fainted. He was staring into the features of the dreaded Jim Butcher! Now he understood the numerous chuckles as the man told him that Jim Butcher was in jail! What a fool he had been! In his attempt to avoid meeting this man he had unconsciously climbed into his car. But how was he to know? That was the last thing he ever expected the big man of doing! But Jim Butcher was speaking.

"Put your money away, boy," he said. "This is not a taxi; I was up to the train to meet you!"

"To meet me?" Nimble questioned. "Why?"

"Well, for one thing, I was asked, and for another I wanted to show you that I had changed a lot since last year. Your sister will tell you all about that!" He chuckled at that, and as Nimble stood there with the money in his hand Jim Butcher continued:

"Don't believe that your mother is as sick as your sister wrote. She's not very well, of course, but I got your sister to tell you that she was very sick, as I was sure that would be about the only thing which would bring you home. Your folks really wanted to see you and I wanted you here too, for the Butcher-Niles wedding. Come on in—your sister will explain."

"Are you going to marry my sister?" Nimble asked of the big man before him.

"Me?" The man laughed. "Why, no, but I've got a son!"

"But why didn't they tell me?" Nimble questioned.

"I told them not to," laughed Jim Butcher, a great happiness showing in his eyes, "because you would not approve of a son of Jim Butcher—the Jim Butcher you used to know. But come on, Nimble, the folks are waiting for you!"

Arm-in-arm the two went up the steps.

And the Christmas home-coming of Nimble Niles was far beyond his expectations.

A Legend of Christmas

By William Thompson

ONE of the most delightful customs connected with Christmas is the feast of the sheaves of grain. These sheaves are distributed in gardens and fields as a contribution from the children to the birds. An interesting old legend in Europe tells us that in memory of the ox and the ass in the stable at Bethlehem, all beasts receive the power of human speech for an hour on Christmas Eve, and if we listen we may hear some very wonderful stories. I am sure that some of us feel that we would only hear that there are still human beings who have not learned to apply the thought of peace and goodwill to dumb animals.

The love and trust of some animals are more to be desired than the praise and envy of some humans. When Christmas Eve comes around this year with its midnight hour, when all the beasts are supposed to be able to talk, instead of listening to hear of a buried treasure like the little Breton boy heard of in the fairy tale, let us tell them of the treasure of human kindness and consideration which we should extend to them in the coming New Year and all the years to follow.

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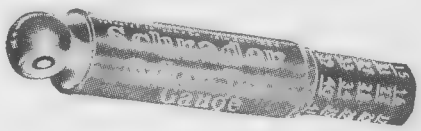

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Whittier and St. Boniface

By Katherine Greene

Grave of Marie Ann Gabourie, St. Boniface Churchyard

The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

THE turrets twain still overlook the winding river, though they are not the turrets of which Whittier wrote so picturesquely. And the bells—those bells which still call young and old to prayer — are the same bells which Whittier in his dreams heard sweetly pealing.

"The turrets twain," from the river.

All of romance and interest in the early history of the Canadian West centres about the name of St. Boniface. Through the years the church has kept watch and ward over the struggling children of the plains.

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Full well he knows the ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface."

A curious connection, it is, that of the quiet Quaker poet, in his sleepy New England village, with a spot which, at the time the poem, "The Red River Voyageur" was written, was the ultimate outpost of civilization. Many must have been intrigued to conjecture what the origin of the poem must have been and how it came to be written.

The history of the bells of St. Boniface begins with the advent of Lord Selkirk's settlers in the Red River country. We think of these settlers always as being Scotch Presbyterians; what we forget is, that among them were also many Irish Catholics. Their leader himself, the fiery and energetic Miles McDonnell was a Catholic, and, as befitted a Celt, deeply religious in conviction. It irked him to see his people without proper spiritual guidance, and he early secured, with Lord Selkirk's approval, the services of a priest — Father Charles Bourke. This man, however, for some reason proved unsatisfactory, and returned to Europe without going further than York Factory. McDonnell then sent urgent requests to Ireland for another priest, but without success. Finally, again with the approval of Lord Selkirk, he applied for aid to Bishop Plessis of Quebec.

The time was ripe for such aid to be forthcoming; events had been for some time tending toward intervention in the West by French Catholic clergy. At this time there were in the Red River Valley some 750 Catholics of French and Irish extraction. The quarrels between the two great fur companies, culminating in the Seven Oaks disaster, proved the determining factor. At McDonnell's urgent request, seconded by that of Lord Selkirk, Bishop Plessis sent out to the West the Rev. Joseph Norbert Provencher, whose name is revered and beloved in the West and perpetuated in many place-names. [Continued on page 60]

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Whittier and St. Boniface

Continued from page 59

He was accompanied by the Rev. Severè Dumoulin. These were instructed to "watch over the morals of the whites, to convert the Indians, to erect schools and to remind all the advantages they enjoyed in living under the government of his 'Britannic Majesty.'" How well these charges were carried out, the history of the West will show.

We are told that if any country ever needed the labors of religion, it was the Red River Valley at that time, and we can well understand the statement. Fur-traders, French-Canadian voyageurs, savages, half-breeds mingling pell-mell in almost lawless intercourse—is it any wonder that grossest vices were rampant? The French-Canadians, naturally religious, had become demoralized—the savages had been debauched, rather than helped, by the white settlers, Father Provencher faced the situation with courage.

His first move was to erect a modest log building, part chapel, part residence, on the banks of a small river then called German River, on account of the soldier settlers left there by Lord Selkirk. The name of St. Boniface originates from that fact—St. Boniface being the patron saint of Germany. So, curiously, this parish, which we think of as so typically French-Canadian, had its inception in the mind of a Celt, and bears the name of the saint always associated with—of all countries—Germany.

The first building soon proved too small, and in June, 1833, the foundation of a church proper was laid. This building, 45 feet wide, was built of stone from the banks of the Red River. It was Whittier's "Roman Mission" with the "turrets twain."

This cathedral, we are told, was a well proportioned and imposing edifice, with its two spires, 100 feet in height, towering high above the prairie, and visible at a great distance. These contained a chime of bells, which "possessed a singularly melodious beauty and a wonderfully far-reaching tone." Wise, indeed, the hearts who conceived that idea, and hung them there. Who can measure what their influence must have been on those untutored people of a lonely land?

Outstanding in the history of St. Boniface is the arrival of the man who became its beloved Bishop Tache. Sent out by the Oblate Fathers as assistant to Father Provencher, it is recorded of him that he was so youthful in appearance, that the latter exclaimed when he saw him: "I asked for men, and they send me a child." Of Bishop Tache's immense work for good it is needless to speak. Names they are to conjure with in the West—Norbert, Provencher, and Tache.

It was during Bishop Tache's regime—in 1860—that the original cathedral was destroyed by fire. The bells, we are told, fell and were broken. When the cathedral was rebuilt, in 1861, the fragments were collected, sent to London, re-cast, and hung in the "turrets twain" of the new building. This building has, in its turn, been replaced by the present magnificent cathedral, dedicated October 4th, 1908.

And what has Whittier to do with all this?

We can scarcely believe that the verses, which describe the scene so graphically, were written by one who never saw that scene. Yet it is certain that Whittier never visited Canada.

John Greenleaf Whittier, in fact, passed all of his more than eighty years of existence within "the scope of eight miles of New England." There is scarce a parallel anywhere to that life which Sir Edmund Gosse called truly "a sedentary and noiseless one."

WHITTIER'S story is a curious history of contradictions. A Quaker, quiet, frail, suffering all his life from ill-health, yet he could "burn with the fire and fervor of some ancient Hebrew seer." Mild, gracious in manner, yet he wrote the fiery abolitionist poems which stirred the people of New England to the core. Tyranny of any sort seemed to stir in him that "Berserker spirit" of which he believed [Cont'd on page 85]

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Dress Reform For Men

By Victor Norman

THE reformers in men's dress are on the march. Clad in shorts, low necked shirts, sandals, and other different attire, hatless, and fearless, they have walked down London's (England) streets in full view of the eyes of the world, and whatever our opinions of their dress, we must at least admire their courage. It is surprising that in this modern age, when people are spending so much time devising new methods of doing the same thing; with all the different ideas embracing religion, health, science, and a million inventions, that men's dress has remained so old fashioned, and with so little change. The conservatism of the average man's mind in regard to clothes is responsible no doubt to a considerable degree for this lack of change. He has left it to the women to alter, remove, and do without, while he has stood by, very uncomfortably clad, and looked on with a smile. While men will admit that they would like to be dressed differently, they have lacked the courage to defy custom and convention, preferring to look like everyone else, to be inconspicuous, and to suffer. Reform in men's dress is necessary, both from a standpoint of health and comfort, and we would take off our hat to these courageous few who are working for the common good, only at the moment we are not wearing one. Doctors say that men wear too much, that the health giving rays of the sun are unable to penetrate their heavy clothing, and that they suffer inferior health thereby. The women on the other hand, wearing nothing much in particular, are reported to be improving themselves physically. The working of the human mind is a strange thing. While it is quite proper for a girl or woman to cast aside custom and clothes, and to show herself clad in a small piece of something; which exposes most of her and is barely adequate to cover the rest, it is looked upon as quite immoral for a man to be seen in his shirt-sleeves. Women have had the courage to clothe themselves recklessly, and they have done so, not from the many reasons and excuses which they are always ready to give us, but merely because they feel like it and want to. This doubtless is sufficient reason for them. While their dress has been changing as often as the weather and the fashions can devise, men have been shrinking modestly behind their heavy coats and pants, while the summer sun melts the collar about their necks. The time is ripe for a change, and we are all in favor of anything in reason to substitute for much of our now uncomfortable garments. A clergyman, one of the advance guard of dress reform, has come to the front, saying that he believes the Creator intended the angles and curves of the body to be exhibited, and is having his clothes designed accordingly. A remark such as this makes us wonder if the ladies are not responsible for it as it has a decided feminine taint. The reverend gentleman may be quite right in his supposition, and he may have thought up the remark all by himself, or perhaps he overheard a flapper friend conversation on their favorite topic.

"Oh, my dear, do you know what Goofy told me? He said my shoulder bones were lovely" he's an architect you know, and he said my angles were perfect, and I shall reduce the width of my shoulder straps."

"Yes? how nice, but let me tell you, I was out with Spoofy last night, and the way he looked at my knees! you can't imagine, the most adorable expression in his eyes."

"They weren't dirty, were they?"

"Dirty, of course not, how ridiculous you are, but I have decided to shorten my skirt another three inches."

It is impossible to know the real cause of the reverend's remark, but it is doubtful if the Creator would find pleasure in viewing some of the human specimens of the modern day. Personally, we think Evolution has a lot to answer for, especially when noticing the many strange exhibits on the bathing beaches. There seems to be no sane reason for wishing to expose the angles and curves of the body, but there is plenty of common sense in wanting greater comfort in dress. It was Will Rogers who said, "That every time a women left off something she looked better, and everytime a man left off something he looked worse." Whatever one's opinion may be there seems plenty of man's anatomy that is not exactly artistic or beautiful to the eye. When it comes to the leaving off, the women have the best of us. If a man does not run to bony legs, the chances are he has more about the waist than is necessary, and would look better wearing corsets.

But with all the bones and bulges of man's form, there is no reason why he should not be more comfortably and healthfully dressed. No radical or quick change in men's clothes is to be expected. Conservatism and modesty on the man's part, combined with the custom of many years, will prevent any great and sudden difference taking place.

Lasting reforms are not born of quick thought and execution but come by degrees, slowly, a little here and a little there, until the new idea is rightly clothed in its full dress. There is a great deal in getting used to a thing, and if done gradually, it happens, and becomes a fact, before we realize it. There has been a few new departures for the better in men's dress in recent years. The stiff fronted dress shirt, that most obnoxious article of evening wear, has been replaced by a softer pleated shirt that is a great improvement, although a white soft silk shirt might just as well be recognized as proper to take its place. The collar, too, has [Continued on page 62]

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Buy CROWN BRAND and BENSON'S GOLDEN now and watch your children thrive. BENSON'S GOLDEN is a little sweeter . . . both are the purest syrups you can buy.

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MONTREAL

An Unbiased Opinion

of the Canadian Wheat Pools

Extract from Final Report of

Saskatchewan Royal Grain Inquiry Commission

September, 1929

"We recount briefly some of the achievements of the Pool as we have seen evidence of them.

"Although in operation for a period of only five years, it controls by virtue of its inherent worth and appeal, and without any compulsion, 55 per cent. of the crop grown in the prairie provinces. What this means in volume and in exportable surplus in comparison with other countries is fully set out in our Interim Report.

"It owns and operates some 1,435 country elevators out of a total of 5,042 spread over the prairie provinces and, in addition, it owns a large percentage of the large terminal elevators.

"It has taken a leading part in helping to open up markets for the prairie grain in China and Japan and other countries, and has placed its handlings in over 60 different ports in Europe.

"It has by its large control of grain been able to carry out a system of more orderly marketing and thereby helped to promote stability in prices.

"It has been and will be a great force in bringing about remedial legislation in the interest of the producer, not only in connection with the Canada Grain Act, but in other legislation as well.

"It has helped to train its membership in citizenship.

"It has brought about a spirit of independence and self-confidence on the part of the farmer in carrying out his various business enterprises.

"It has enabled its member to meet with his fellow-farmers and discuss better methods of conducting business and carrying on farming enterprises in a way that he has never experienced before.

"It has enabled its membership to feel that the marketing of their grain was in the hands of men who are capable, who understand world conditions and who have no interest to serve except that of the producers.

"It has by operating in a large way been able to operate in an economical way.

"It has enabled its patrons to share in all terminal elevator earnings.

"It has stimulated and helped in a movement for promoting clean and pure seed and special varieties of grain suitable to the soil and climatic conditions.

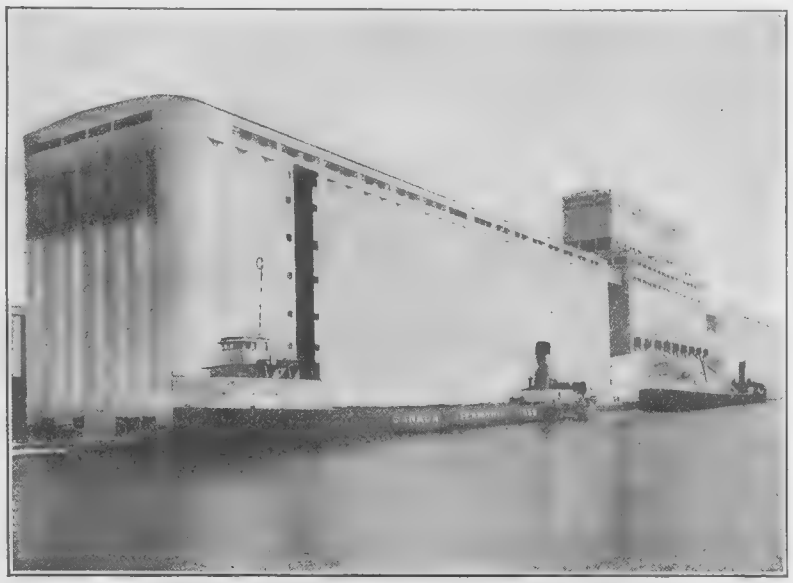
"It has provided a grade-checking department whereby every sample of wheat pooled is checked over after inspection, and a reinspection or appeal is called for whenever it is in the interest of the grower that such should be done.

"It was first to introduce and install the automatic sampler in its terminals, an instrument which will soon be of general application and mean much to a correct system of grading.

"It requested and helped bring about through the National Research Council co-operating with the Agricultural Departments of the Western Universities, a scientific investigation into improved methods for drying tough and damp grains which will be of incalculable benefit to producers.

"It showed the way for settling with the farmer for mixed grains on the basis of separations where such separations are possible, and thereby saving to the farmer as much as over $300.00 per car, as set out with greater detail in our Interim Report under the heading, 'Mixed Grains.'

"In many others ways too numerous to detail here the Pool, both directly and indirectly, has meant much to the Pool member."



Wheat Pool Terminal No. 7—7,000,000 Bushels Storage

The Canadian Wheat Pool

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dress Reform for Men

Continued from page 61

improved to man's greater comfort. The hard collar is still favored by some, but for the big majority, the semi-soft is gratefully worn, and is much more agreeable.

THE radical reformers may wear what they wish, however freakish, but genuine and lasting betterment can only come about by accepting a sound and reasonable basis for the change. Some may go sockless, and wear sandals, if they wish to have their feet miserable with sand and dirt. Others may go about in a loin cloth, if they wish to attract attention, but any sane reform must be based on comfort, health and utility, with as far as possible anything freakish eliminated.

Not everyone can go bareheaded in summer, and protection in very hot weather is essential, but there is no reason why lighter and cooler hats could not be used in place of thick felts and heavy straws. There is one article of male attire that could be worn with more comfort, which at present is more or less an affliction, to the wearer, and that is the shirt, or particularly the collar attached to it. A man's neck is not in need of several thicknesses of collar to bolster it up, and keep it in place. I think the majority will agree that a sport shirt with a low collar is far more comfortable, and could be used generally. Those men that feel that their neck is either too fat or scraggy to be seen, or who think to show the Adam's apple immodest, may comfort themselves and take heart when they realize that plenty of feminine necks look no better. It is a strange thing that dress reformers invariably begin by uncovering the legs. Whether members of the male sex are merely copying the women in this matter is unknown, or if they have taken the hint from the Highlanders, by wanting to wear shorts, and uncover the knees We have never thought the male leg to be moulded on classical lines with its bones barely covered with flesh and its coating of fuzz, and we have never known anyone wanting to dispose of their pants unless they suffered from D.T's. There may be some deep and hidden reason for this desire to expose the nether limbs, perhaps psychologists can inform us, but that it exists is evident. Some think breeches and heavy stockings preferable to pants, but it is doubtful if these are any more healthful than a fairly loose fitting pant, which is more airy. More necessary of reform would seem to be the coat

There are business establishments who make the rule that no clerk may take off his coat while working, regardless of how hot the building may be, or the clerk either. Here again is evidence of the strangeness of the human mind, for while the clerk must suffer miseries of heat, the management will have provided on the outside of their building watering trays for dogs. Incidentally the clerk is expected to give service to the public with a cool mind and a smile. Custom again rules in this instance, regardless of common sense reasoning. While a woman may be clad in a flimsy silk garment, a man is not considered dressed, if only clothed in shirt and pants, the coat, however superfluous and unnecessary, must be worn, custom decrees it. Men generally would be pleased to wear this garment less for added comfort. To banish the coat, at least, on many occasions would be a great step in the advance toward more sanity in men's dress. They are a heavy, cumbersome article, with their stiffening and padding on the shoulders, and could easily be used much less to the benefit of all concerned. It is a fact to all that notice, that men do whenever they have the chance take off the coat. When they enter their own homes, it is the coat that is thrown aside with a sigh of relief, and in shirt-sleeves a man is happier.

Let the reformers in men's dress take heed, and let custom decree more shirt-sleeves.

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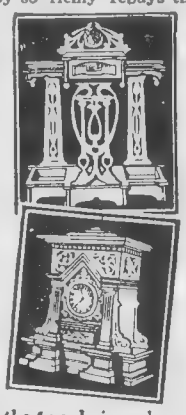

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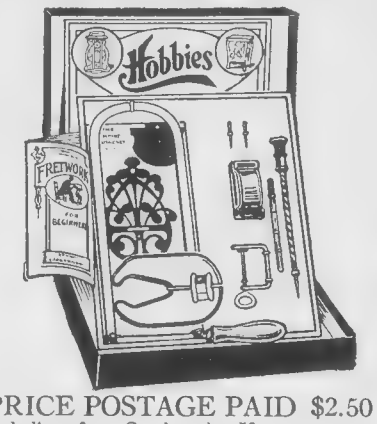

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Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.D.

GETTING STARTED

THE movement for vocational guidance, which has for its objects the provision of information concerning occupations, and the making of employment contacts, continues to grow in favor. In a recent book, English in Business, published by Prentice-Hall Incorporated, New York, an interesting letter is printed in illustration of the attempt of a large high school to help its graduates to get a start in the business world. This is the way the school authorities try to help the high school boys:

Dear Sir:

You probably never thought that there was any connection between a public high school and the business men of the city.

Yet the name of this school, the High School of Commerce, indicates its purpose and brings out the relation that exists. So also does the fact that within the next week we shall graduate twenty young women and fifteen young men who have just finished four years of study to equip themselves to enter the business offices of the city and render efficient service.

It can be seen, therefore, that the High School of Commerce as a service institution, prepares employees for the business men of the city.

You want employees who have general intelligence and integrity of character as well as the ability to handle office work. That our graduates have these qualifications can be seen from the fact that the diploma of the High School of Commerce is given only to—

1. Those who have completed their courses in English, history, science, and mathematics;

2. Those who have shown themselves reliable, truthful, and of good moral character;

3. Those whose efficiency in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, etc., has been tested not merely by the school but by examinations set by the state.

When we send you a graduate you will have an employee who understands filing, answers the telephone courteously, transcribes letters quickly and accurately, keeps neat, legible records, and is imbued with the idea of service.

We have on file hundreds of testimonial letters to show that the office assistants we recommend give complete satisfaction. If you need an office assistant now, why not let us send one to you?

This service is freely given without charge to you or to our graduate.

Just call our Employment Bureau, and ask for Miss Scanlan. If we cannot serve you now, make a note of our telephone number and we shall be glad to assist you whenever the need arises.

Yours very truly,

This letter is mailed to large numbers of business men and provides them with an opportunity for securing recommended employees trained under favorable conditions. Needless to say, it is a service also that is greatly appreciated by the graduates of the school. The idea is one that might be adopted with advantage by many Canadian schools. It is not a good thing for young people to be idle following the completion of their school courses and any plan that provides for their speedy entrance into selected occupations is deserving of study by all who are interested in the welfare of the young Canadian.

Bookkeeping and Character

IT MAY not be thought that there is any special relation between bookkeeping and character and yet bookkeeping is a subject that Goethe called one of the most beautiful discoveries of the human mind.

Bookkeeping is the art of making a systematic record of business transactions, enabling the proprietor to ascertain the conditions of his business. There are two methods of bookkeeping, double entry and single entry. In double entry, accounts are kept not only with persons but with all sources that affect the results or condition of the business. In single entry, accounts are kept, usually, with persons only.

Bookkeeping, it is said, is an approved means for developing the education of the student. Through an unbroken course of business of weeks and months, the pupil must carry on his work with the greatest diligence and the most minute accuracy if he hopes to secure correct results. A single bit of carelessness places the success of the whole work in question.

Instruction in bookkeeping leads, therefore, to earnest reflection and care and, what is more important, the pupil himself experiences how fatally a single error brings its own punishment. At the end the facts must agree and the worker must often seek for a long time before he discovers his own mistake.

This training leads to a careful foresight which is so difficult for the youth and is still so necessary for the man.

Finally, when all the different books taken together agree to a penny, what a satisfaction does the pupil feel over his work! His self-consciousness is heightened and a joy of creation comes over him, not known before. His purpose to do something is strengthened and his sense of economy, accuracy, and order is developed.

Out of such simple elements is formed the character of the man, says Raydt, and bookkeeping has contributed an element to character-building that the young men of our time especially need.

Bookkeeping is one of the subjects that can be very successfuly taught by mail and readers who are interested in securing particulars of attractive home-study courses in the beginning or advanced branches of bookkeeping are invited to write to the problem department for particulars. Courses recently published present the subject in a most interesting way and by a method that enables the home-study pupil to make rapid progress.

Look Before Leaping

THE suggestion to look before leaping may be applied to many situations in life and one of them is in connection with expensive courses of study that may not, for various reasons, be completed by the student.

A former neighbor informed me that he paid one hundred and twenty dollars in cash for a course of study with which he was having difficulty. Investigation showed that the course was by no means suited to his needs and later it was learned that his entire work with the course consisted of a struggle with the first half of a textbook that was one of a series of twelve. One hundred and twenty dollars for half a book is an expensive way of learning.

In the current number of Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education, the student is reminded that a great waste of effort is caused through students impulsively starting on a course of study, and for one reason or another abandoning it before its completion. Waste of time, waste of money, and the weakening of will power are some of the results of such indecision. If we would economize our energies, we should at the outset be quite clear about what we wish to do.

If you wish success in life make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.—J. Addison.

Love will ever play a great part in human life to the end of time; it will be an immense element in its happiness, perhaps a still greater one in its sorrows, its disasters, its tragedies.

GIFTS FOR THOSE WHO SMOKE

To please a smoker, give him a brand of Cigars, Cigarettes or Tobacco that he knows. Your dealer carries Tucketts famous brands and will help you in your selection They are all specially packaged in bright Christmas wrappings.

BUCKINGHAM
"throat-easy" Cigarettes
Standard packages in attractive Christmas containers.

4 Packages of 20 $1.00
Tins of 50 - - .60
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In Humidor glass jars with ribbon and greeting card.

½-lb. Jar—$1.50
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Standard packages in attractive Christmas containers. Plain ends or cork tips.

3 Packages of 20 - - $1.10
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TUCKETTS MARGUERITE
individually foil-wrapped
10c each
Special prices for decorated Christmas boxes of 10, 25, and 50 cigars

TUCKETTS PREFERRED CIGARS
In a Variety of Popular Shapes

PANETELAS
Individually foil-wrapped or plain
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Special prices for decorated Christmas boxes of 10, 25 and 50 cigars

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2 for 25c
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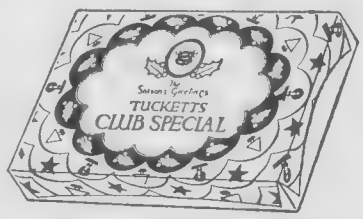
In gold boxes of 25 cigars



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GRAIN MERCHANTS

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MONTREAL TORONTO KINGSTON PORT ARTHUR
BRANDON MOOSE JAW SASKATOON CALGARY
EDMONTON VANCOUVER

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 55

So now, despite the natural inclination to storm and abuse, Freydis struggled with her tempestuous emotions. conquered her suffocating rage, quieted her twitching nerves, and managed with commendable tact and presence of mind to infuse comfort and gaiety into the considerably dampened festivities. She did more. With graceful courtesy she congratulated the fainting Thorgunna upon her son's future, and presented the little boy with a pair of valuable shoulder pins in honor of the occasion. Even then she was not satisfied, fearing lest she had not sufficiently veiled her mortified anger, and so with fresh wickedness in her heart and a saccharine smile on her lips, she announced in Leif's hearing that it was her fondest desire to banquet his heir in becoming fashion. and that she was determined to carry the desire into effect when the colonists should gather at Gardar for the Fall Thing. Yes, in the autumn she was resolved to prove to all men her love and good-will towards her noble brother and the promising future chieftain of Brattalid.

(To be continued next month)

The Real Santa Claus

Continued from page 32

is Chrictmas morning, Hand-rider, and I have to thank you for a mighty merry Christmas. So I wish you'd take that trainer's job down at my stock farm. I really need you and, moreover, I trust you."

"No!" The Hand-riding Kid gasped incredulously. "Why, how can you?"

"Why, you see I'm Santa Claus and it pleases me to present you with a merry Christmas, Hand-rider. Experience has taught me that any man who loves a horse is not a brute, and any man who can love a child—well, he's worth a bet. At any rate, I'm going to play you across the board."

The Hand-riding Kid held up his hand. "Boss," he said, "lemme give you a tip. It's direct stable information, an' you can bet the bank roll on it — an' bet it straight. You've entered me in the Futurity; play me to win, boss, an', by Gee, I'll win pulled up. Listen, boss. Tonight when you was talkin' to the kid I was right below you, hidin' behind a bush in the garden, an' I heard what you said to her. You done somethin' for me last night, Mr. Boland. You knew I was a crook—an' you told my little girl I was a very splendid gentleman. You gave me a reputation —an' I'm goin' to live up to it. You —lied—for me—to my lit—tle girl— an' I'll—I'll—"

He broke down sobbing, for a chord in the heart of the Hand-riding Kid had been touched and was giving forth sweet music.

Beauty

By Pamela Snowden

There is beauty all around you,
Oh, see it while you may,
Let not greed and lust of gold
Dim the beauties of life's way.
See it in the budding flowers,
Smiling sweet all kissed with dew;
Hear it in the bird's soft love-call.
God has meant them all for you.
Have you watched the fleecy cloudlet
Sailing o'er that sea of blue?
Have yuo seen the tall trees waving,
Calling you to life anew ?
Can you hear the brook's soft murmur
Following on in God's great Plan ?
Earth and sky are such a wonder;
Grasp its beauty while you can.
Do you love the children's voices
Light with laughter, oh, so gay?
Can't you see we all are brothers,
Helping each along Life's way?
There is beauty all around you,
Though your way be tinged with care
There is a love and joy behind them,
When you with another share.

WEDGEWOOD

A new motif in dainty Lucite

BOUDOIR ACCESSORIES

ART of the olden days inspires the *motif* for this delicate new LUCITE design. Its soft, neutral blue, so characteristic of Josiah Wedgewood's artistry, makes this a set to grace any dressing table, to harmonize with any boudoir colour ensemble. What gift could be more welcome . . . more certain to give lasting pleasure?

Wedgewood is but one of many new designs which give LUCITE Boudoir Accessories their rich, delicate beauty. Ming, Watteau, Empire, Orchis, Diane, Venetia, and Crystal are all equally alluring patterns.

On request we will gladly send an illustrated brochure describing these beautiful new Boudoir Accessories, which make delightful Christmas gifts. Available at all the smart shops.

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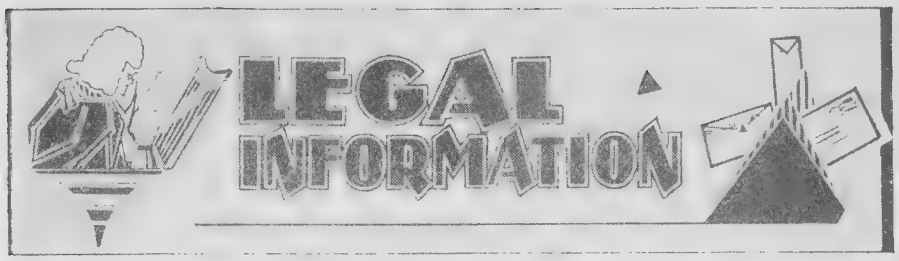

This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

WE AGAIN wish to draw to the attention of our readers the duty of care which is imposed on them in the signing of documents. The law says generally that if you sign a document you must be prepared to abide by the consequence even though you have not read the contents and do not know what the document contains. The following facts will show how comprehensive is this legal doctrine.

One of the banks sued a farmer on a guarantee given to secure the payment to the bank of an indebtedness owing by a second farmer. The guarantee was signed by the first farmer who was a foreigner who could not read English. He was born in Russia of German parentage; he had gone to a German school in Manitoba and though he had learnt to read and write in German he could read but little English, and could not write English beyond being able to sign his name. It was, however, shown that he was a successful farmer and understood something about banking matters. This farmer when sued on his guarantee set up the defence that when he signed the guarantee, he understood that it only referred to the past indebtedness of his friend and not to any future indebtedness, whereas the guarantee signed included both types of indebtedness. He also tried to claim that before he signed the guarantee he asked the bank manager if it referred to any future advances to his friend, but the court held that there was no discussion about the matter. The trial judge held that because of the farmer's obvious inferior capacity to understand the purpose of the guarantee, there was a duty cast upon the bank manager to explain in detail every item of the document which he wished the farmer to sign. However, when the case went to the Court of Appeal, it was held that no such duty was required from the Bank

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Trochu, Alberta.

Q.—Owing to the nature of your questions we have omitted them but our answers are as follows:

A.—1. There is no right of action against the man except civil action for divorce or separation.

2. The same answer applies to this question.

3. Neither the wife nor the husband can prevent the other party from conducting themselves as they see fit. The husband cannot prevent the wife going wherever she pleases, but if either party is guilty of infidelity the other party may leave himself open to an action for divorce.

4. The wife cannot force her husband to sell his property. In respect of real property she has the right, under the Dower Act, to prevent the husband selling the property without her consent, and before she gave any such consent she could stipulate for such share in the proceeds as could be agreed upon.

5. The woman would have the right of civil action for separation or divorce. She would have to produce some evidence corroborating her statements. Admissions from either party to a disinterested party would be good evidence in corroboration.

6. The woman would be justified in leaving her husband and would have a right to claim maintenance from him during the separation. It is in the discretion of the court as to whether the custody of the children will be granted to the husband or to the wife. If it would be possible to prove the statements which you set out we think that the custody of the children would be given to the wife.

Camrose, Alberta.

Q.—I am writing again in regard to our letter published in the October number of your magazine.

We put the case before a lawyer here who wrote a letter to the employer, but he only replied that if we took it to court his Trade Association would protect him.

The lawyer informed us that as the employer was likely a good friend of the judge we did not stand a very good chance of winning the case.

Is there a court here in Canada where people who cannot afford to hire a lawyer can have their cases heard free of charge, or would you advise us to drop the matter?—O.B.O.

A. It is not necessary to have a solicitor when engaging in a law-suit, but it is always advisable to do so if the other side is represented. If your case is very simple there will be no difficulty in your obtaining a judgment. If you are so successful the greater portion of the costs will be paid by the other side, provided you can collect your judgment. Very often it is possible to arrange with a solicitor to act for you if you are prepared to pay his disbursements. We do not know of any Civil Court where people who cannot afford to hire a lawyer can have their cases heard free of charge. The proceedings in your case should not amount to more than fifteen or twenty dollars.

We wish, however, to point out that the statement that any judge in the Dominion of Canada would be influenced by a litigant is far removed from the actual fact. It is a matter of pride to the average Canadian citizen that their judges are immune from any influence and can be relied upon without question of doubt to perform their duties fearlessly and honorably. You can therefore disregard any suggestion that the judge in question will be influenced by your opponent or his legal adviser.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—I own a cottage in a suburb of Winnipeg. For eight years I have paid a heavier tax than the owner of the cottage next door. Both cottages are the same size, lots the same even to walks and outside sheds. The assessor admitted to me that in some way or other there was a mistake. Can I collect overpaid taxes? In case of being under-taxed can the municipality collect. If the house is enlarged and not reported to the building inspector, can the municipality collect back taxes and water rate on added rooms?

If the municipality condemns a house is the owner taxed the same as when the house was in use, or for land only?—N.W.

A.—If you pay more than the amount of the taxes levied on your property you can recover the surplus. But if you think you have been overtaxed because your assessment is too high you have no right to claim the excess. Once the Council has completed the assessment roll and the tax has been levied you cannot maintain that you have overpaid the taxes. The time for you to object is at the time when the assessment is being made, but before the tax is levied. Similarly, if the assessment is too low the municipality cannot collect any further taxes after the assessment roll is completed. When the assessment roll is finally settled it fixes the amount of taxes for that year. If your assessment is too high you should have the assessor revise the assessment. [Continued on page 66]

36,783 Shareholders...living in 32 Different Countries...own

the Securities of

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA

and Affiliated Companies

FROM its inception four years ago, Power Corporation has grown into an organization controlling or owning a substantial interest in Canadian and foreign utilities with combined assets in excess of $300,000,000. Combined gross earnings for year ended June 30th, 1929, amounted to $30,759,761.00.

The twelve affiliated companies of Power Corporation serve an area of 11,450 square miles, with a population in excess of 1,500,000. From July 1st, 1928, to June 30th, 1929, these companies sold 1,958,306,088 Kilowatt hours of electric energy to 181,029 customers. 64,474 additional gas users makes a total of 245,503 customers.

Combined plant capacity of Power Corporation affiliated companies amounts to 732,340 h.p. 232,000 additional horsepower is now under development. Total ultimate capacity amounts to 2,030,050 h.p.

COUNTRIES IN WHICH SECURITIES ARE HELD

Canada	*Dominica*
United States of America	*Austria*
England	*Peru*
Scotland	*Barbadoes*
Antigua	*British Honduras*
India	*Switzerland*
France	*Uganda*
Spain	*Ireland*
Cuba	*Wales*
Newfoundland	*Portugal*
Japan	*Monaco*
Belgium	*Germany*
Canal Zone	*China*
Azores	*Porto Rico*
Italy	*Honolulu*
Ceylon	*Jamaica*

We consider Power Corporation Common Stock an attractive investment at current market quotations

PRICE: *At the Market*

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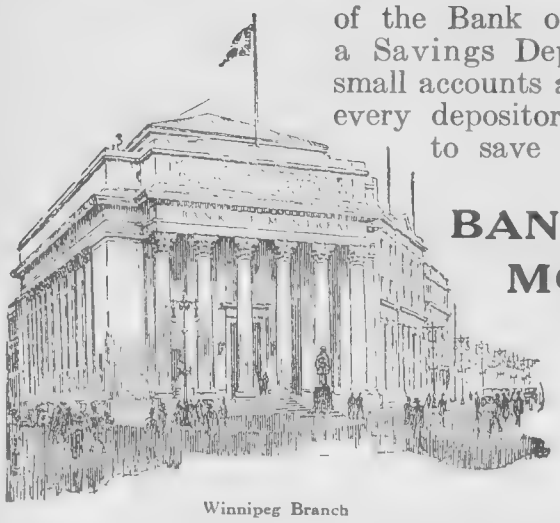

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Enclosed find one dollar for which send The Western Home Monthly for one year to—

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Legal Information

Continued from page 65

immediately so that the necessary correction would appear in the 1930 assessment roll.

The municipality cannot increase the assessment after the assessment roll has been fixed by the council and the tax notices issued.

When the municipality assesses land it has the right to assess the land at its value and the buildings thereon at two-thirds of their value. If the buildings have been condemned for habitation obviously they have very little value and the assessment should therefore be amended accordingly for the following years.

Lethbridge, Alberta.

Q.—I would like your advice in the following.

Two brothers in a herd law district let their horses run at large. They both have the same brand, and one is a poundkeeper.

When their horses are taken to the pound they are only returned home. If I take them to the nearest next pound the other brother could claim the horses. What can I do?—P.K.S.

A.—Your legal right is an action for damages against the poundkeeper for failing to collect damages for you for the injuries caused by the horses while running at large. This is an ordinary court action and you should have no difficulty in obtaining Judgment.

You also should report the case to the municipalities which appoint these men as poundkeepers. If there is any such breach of their duty you should have no difficulty obtaining redress by applying to the Council of the Municipality.

Calgary, Alberta.

Q.—Your magazine has been both a pleasure and help to me during the past five years, but your reply to M.B.H.W. in November number, under Legal Questions, page 70, has caused me some worry.

My daughter, a Canadian, some years ago married a Canadian, who had been previously married in Canada, but obtained a divorce in the States, because of cost of divorce in Canada. He had two children by his first wife who retained them. My daughter married him in the State in which the divorce was obtained and they returned to Canada and have lived here ever since.

What will be the effect, in case of death, of either on property bought and owned jointly by them? Will the first wife or children of first marriage have any claims on such property in case my daughter is left a widow— and if so what can be done to protect her?

Thanking you in advance I remain.
M.E.H.

A.—We presume from your letter that the husband had not acquired a permanent home and legal domicil in the State where he obtained his divorce. In the case of the death of either party then, upon strict interpretation of the law, neither husband nor wife could inherit from the other. On the other hand unless the question was raised by the first wife, it is extremely doubtful that the point would ever be considered by a court. If the survivor claims the estate, he or she will probably have no difficulty in obtaining it.

If property is bought and owned jointly by both the husband and wife, then it would be possible, in the case of Real Property at least, for the survivor to take the whole interest of whichever one dies first. Any lawyer could assist them in making the title read so that they would hold the property in what is known as "joint tenure" and not "tenure in common."

Our suggestion would be that each party should make a Will disposing of all property in favor of the other party. This will be almost completely effective to protect the surviving party from any claim by the first wife.

What, We Wonder, Does This Mean?

Quebec women have again been refused the right to vote in provincial elections, but elections there are generally so one-sided that the disability is not as grave as it would be in other provinces.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

YOU can get prompt relief from those nagging rheumatic pains of back, legs, arms, neck and other affected parts by rubbing in Absorbine, Jr. This powerful liniment penetrates into the congested areas, bringing the needed warmth which awakens the circulation, banishes pain and stiffness and restores limberness. Always keep a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., handy. At your druggist's —$1.25 per bottle.

For lumbago or sciatica rub with

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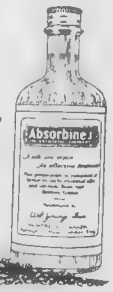

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THE month of October will remain for many years impressed upon the minds and hearts of the investing public. Startling headlines in the newspapers told how the bottom had fallen out of the stock market; that billions of dollars had been lost, that the tape in New York was running an hour, two hours behind the market; that the large banking interests had rallied to the support of the market; that the "bears" had the "bulls" on the run; that in one day alone something like fifteen million shares had been traded in; that huge blocks of stocks sometimes fifty and one hundred thousand shares were thrown overboard for whatever price could be realized regardless of their value; and finally that owing to the disorganized state of the market it would be necessary to close the markets altogether for a few days in order to allow the brokers to catch up with their orders and repair the damage as far as was possible.

To the average reader the stock market is a matter of great mystery. One of our readers has suggested that we explain the terms "bulls" and "bears," "long" and "short." A "bull" investor is one who believes that prices are going higher whilst a "bear" investor is one who believes that the market is going down. A person who is "long" is one who is buying shares in the hope of selling at a higher price; a person who is "short" is one who is selling stock in the anticipation that before he is called upon to deliver his certificates the price will be lower, thus enabling him to buy in the stock at a lower price. The right to sell "short" is confined to listed stocks but can be exercised on any of the leading stock exchanges.

For the past few years the world has seen a development of a "bull" market hitherto unprecedented. All notions of sanctity and security of bonds were swept overboard in the overwhelming desire to purchase common stock of corporations which were mounting higher and higher. In spite of the warning of experienced economists the public kept on borrowing money at higher rates to reinvest in stocks which were only paying two or three per cent but in whose ultimate rise they had the utmost confidence. Private firms, as well as investment trusts, with large supplies of capital lying idle competed with the banks in pouring their vast resources into Wall Street to keep up the merry game. It was, however, a question of time before the whole structure became top heavy and when the crash came, it reverberated throughout the world's financial centres. Paper profits were swept away like the early morning mist at the approach of the morning sun; frenzied calls for margins and more margins precipitated the debacle; many were ruined.

A writer in the New York Times gives as his opinion the following reasons for the smash:

"The necessity for the readjustment of price levels for many issues which have been selling at from fifteen to a hundred and fifty times their earnings, the result of over-enthusiastic public buying and pool manipulation.

The loss of confidence in the general market situation by the public because of the repeated sharp declines since September 1.

The continued pressure on the market by liquidation, especially in the "blue-chip" issue.

Selling by thousands of foreign holders, particularly in the railroad shares, and the return to their homes of the foreign funds which have been employed here.

Strategic selling for the decline by many powerful bears who picked up vulnerable spots for heavy selling.

Moderately lower ratios of operation in the basic industries, due to some extent at least to the high rates of business last summer, reflected particularly in the decline in iron and steel production, in automotive production, and in building operations."

The questions uppermost in the minds of the average individual are: Has the bottom been reached? Is there anything fundamentally unsound in our financial structure? Are our industries sound? Courageous indeed would one be to prophesy how far bottom has been touched. After the markets had been closed for a few days and the first wave of hysteria had passed away there was a reaction, but the reaction was short lived and the market again became unsteady and weak. At the date of writing no improvement is visible and the market seems to lack any decided leadership. The statement is not to be taken as an admission that our industries or our financial structure is unsound. We honestly believe that a great number of stocks, particularly Canadian issues, are at bargain prices, but likewise we believe that there will be no great appreciation for some little time. If you decide to buy, buy from the investment and not the speculative point of view. In doing so you will reap a handsome reward in the future.

Closely allied to the market situation is that of the wheat market. It too has become affected and has suffered a severe slump which has been partly due to the stock market and partly due to the unwillingness of the Pool to sell at bargain prices to English buyers. It is an open secret that there is a tremendous conflict raging between the Pool and the Old Country buyers. The latter are determined that they are going to force the Pool to sell at whatever price they give; regardless as to whether it will pay our producers or not; on the other hand the Pool officials are as equally determined that they shall market the grain of their members when they deem it advisable and advantageous to do so. There have been some critics of the Pool who claim vociferously that the holding back of the grain is causing real hardship to the producer and the public. The pool answers this (and in its answer it is supported by a large number of news papers) by asserting that to dump wheat on the market at present would cause a loss much greater than even the loss which is being claimed by its opponents; that it is only a question of time before the European buyer will have to purchase our wheat on our terms; and that it is financially in a position to withstand the siege. We believe that this is the correct view. We have but a small crop from the point of view of quantity and every dollar that can be obtained for our farmers should be obtained. Wheat is a necessity and will have to be bought sooner or latter.

The following extract from an article by Robert Stead sums up the farmers' attitude:

"No longer is the farmers' wheat rushed into the markets of the world in two or three months, producing a glut which in turn produces a slump in prices. The old law of supply and demand still holds, but the farmer is meeting the demand scientifically instead of haphazardly. By pooling his wheat and placing the sale of it in the hands of experts who have exceptional facilities to know the wheat situation both at home and abroad the farmer is assuring himself the full value of his product without necessarily causing any increase in the cost to the ultimate consumer. That is not the pool farmer's idea. He wants wheat to be sold at a moderate price; so as to encourage wheat consumption. But he is the man who did the work; he is the man who sweat in the [Continued on page 84]

What Shall We Give?

BACK through the centuries Christmas has always been a time for the giving of presents—big or little things to delight and gladden the hearts of children and their elders.

But where are the Christmas presents of other years—the toys, the useful things? Broken—worn out—forgotten.

Keep alive the spirit of your gift. Let it bring happiness and contentment from year to year—add a Royal Bank Savings Book to your list of Christmas presents.

Christmas Presentation Covers are provided for Gift Books.

The Royal Bank of Canada

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"I *know* they'll all be pleased!"

JIMMY, with his bright new Pocket Ben watch . . . how proud and happy he will be! And I can just hear 'Sis' say . . . "A Baby Ben, in Old Rose, too, to match the color of my room!" And dear, punctual, practical Dad, how his eyes will sparkle when he opens his package and finds a *Big Ben*.

Westclox *are* welcome gifts, beautiful, *useful*. In the long, faithful service they render there is definite manifestation of the spirit of sincerity that prompted the giving and a *daily* reminder of the love and esteem of the donor.

There's an extensive variety of Westclox to choose from. *Alarms* in lustrous nickel or exquisite colour . . . so refined in beauty of design and finish that they may also be employed as *timepieces* in any room in the home; good looking and dependable *Pocket Watches* for men and boys; an attractive and reliable *Auto clock* for the car; and Tiny Tim, a handy little timekeeper *without* alarm for the desk of a business associate . . . the classroom . . . the study . . . or for the handbag of one who travels.

Westclox prices range from $1.75 to $6.25 . . . selections may be made to conform with your Christmas budget.

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Westclox

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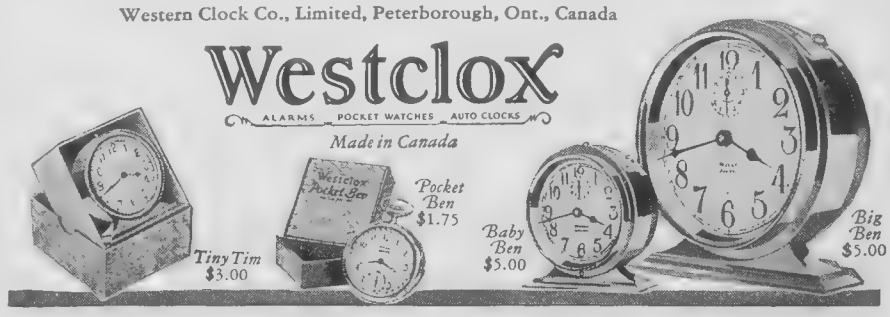
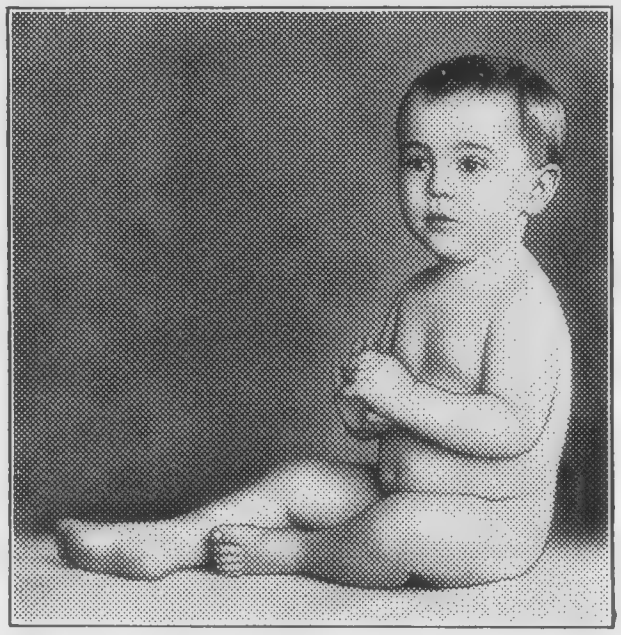
Made in Canada



Read what the mother of this lovely Canadian Baby says:



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Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to tell you what Virol has done for my baby. At 3 months it was a hard problem to find a food suitable. He had indigestion so bad and was *so frail and lifeless, fretting and could not sleep.*

I got a tin of Virol and put ½ egg-spoon in his bottle as he could only take skim milk; he seemed more satisfied and went to sleep for 2 hours which was such a relief to me.

I have continued to give him Virol and he now weighs 21 lbs.; he will be 10 months on January 21st. I just give him ½ teaspoonful in 4 feedings and 2 I leave without Virol, *"which does not please him" as he likes his Virol.*

He has eight teeth and is in splendid condition with *a smile for everyone.*

Virol is a wonderful food and well worth the money. I am very happy to give you particulars and I am glad to give you full permission to publish any of them at any time.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. W. J. TRACY.

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Peace on Earth

Continued from page 18

And the laws of love that apply in the home, apply in the nation. Interdependence, mutual emancipation from any form of petty tyranny, mutual interest to the common good. Peace will then mean progress unhampered by fear, and ruled by the great law of love; of "Goodwill toward men."

"To believe in loveliness," is surely to believe in the accentuation of integral values—in ourselves, in one another, in our homes, in our business, in our country. To bring out the best is to create loveliness. In times of war, destruction and suspicion go hand in hand, the shallows of self-interest hold us. With the prospect of permanent peace, our healthy interest in constructive development stirs from its post-war lethargy, and the impulse to create loveliness in every form, is seen increasing everywhere. Loveliness in the form of better homes, better education, better products, better everything. Loveliness in every impulse toward integral values.

"To believe in belief." War-catastrophe and depression had so poisonous an effect that our belief in everything was challenged — belief in ourselves, belief in each other, belief in other nations, in the spiritual progress of humanity, belief even in the justice of God. With a world-desire for peace and tolerant understanding of one another, there will creep back the firm beliefs that mean a decent civilization, a liveable world. Belief in love, belief in work, belief in the beauty of simplicity, belief in the need of sincerity—some people have held to these throughout the long struggle to get back to normalcy. Many have wavered from the old belief in the fundamentals. Peace will steady us. We will find our feet again. The hard sophistication that is miscalled "moderism" will soften and give way to gentler evidences of wisdom in living.

And there shall be "Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men."

From Peak to Peak

Continued from page 11

said that as soon as she got it she rushed right to Mr. Rotherwell and just made him promise to give the Colony electricity. Did you ever hear of anything so——"

"I've got to confess," Joe said, but not very humbly. "I—that tray is down at the shop, Jess. I thought Kay deserved something better from you, so I sent her something a little better."

"Why, the very idea!" Jess exclaimed. "That was a lovely tray. But what on earth did you send her?"

"Well, so to speak," said Joe grinning, "I sent her phonograph records."

"For the land's sakes! Phonograph records!"

"So to speak," said Joe. "I learned about women from you, woman! I sent her a toaster—an electric toaster that toasts the toast and pushed it up out of the heat the instant it is nice and brown."

But Kay had no electricity—"

"That's what I thought," said Joe, with one of his grins. "And you didn't have a phonograph. But you have one now. And Kay has a grandfather. And she had a brand new shiny electric toaster. I thought she'd do some tall coaxing with that grandfather of hers. And I figure that my sales of lamps in the Colony next year will be—"

"Why, Joe Carsey," exclaimed Jess, but not with much more venom than there is in a violet, "I think you're terrible! Why, you're a—a regular tempter."

"So," said Joe Carsey cheerfully, "is your Aunt Ella."

Like Modest, Shrinking Violets

It is hoped that the Premier of Australia, by rebuking the United States for being "far too modest," will have done something to inspire American citizens with the self-confidence in which hitherto they have been so conspicuously lacking.—Singapore Free Press.

"See, Mother

this makes the new Bissell better!"

WHY not a new, improved Bissell for Mother's Christmas? The new Bissell sweeps any surface, from heavy, tufted rugs to bare floors . . . easier! A marvelous new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control causes the brush to adjust itself automatically so that it maintains contact with *any surface.* You need scarcely "bear down" on the handle. You really must see the new Bissell. Your leading furniture, hardware, or department store will gladly demonstrate.

A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$6.25 and up (25c more in the West). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory) and Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Chubby--The Naughtiest Orphan

Continued from page 20

After that life with its daily routine became to Chubby like the drippings of a sun-touched icicle, not a variation in a million drips, thus he had reached the magnificent age of five and a half years when he experienced his first thrilling adventure, that for the moment made life a land of dreams come true.

HE HAD become on a certain rainy afternoon in late November Big Chief Wompus, an Indian of tremendous valour, a Goliath with nerve enough to hide beneath the oak table that occupied a prominent place in the centre of the Orphanage Board-room, an admirable place to play-act, undisturbed by the clatter of the other children, until the appearance of many feet that surrounded the table, had hemmed him in.

This was carrying reality too far. Somehow he no longer felt like Big Chief Wompus but like a very frightened little boy.

Still, if he crouched close to the fat round table-leg in the middle of his hiding place and scarcely breathed, perhaps—

Once the continuous hum of the voices above nearly sent him off to the Land of Nod but manfully making a special effort he fought off the sleepy sensation that threatened to overcome him and stoically waited wide-eyed until the last pair of feet had moved away and he heard the welcome tap, tap, of departing footsteps upon the old painted wooden floor.

He sighed.

At last he was alone. But he must take care before Old Mother Gloom discovered his whereabouts, or—

He was a bit shaky as he crawled cautiously out, nearly bumping his head upon the edge of the long table as he stood upright.

For a moment the rays of a late afternoon sun dazzled his eyes but as he became accustomed to the brightness he found himself blinking into the kindest blue eyes that he had ever had occasion to gaze upon.

"I forgot my gloves!" informed this visitor chumily and Chubby saw him remove a grey colored pair from the end of the table beside him.

Something of the old Chubby blossomed in the next few stolen moments he spent with this gay young man who informed him that he had just been elected to the directorate of the Orphanage.

It sounded very grand to Chubby and he wondered when he contemplated the blue eyes in front of him, eyes that crinkled at the corners just like his own did when he smiled if he would like to become such a marvelous person when he grew up.

"So you are a great Indian Chief?" questioned Chubby's hero solemnly.

Chubby nodded a speechless yes as he ran his fingers hesitatingly up and down his visitor's overcoat and turned a wistful face upwards.

"An' you won't tell?" pleaded Chubby confidentially, as he clung to this newly found friend of the crinkly eyes so like his very own.

"An' I won't tell!" echoed his hero earnestly. "But I will tell Old Santa to bring you the finest Indian suit that he has in his sack on Christmas. How's that for a promise, Big Fellow!"

There was a funny lump in Chubby's throat that prevented him from uttering a word, still he knew by the way his hero watched him that he understood his silent gratitude and love.

He lived in a Chubby-made sphere after that heart-stirring visit. A world where there was no huge stone building that harbored hundreds of little children who had not a single daddie or mummie to tuck them up in bed at night. Still he was happy in the thought that maybe some day his hero would return and carry him away, in the meantime, there was the Indian suit that Santa was going to bring for sure.

AS Christmas Day drew near Chubby experienced a ticklish sensation that threatened to smother him whenever he pictured himself in full Indian regalia. True his hero had not returned but Chubby knew that those crinkly blue eyes that matched his own would not fail him.

When Chubby at last found himself waiting in line beside the tall Christmas tree in the Board Room of the Orphanage his legs felt like Perkie's looked when he had first discovered him in the hallway of the home a bit weak in the knee joints.

The tree he thought had a much gayer look then on former years and there seemed to be a jolliness about Old Santa Claus that had been missing on several other festive demonstrations.

When he at last advanced to greet Old Santa he stopped squarely in front of this smiling rotund person and turning a trustful face in his direction he took the muffler, orange and bag of candy that was his portion, then waited expectantly, only to be pulled back in line by the attendant on duty in none too gentle a manner.

He was too dazed all that night to accept the real truth. Too heartbroken to really realize until the day after Christmas that his hero of the crinkly eyes had forgotten him.

It was not exactly a sulky look that Chubby wore after that heart-piercing experience. Something inside of him had just ceased to function. Chubby had lost faith in his fellowmen and his deep disappointment in humanity was now mirrored in his deep blue eyes, eyes that seldom crinkled now, for life had simply crushed the chuckle out of Chubby.

As the days and weeks passed Chubby lost all hope, for undoubtedly no one would ever adopt the Naughtiest Orphan.

Day after day he watched with fluttering heart his little companions one after another trip happily away with a proud new mamma or chesty papa, until there dawned one sunlit day when he was nearly six years old, the afternoon the Sad-Eyed Lady came, only to repeat her visits until Chubby was sure that Percy, the good, little Percy who pinched you when Old Mother Gloom wasn't looking, was to be the favored one.

The last visit she had payed to the Orphanage Chubby had smiled at her and crinkled his eyes. Somehow the surprise that Percy, the meek would give this new mamma had suddenly struck him as rather amusing, but he had sobered quickly the moment he had felt Old Mother Gloom's eyes upon him.

Then there came that all too bewildering day. The morning the Grey Clad Nurse had taken him away in a shining grey motor to the big house of the Sad-Eyed Lady.

He was too thrilled with the navy blue sailor suit that the Grey Clad Nurse had helped him into the following day to take particular notice of his surroundings. Too excited to note the gloom of the sad-eyed lady until he had overheard her remark to a fluffy-haired lady all sparkly and pink, in a voice that sounded hopeless and sort of far away, "I thought a child might help. His eyes you know, but I am not quite sure."

Chubby wondered if she referred to his own eyes thus he spent half the day crinkling them before the little mirror that formed a part of the cunning enamelled suite that was now his very own.

As the days flew by and he saw less of the Sad-Eyed Lady Chubby was troubled. He really did not now feel as depressed as he looked these days. The truth was he was just the least bit in awe of the rambling house and the lion-like steps of the servants who came and went so systematically and so silently.

THEN one evening Old Man Adventure was reborn in his breast. A night that he had had an unexpected peep into the Sad-Eyed Lady's bedroom. Through her half-opened door on his way to his nursery tea he had seen the most fascinating little doll, a much befrilled little lady whose taffeta skirts seemed to be filled with a rosy glow, a brightness that caught his eye immediately. [Continued on page 75]

ASTHMA

For 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has been relieving and preventing attacks of bronchial asthma, permitting restful sleep. Let its antiseptic vapours end the terrors of your attacks and bring comfort to you.

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Good Old-Fashioned Eye Sight

THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM saves sight, rebuilds eyes and makes victory over glasses possible. Now in use in 30 countries. Always sold on 30 days' approval.

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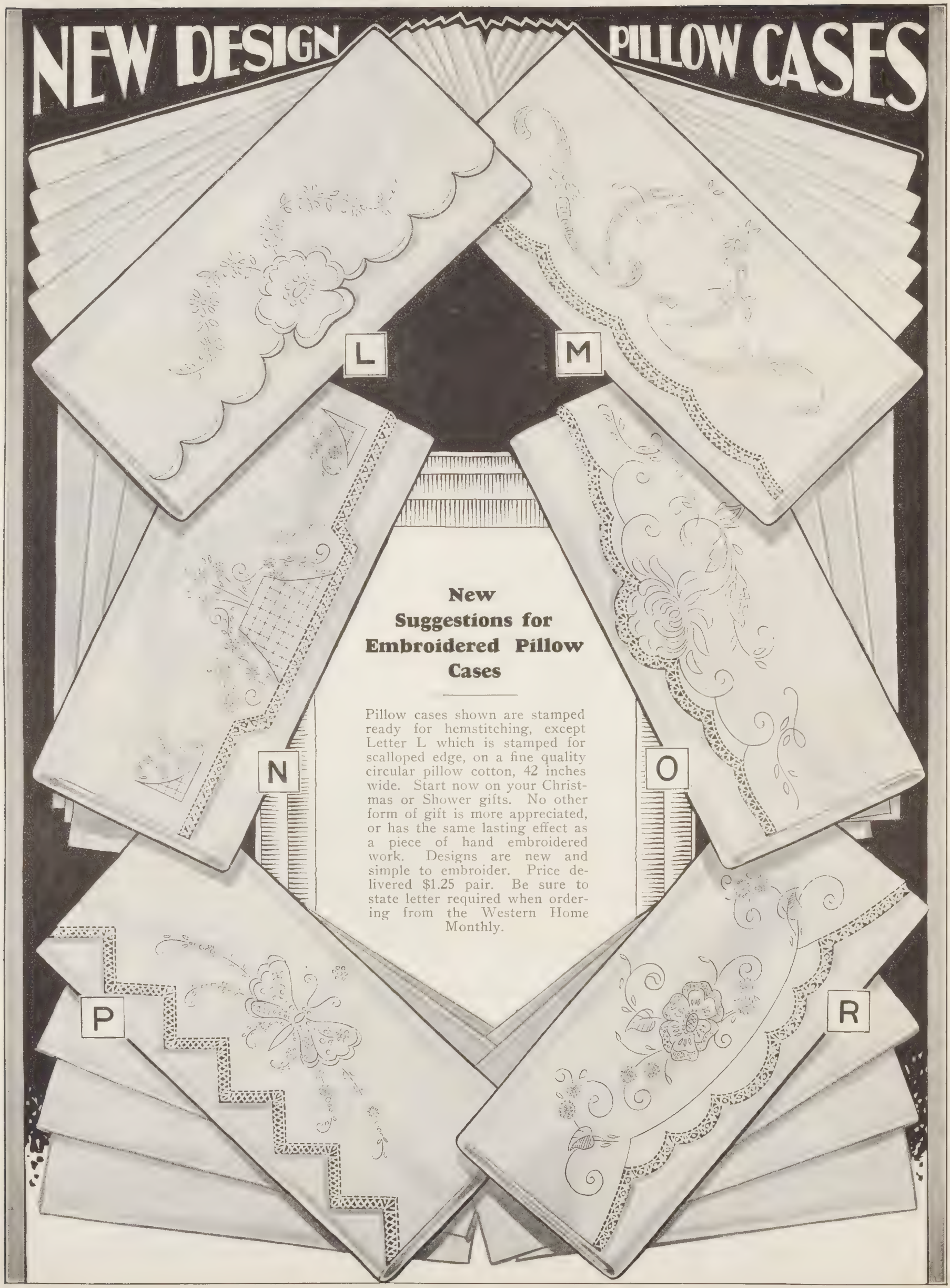
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See Page 88 For Descriptive Matter—

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A ROLLICKING, FROLICSOME CHRISTMAS
No wonder Goofy looks so glad
And Golly feels so gay
For Christmas Eve and Santa Claus
Are not so far away.
Old Goofy strums a cheerful tune
And Golly pipes a fling
While Gog's arrayed like Santa Claus
White furs and everything.
They're going to have a merry time
This Yule-tide, girls and boys,
With lots of candies, fruit and cake
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But they have asked me tell you all
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Chubby--The Naughtiest Orphan

Continued from page 69

Thus later that night as he lay wide-eyed and alone in his darkened bedroom he wondered if he dared just take one more look.

He knew that the Sad-Eyed Lady had not come upstairs yet for the hall light was still burning brightly and she never failed to turn it low.

By the ray of a late moon he got his little blue and white wooly dressing-gown and slipped it easily over his pale blue silk pajama suit, then cautiously moved out of his bed-room and down the deserted hall.

Yes, there was the little lady still as rosy as the last time he had seen her.

With a cat-like tread he entered the room and softly closed the door after him.

For the next few moments the little Rosy Lady was forgotten for the different shaped bottles upon the rose silk-covered dresser held him spellbound. Bottles that were filled with such exquisite smelly things when you pressed the odd little rubber balls attached to them. And the low set canopied bed was also inviting with its mass of lace and silk pillows that were sprawled about in graceful piles.

Chubby thought the bed would make an ideal Indian tent, a—

Suddenly he stopped and stared with sparkling eyes upon the little Rosy Lady resting upon the bed table in front of him. She was even more desirable up close, more—Chubby stretched out a timid hand to touch her, then stood rigid and peered steadily at a photograph in a radiant silver frame resting near the little Rosy Lady.

For a second he never stirred, then with renewed courage and with a determined look upon his startled face he caught up the picture in his trembling hands, only to turn terror-stricken as the bed-room door flung open wide and the Sad-Eyed Lady gazed with shocked eyes upon him.

"You naughty boy! What are you doing out of bed at this hour?"

Chubby felt the photograph being gently removed from his hands and saw it then replaced upon the bedside table like a person in a dream.

Even when he was drawn towards the frilly bed where the Sad-Eyed Lady had seated herself he could only think of one thing to say, so he repeated it rapidly.

"He forgot!"

Chubby pointed inelegantly at the photograph and turned a flushed face upwards.

"Forgot!" he muttered emphatically.

Now that he had unburdened his soul at last he might as well make it perfectly clear.

"He forgot to tell Santa!" he insisted.

"Forgot what?" followed up the Sad-Eyed Lady excitedly and Chubby saw that he would have to start at the very beginning and relate everything.

He couldn't quite understand why the Sad-Eyed Lady wept during his recital but then there had been so many perplexing things in life, so many, many things that he had never understood.

When he finally completed his story the Sad-Eyed Lady did the most astounding thing. She nearly smothered him with an avalanche of hurried kisses. Chubby had never been caressed in that manner before and he wished the Sad-Eyed Lady would always do it that way if it meant that at last he was really wanted and loved.

"You blessed baby. He didn't forget! He didn't forget!"

And somehow Chubby knew that she referred to his hero and when he had listened to a strange, strange story—how his friend of the crinkly blue eyes had been the husband of the Sad-Eyed Lady. How a terrible illness called the "flu" had taken him away before he had even time to think of the Indian suit, Chubby knew it was indeed his gay young friend. [Continued on page 76]

The Most Beautiful BLACK you have *ever seen*

"THE most beautiful black you've ever seen!" "All my friends admire my *new* black silk!" "The coat I thought was hopelessly spotted is now a new, beautiful black!" These are typical comments from women who have used these true, jet-black dyes.

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In the Days of My Youth

Continued from page 6

room, who wished somebody to play the boy in "Betsy" in the provinces.

I asked for three pounds a week, Sir Charles offered two, but with my heart in my mouth, I stuck out and was eventually engaged. "At last a full-blown actor," I said. Ah, what youthful egotism, and yet how natural!

We opened at Newcastle, and you may guess how fresh I was to stage when I tell you my only idea of living in a strange town was to put up at the best hotel. It never occurred to me that three pounds a week would not go very far, and I am afraid my knowledge of the value of money was practically nil.

During that first royal week I put up at the Station Hotel, and was, I think, in the eyes of the company, the wonder and admiration of the town.

I fancy they thought I was a titled amateur. But my brief splendor came to an end with a hideous crash. When I received my bill, my salary would not cover it and the hotel people would not let me depart.

If the manager of the Company had not advanced me another week's salary I'm afraid I should have been there today—in pawn.

Five weeks' touring saw me once more among the unemployed, and it was eight months before I received an engagement as one of the Lyceum Young Men. We were really small-part supers and little did I think what I looked upon as a temporary matter would become fifteen years' association under Henry Irving, one of the most wonderful personalities the British stage has ever known.

I went to him raw and unfinished; I came away well equipped, as my critics kindly say, with a sound technique.

This reminds me of Irving saying, when I had been excessively stupid at rehearsal:

"My boy, you ought to be paying ME, for teaching YOU, instead of expecting ME to pay YOU."

And he was quite right.

It was during those Lyceum days I first became friendly with Miss N. de Silva, now Lady Martin Harvey, and I should just like to say in concluding these few rambling records, that in all my successes and my disappointments she has been a never-failing source of encouragement. Now as years roll by, and we sit quietly together for an hour or two by the fireside—actors do this, like other people you know—we enjoy a chat about the days of my youth.

Chubby--The Naughtiest Orphan

Continued from page 75

Chubby did not know whether to laugh or cry. He was overwhelmed at the thought that his hero had gone to Heaven Above but then there was a great joy in his heart too, for his first real friend had not forgotten him, he had not broken faith.

With troubled eyes he contemplated the picture of the young man facing him, then with a quick movement he crawled up beside the Sad-Eyed Lady seated on the bed and snuggled close.

There was a huge lump in his throat as he reached up and timidly patted her tear-stained cheek, then with a nod to his smiling young hero whose crinkly blue eyes seemed to say, "Carry on, Big Fellow! Carry on!" Chubby crinkled his own deep blue eyes and smiled through a blur of dewy tears into the fair young face of his Sad-Eyed Lady.

"My baby! My Big Fellow with John's crinkly blue eyes!" sobbed the Sad-Eyed Lady and somehow Chubby just couldn't suppress the chuckle that had been caged up in him so long, as he felt himself crushed by arms that he knew would never let him go, for Chubby sensed that he and his chuckle had come home to roost.

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Cakes of the Christmas Season

By E. A. Taylor

ACCORDING to the laws of olden England Christmas began at midnight Christmas Eve, and ended midnight Twelfth Night, January 6, the three great Christmas feasts being Christmas Day, Circumcision (January 1) and Twelfth Night. England kept Christmas Day as the great feast, with Twelfth Night a close second, and January 1, third. While Scotland and France made January 1 their greatest day, with Twelfth Night second.

The Christmas cake or cakes, are featured in all the old-time cook-books as much as in ours, but olden England made mince pie her centre sweet on Christmas Day, reserving the Christmas cake for Twelfth Night, and the modern English-speaking world puts plum pudding as the great Christmas dish, though always the Christmas cake, a feast of richness, is also on hand, it being really the old Twelfth Night cake hurried into Christmas Day by the modern rush. Perhaps some day we may keep Twelfth Night, the Feast of the Star, when tradition says the Wise Men reached Bethlehem to adore the Child born in a stable on Christmas Day. The games and quaint ceremonies connected with the third Christmas feast are pretty and worth reviving.

But to return to our Christmas cakes. There were cakes for Christmas Day, but according to the old cook-books these were a kind of glorified gingerbread. We can picture the high ladies of the Middle Ages going down into their kitchens on Christmas Eve to superintend the cooking. Even queens did not disdain to lay aside royal robes and in huge aprons open the spice-cabinets with the keys they always kept. For our ancestors of three centuries ago and before were inordinately fond of spices, especially of pepper; so much so that the grocers of ancient London, and other towns, were always called pepperers, after the favorite, and expensive condiment of those days. Probably it was the almost total lack of fresh meat or green vegetables during the winters that created the craving for hot flavorings. A diet of heavy dark bread and salt meat and fish made the masses drink much more than they should of home-brewed ale, and gave them a legitimate longing for the spiced cakes which Christmas brought to every man in those olden days.

So we see the queen in her kitchen, measuring out the honey to be mixed in the dough prepared by the cook-maids; for sugar is a modern sweetening. Then she unlocks the spice-cabinet with its quantity of little drawers, taking out ginger, pepper and cinnamon, which are mixed together by a lady in waiting. Presumably, these were in equal parts, for ancient cook-books rarely give the quantity of ingredients, it is just, "Add ginger, pepper and cinnamon in great plenty, also honey, when making cakes for Christmas Day."

When the highly spiced and peppered dough was ready for the oven it was cut into shapes, a heart being a favorite, and these were not wee toy cakes but large plump affairs that would give many a big mouthful to even the most husky peasant man. Then before being placed in the oven the queen, or lady of the castle, would measure out almonds or other nuts, shelled, which were set on the top of the each cake, and then going to her spice-cabinet again the queen took out caraway seeds which were sprinkled thickly between the nuts, and so at last the much-flavored ginger-bread was baked, and brought up to serve at the first Christmas meal, between one and two on Christmas morning as the people returned from midnight service.

Christmas Eve in old days was always a fast, when no red meat or rich food might be eaten; a favorite dish peculiar to Christmas Eve was frumenty, wheat boiled in milk. Then at midnight every one went to church, to the joyful Christmas service where exactly at midnight the Gospel of the wondrous birth at Bethlehem was read, then carols were sung, and all partook of Holy Communion.

Then back home. Every great house had open doors that night, for all through the Middle Ages the twelve days of Christmas were the Truce of God when no man might make war; so gates of city or castle or "moated grange" (farmhouse) stood open, and anyone could enter.

We will follow the crowd into the great hall near to the kitchen where we watched the making of gingerbread. The grim weapons of war and frowning suits of armor along the walls are almost hidden tonight by holly and other evergreens. Among the red apples and gilded nuts hung thickly among the bright green foliage one can catch glimpses of shining steel or painted iron, but they might only be toys, for Christmas has masked their terrors, it is the blessed Truce of God!

A hundred tall candles illuminate the scene; the just kindled Yule log blazes on the hearth, and on the long tables is our gingerbread literally in stacks, to be handed out to all who come in. The members of the household, family, servants, and guests, including all manner of relations to the servants as well as the family, have their gifts set out at the upper end of the hall; these are from the lady of the house, and are usually linen or woolen cloths to be made up into garments; when these are for near relations or personal friends the garments are often made up, and richly embroidered. But with every gift, without distinction of rank or relation to the givers, is a large cake of gingerbread.

SO MUCH for the cakes of Christmas Day. January 1 did not seem to have any special cake in England, but Scotland made great preparations for the "Fete of Christ His naming", as they called it in olden days. For then in the churches they read how when the Child was eight days old (January 1 is the eighth day after December 25) He was circumcised according to the Law, and received His name—"JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins."

So on that day in Scotland and France, and some other lands, they had great feasting and merriment. But what were the cakes peculiar to January 1? An old rule of the days of Henry III (1216-1272) says the cake for "Christ His naming" must be of "fine white bread," and an old chorus sung by the children who went round singing on Hogmany Night (New Year's Eve, this is still its Scotch name) is:—

"Hogmany Night! Hogmany Night!
We wish ye all the blessings in sight.
May ye be blessed the whole year roun';
Now gi'e us of your white bread, and
no o' the brown."

The last line is hardly polite, but the young singers were canny and did not intend to be put off with the dark bread which was their daily fare; seemingly white bread by itself was a treat even though it was not sweetened or spiced. Then as people lived better the white bread of the thirteenth century became the rich shortbread, which still comes to our tables on New Year's Day. It is odd that while at the other two Christmas feasts cakes were spiced and made rich with fruits and flavorings, the cake of the centre feast, January 1, was always white. In early writings it is often called the white Yule-dough or the Bawbee-cake, this last being because often the Scotch of the Middle Ages shaped the dough into the semblance of a crib with a baby in it in memory of the Babe who so many years before received His name of Saviour on that day. This custom still lingers in remote parts of Scotland.

[Continued on page 86]

You might as well wear *no stockings at all*

THAT is, for all the protection these gossamer wisps of chiffon give your ankles. It takes very special care, nowadays, to keep your skin smooth and white and lovely—free from chapping and roughening. Each morning, before you dress, rub your ankles—your shoulders and your hands—with almond-scented, protecting Hinds Cream. Spread it on again before you hop into bed. This delightful, magic cream will guard your skin against the deadly effects of cold and rain and chapping winds—will keep it exquisitely firm and white. Rub it into your hands particularly—it keeps your cuticle soft—your knuckles smooth—your whole hands groomed and young. Send the coupon below for a generous sample bottle. See what wonders just a few days' use of Hinds Cream will do for your skin.

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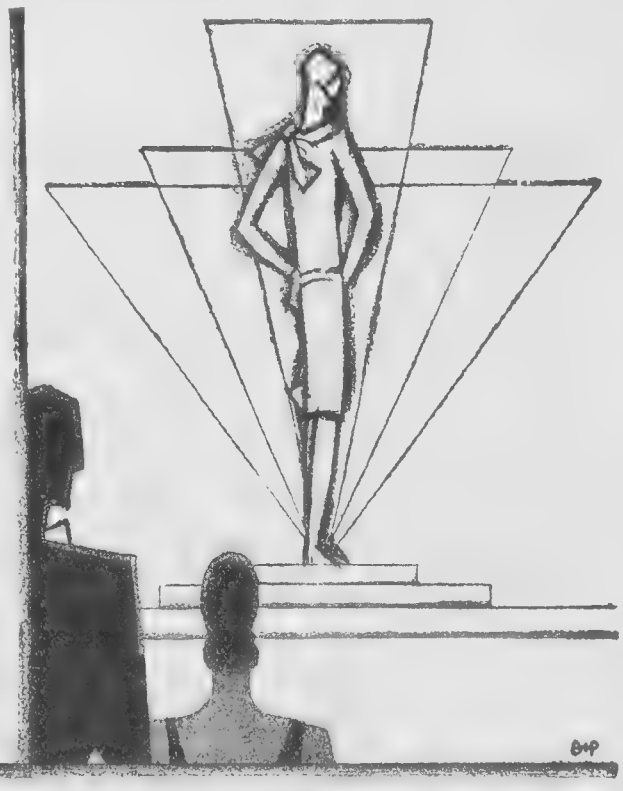

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By Gertrude Dutton

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Ye Puddinge Boiles
And · Bakes · Ye Mince Pye Rare

THIS will be a hard winter for very, very many of us. There will be but little money to spare for non-essentials, expensive food luxuries must be omitted. The holiday spirit may be just as well achieved by using a little ingenuity in decorations and arrangements. No other season offers so much variety of ideas as Christmas and New Years. Red and green and pink may be used in such a variety of decorative schemes. The holiday food lends itself admirably to plans for decorations. The ideas for centre pieces are unlimited, whether for formal or informal occasions. Candles are excellent for almost any plan. In the evening, the glow of candle-light improves everybody's appearance. A beautiful wreath may be made on the table with a base of any evergreen available, little bits of spruce, etc. On this may be arranged bits of color in the form of tiny Jap oranges, small red apples, cranberries, grapes, and the browns of nuts. A small Christmas tree offers many possibilities. It may be planted in a flower-pot, and hung with parcels, all of which are good to eat, candies, nuts, small cakes, etc., tied up in colored or gold or silver tinfoil, or colored ones wrapped in transparent waxed paper. For a party, tiny gifts may be put on the tree for each guest. Many interesting little groups may be arranged with the assistance of small dolls, and with the toy animals which the children may have. There might be a group of shepherds, or a little manger scene. Santa Claus may be used in many, many ways. A little fireplace may be made of cardboard and red paper, and have tiny stockings hung on it. A snow-man could easily be made of cotton batting wrapped around a doll which will stand up alone. Small dolls in winter garments might be arranged in some winter sports scene, perhaps seated on a toboggan, or on a sheet of ice made of a mirror, surrounded by white cotton snow-banks, with artificial snow scattered over it. A basket or dish of gracefully arranged fruits, nuts and raisins is decorative. Or the Christmas cake, decorated, may be used as a centre piece.

Place cards are of infinite variety. At each place may be a small sprig of evergreen to which is tied, with a gay bow of red ribbon, a little candle, and a small card bearing the name, or at the family table the name may be omitted. On a white visiting card for each person, fasten a tiny birthday candle with a drop of paste or glue. Around the candle tie a little bow of ribon. Amusing little dolls are made from "all-day suckers." Dresses are made of scraps of crepe paper, tied on with odds and ends of ribbon, embroidery floss, tinsel cord, etc. Faces are cut from magazine pictures, and pasted on a flat side of the candy, which should first be wrapped with wax-paper. The doll stands up in a wooden button-mold, a flat-sided gum-drop, or a piece of small potato. They might have the names attached. There are many candy favors. Attractive bouquets are made from small bright-colored candies, each wrapped in a bit of pliable transparent waxed paper, the twisted ends of the paper forming stems which are put through a hole in the centre of a small lace-paper doily, which makes a frill around the "flowers." Leaves are cut from green paper and pasted on the frill. Little favors may be made from gum-drops, figs, prunes, etc., in the form of animals, people, etc. The dessert, no matter what it may be, can be decorated with a tiny Christmas tree stuck in it. For the tree, use a large gum-drop, green if possible, shaped by the fingers like a spruce tree, coming to a point at the top. Moisten with white of egg to which a drop or two of water has been added, sprinkle with very tiny colored candies. Let dry, and stick a tooth-pick in for a trunk. The egg-white holds the small candles on the tree.

Individual candy or nut cups of many kinds are easy to make. Tiny white net stockings may be filled and put at each place. Little red chimneys are particularly attractive and suitable. Any heavy red paper is used, especially the construction paper the children use in school. It is of about the quality of ordinary drawing-paper, and may be had in almost any color. On the paper draw with a pencil, a rectangle, 5 inches by 2 inches, marking the four sides, one inch, one and a half, one inch, and one and a half. On one end, leave a flap to paste the box in shape. On the [Continued on page 80]

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My Favorite Christmas Cake so delicious, yet so easy to make.

From "Letters to Mother"
by a Modern Canadian Housewife

"HOW time does fly!" Can you imagine Mother, that Christmas will soon be here again? It suddenly dawned on me last week when Bob came home from the office one evening and said. "Don't you think it's about time you were making the Christmas cake?" So I made it the other day. Bob spied it and insisted on trying it. He was quite delighted with my cake and I will have a job to keep it for Christmas. Bob says he thinks my luck is changing because my baking is so much better, but it isn't luck at all—it's Purity Flour (only I don't tell him so).

I always imagined fruit cake was so difficult to make—until this year, but I have found out that it is much like making any other cake Good results depend chiefly in the blending of the ingredients from the start: the richer the cake recipe is in its proportions of butter, the more cautiously must the mixture be worked to smooth cream as one gradually works the sugar into the butter. The temperature of the oven must be kept very even and quite moderate.

I am looking forward to having you and Dad and Bob's father and mother with us for Christmas this year. I think it will be the happiest, merriest Christmas we ever have had."

Your loving Betty

Betty's Recipes

Purity Flour Light Christmas Cake

2 cups white sugar.
4 eggs. 1 cup butter
½ lb. shredded cocoanut dry.
½ lb. mixed peel chopped.
¼ lb, almonds chopped.
1 cup sweet milk.
1 bottle 6 oz. cherries
1 teaspoonful vanilla flavoring.
3 cups Purity Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder.

Method: Cream the butter, add sugar, 4 eggs beaten, add cocoanut, mixed peel and almonds half of your flour, then the cherries and vanilla. then the milk, finally the rest of the flour, with the baking powder in it. Bake in oven 225° for 1 hour.

Send for the new Purity Flour Cook Book, 200 pages, over 700 tested recipes, some illustrated in colors, mailed to any address for 30 cents.

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bottom of one of the long sides, leave a piece with flaps on the three sides of it, for the bottom of the box. Mark the bricks with a ruler and white ink, cut out, fold and paste. Fireplaces could be made in the same way by varying the measurements of the box, and drawing a suitable opening on one wide side. By the aid of a ruler and compass, many interesting shapes of boxes may be devised, cut out and pasted into the desired form.

A very jolly meal may be served in Christmas stockings, either a breakfast on Christmas morning, supper, or a children's party. In a dormitory dining-room the custom was to serve the breakfast on the last Sunday morning before the Christmas holidays, in stockings placed at each place before opening the dining-room doors. Stockings are quickly made of white mosquito netting, sewed with red yarn, and may be kept from year to year. Each one contains an orange or bright red polished apple, individual packages of cereals, such as shredded wheat, corn-flakes, grape-nuts, etc., tiny packages of sugar, little pats of butter, sweet buns of some sort. Each thing wrapped in either tisue or waxed paper and tied with a gay cord. On the tables were the dishes, cream, coffee, milk, and perhaps jam or jelly. For a children's party, we filled the stockings with individually wrapped sandwiches, cookies, nuts, candy and fruit, and a small gift for each one. For a supper party, or after the game of cards, we filled them with sandwiches, buttered rolls, candy, nuts, little pickles and olives, salad securely wrapped in wax-paper picnic cups, sugar cubes for the coffee, cookies and Christmas cake.

Candy for Christmas

So many people have the impression that Fondant is difficult to make, so never attempt it. But when one masters its secrets, it is a pleasant task associated with the Christmas season, for what makes a more acceptable gift than a box or basket of dainty home-made candies? The big advantage in using fondant is that it may be made some weeks before wanted then finished with very little labor, when needed. If one makes much candy, it is wise to spend the money required for a candy thermometer, which costs about $2 or $2.50, then cooking the syrup to the exact temperature for which the recipe calls. The prepared fondant may be used in such a variety of ways that it pays anybody interested in candy-making to learn how to make it. Much of the success of candy-making depends on the weather. A damp, dull day should be avoided, as the excess moisture in the air prevents the proper evaporation from the boiling syrup, preventing the candy thickening or drying or hardening as it should. The same factor affects boiled frostings.

Plain White Fondant

White sugar 2 c.
Boiling water ½ c.
Cream of tartar ⅛ t or 2 tb light corn syrup

Put in a smooth sauce-pan, stir till the sugar is dissolved, then remove the spoon and do not stir the syrup again. Boil rapidly to 238 F. or to the soft ball stage, when tried in cold water. The water must be really cold, not merely cool. Crystals of sugar will form on the sides of the sauce-pan. With a piece of cheese cloth dipped in cold water, wrung out and tied around a fork, wipe them off carefully, so they will not fall into the boiling syrup. Have ready a platter dipped in cold water. If using a thermometer, place it on the platter with the figures uppermost, so they may be read without disturbing it, pour the hot syrup quickly on the platter, without scraping the sauce-pan. Cool without jarring, to 100 F. till the platter feels luke warm on the bottom, or till the candy when pressed with the finger retains a dent. Then work with a spatula or wooden spoon or candy paddle, till creamy. Then with the hands, knead till firm and smooth. [Continued on page 81]

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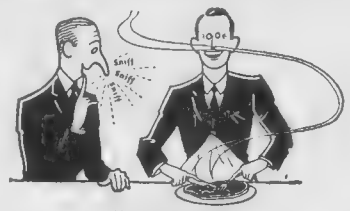

EVER EAT

Ham Like This?

Ham slices an inch thick. Trimmed. Vinegar and cider added to cold water to make slightly tart. Slices covered with this mixture and soaked 2 hours. Then drained and wiped dry. A cup of sugar, with ½ teaspoon Mapleine pounded into both sides of the slices. The more, the better. Ham put in baking dish dish and covered with more Mapleine sugar and tart water with cloves here and there. Baked for 2 hours. Served with sauce made from liquid in pan, tart water, flour to thicken and few drops Mapleine. Sound good? It is! This is only one way you can use Mapleine to give new flavor to meats and gravies. Special meat recipes on request. Nearly every grocer has Mapleine. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 57, 287 Stanley St., Winnipeg or 51 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

MAPLEINE

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Coloring and flavor may either be worked in now, or later, as wished. Form in a ball, put in a tightly-covered bowl or crock, with a damp cloth under the cover and set away in a cool place to ripen for at least 24 hours. It may be kept like this for several weeks, using a little at a time as desired. The ripening makes the texture finer and creamier. This may be used as centres of bonbons, combined with a fudge, etc., in a variety of ways, but cannot be used just as it is for creamy bonbons. Some of it must be melted again and used as a dipping fondant.

Dipping in Chocolate

There is nothing difficult about chocolate dipping. The most convenient is the cakes of regular dipping chocolate, for example the red package of "Dot" chocolate. With ordinary chocolate, 1/5 of a bar of cocoa butter should be melted with it. Melt the chocolate over hot water, then cool to about 80 F., beating while cooling. If one does not use a thermometer, the only way to determine the temperature is to drop a centre in and see if it coats properly. Keep over hot water while dipping, to keep the temperature right.

Nuts, cream centres, fruits of many kinds, may be dipped in chocolate. Bits of nut brittle, dipped, are good. The children will love animal crackers with a chocolate covering better than richer cakes. Raisins fastened together in a cluster with a little chocolate or cream candy mixture are delicious dipped in chocolate. Stuffed dates, dipped, are also very good, and chocolate-covered pieces of crystallized ginger.

Molasses Candy

White sugar 1 c.	Corn syrup ¾ c.
Brown sugar ½ c.	Water ½ c.
Molasses ¾ c.	Salt ⅛ t.
Rich milk or thin cream ½ c.	Soda ⅛ t.
	Vanilla 1 t.

Butter 2 tb.

Mix together all but the salt, soda and vanilla, and boil to the hard ball stage (250 F.). Add the salt, soda and vanilla and pour on a greased platter, till cool enough to handle. Pull till fluffy, cut in small pieces with a pair of scissors, and wrap each piece in waxed paper.

Butter Scotch

White sugar ½ c.	Vinegar 1 tb.
Brown sugar ½ c.	Water ½ c.
Molasses 4 tb.	Butter ½ c.
Salt ⅛ t.	Vanilla 1 t.

Boil the sugar, molasses and water together to the brittle stage (290 F.). Add the salt, butter and vanilla just before it is done. Pour into a flat buttered pan, when partly cool, mark in squares, and when hard cut in pieces. Wrap each piece in waxed paper.

Lollipops

Brown sugar 2 c.	Butter 1 c.
Water 1 c.	Vinegar 2 t.

Vanilla 2 t.

Cook the sugar, water and butter to the brittle stage, add the vanilla and vinegar, and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered platter, or in buttered muffin pans. While still soft, insert wooden skewers in the side of each. Before it gets too hard, adjust the sticks when they are wanted . Colors may be used if wished, and varied flavorings.

Cakes for Christmas

During the holiday season, we all like to have a supply of cakes and cookies on hand, which will keep well, so that we may feel ready for any occasion which arises.

German Honey Cookies

Honey 2 c.	Juice and grated rind of lemon, 1
Sugar 2 c.	Cloves ¼ t.
Water 4 tb.	Cardamon seeds, few
Flour 4 c.	Cinnamon ½ t.
Nut meats 2 c.	Soda 1 t.
Peel, candied, ¼ lb.	

Have the nut meats and peel chopped. Sift together the flour and spices. Heat the sugar and honey in a sauce-pan till the boiling point is reached. Pour into a large bowl, and add the soda dissolved in the water. Then the flour and spices and the nuts and peel. Mix well, roll out till very thin, cut in fancy shapes and let stand overnight before baking.

Honey cookies and cakes improve as they get older. Cardamon seeds may be secured at a drug-store.

English Gingernuts

Butter ½ c.	Sugar 2 c.
Eggs 2	Flour 4 c.
Chopped nuts ½ c.	Ginger 2 t.
Cinnamon 1 t.	Cloves 1 t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Then add the sifted flour and spices, and the nuts. Shape in little balls and roll in granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

Light Fruit Cake

Sugar 1 c.	Egg whites 4
Butter ½ c.	Seeded raisins ½ c.
Flour (pastry) 2 c.	Citron peel 2 oz.
Baking powder 3 t.	Walnut meats 1/3 c.
Milk ½ c.	Vanilla ½ t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk alternately with the flour, 2 tb. of which have been reserved to dredge the fruit, and the baking powder sifted with the remainder. Then add the fruit and nuts and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Dark Fruit Cake

Butter 1 pound	Figs 1 lb.
Sugar 1 pound	Nutmeg 1 t.
Eggs 12	Allspice ½ t.
Flour 4 c.	Mace ½ t.
Cinnamon 2 t.	Cloves ½ t.
Currants ¾ lb.	Rosewater 4 tb.
Dates 1 lb.	Lemon juice 2 tb.
Cocoanut ¼ lb.	Raisins 2 lb.

Candied peel 1 lb.

Reserve enough flour to dredge the fruit, cut in pieces. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, continuing to cream it. Add the well-beaten egg-yolks, then the stiffly-beaten whites. Add the flour sifted with the spices, alternately with the rosewater and lemon juice.

[Continued on page 82]

Holiday Candy

PLUM PUDDING...CANDIES and...BE MERRY!

When it's Christmas in the kitchen—make the old Holiday favorites in a new *way*. Serve a Plum Pudding that would make Old England jealous! Made with chocolate, raisins, currants, dates and other fancies, it is rich in all that human appetite can crave—yet it is so light and healthful that the youngest or oldest guest at the table can eat it with happiness and digest it with comfort. Try it—and the Candies, too—most delicious and wholesome Candies that ever sweetened the Holiday spirit.

Save these recipes for Christmas. But don't wait until then to discover how remarkable Knox, the *real* gelatine, really is!

Because it is always the highest quality gelatine, not ready mixed with coloring, flavoring or sweetening, it can be used for *all* purposes: Puddings, Salads, Aspics, Meat or Fish Loaves, Mousses, Sponges, Pies, Sherbets, Ice Creams—amazing its uses! Send the coupon below for Mrs. Knox's new Cook Book. And order a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine from your grocer today—there's enough gelatine in it to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/4 cup currants
1 cup milk 2 egg whites 1 square chocolate
1/4 cup nuts 1/2 cup sugar Few grains salt
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla 1/3 cup dates
1/2 cup seeded raisins

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

Write for Special Recipes for Christmas Candies

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Cut the peel in pieces, and dredge with flour. Put it in layers between portions of the cake batter as it is put in the pans. Bake in buttered pans for four hours in a very slow oven, or cover closely and steam 3 hours, then bake in a slow oven 1½ to 2 hours.

Fruit Cake II

Lt. br. sugar 2 2/3 c.	Soda 1 t.
Butter 2 c.	Citron peel 1 lb.
Eggs 9	Currants 3 lbs.
Flour 4 c.	Raisins 2 lbs.
Cinnamon 2 t.	Almonds ½ lb.
Mace ½ t. or more	Milk 2 tb.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg-yolks, then the stiffly-beaten whites. Dredge the prepared fruits with part of the flour, and sift the remainder with the spices and soda, add alternately with the milk, fruit and nuts. Cut the raisins, blanch and shred the almonds. Bake as the above cake.

Fruit Cake III

Butter ½ c.	Eggs 2
Flour 2 c.	Milk ½ c.
Brown sugar ¾ c.	Soda ½ t.
Raisins ¾ c.	Cinnamon 1 t.
Currants ¾ c.	Allspice ¼ t.
Citron peel ½c.	Mace 1½ t.
Molasses ½ c.	Cloves ¼ t.
Lemon extract 1 t.	

Make like the above fruit cakes.

Seed Cookies

Butter 1/3 c.	Flour 3 c.
Sugar 1 c.	Baking powder 3 t.
Eggs 2	Salt ½ t.
Milk 2 tb.	Caraway seeds 1 tb.

Mix and roll out as other cookies.

Boston Cookies

Butter 1 c.	Flour 3¼ c.
Sugar 1½ c.	Salt ½ t.
Eggs 3	Cinnamon 1 t.
Chopped nuts 1 c.	Currants ½ c.
Soda 1 t.	Raisins ½ c.

Milk 1½ tb.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten, part of the flour sifted with the spice, soda and salt, the nut meats, and the fruit chopped, and dredged with the remaining flour. Drop by spoonfuls, an inch apart, on a buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

The Shepherds and the Angels

By Jessie Findlay Brown

O quiet hills of Bethlehem,
Why did the angels choose
Your humble shepherds to receive
Their Heaven-shaking news?
Were there no folk in David's town
Who had been glad to know
That Christ was born in Bethlehem?
Why did the angels go?

To star-dim fields and hills to pour,
In floods of melody,
Upon the simple shepherds' ears
Their songs of ecstasy?
Stay! Was He not of David's line,
And did not David keep
Upon the hills of Bethlehem
His father Jesse's sheep?

And was this Babe not born to be
Himself a Shepherd-King—
The greatest Keeper of the Sheep
That ever came to bring
The lost, the weak, the wilful ones
Home to the Father's fold—
It was for this the angels' tale
Was to the shepherds told!

O shepherd folk o'er all the earth,
Does not a holy light
Lie still upon your flocks and folds
Since that remembered night?
Do not your hearts grow soft and sweet,
And praise leap to the tongue—
To think it was to shepherd men
The angels' song was sung!

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The Little Black House

By Marion Wathen Fox

ONCE upon a time there was a little old woman. She lived all alone in a little white house.

But one night the neighbors came and painted the house black.

The little old woman was very, very angry. She shook her fist at the neighbors and said:

"Why have you painted my house black?"

"Because you do not believe in Christmas. And because you do not believe in gifts," answered the neighbors.

"Certainly I do not believe in Christmas and in gifts," answered the old woman. "It is all stuff and nonsense. Why people should make a fuss about a day and go wild giving gifts on that day I never could understand. I've got a little sense if the rest of the world hasn't. People had better attend to their work and save their money instead of all that foolish giving of gifts."

"Well, you are a dangerous woman," answered the neighbors. "We want our children and friends to keep away from your house. That's why we've painted it black."

That night when all the neighbors had gone to bed the little old woman went out and tried to paint her house white again. But she was so mean that she mixed her white paint with so much water that it ran off the house nearly as fast as she put in on, so the little old woman got discouraged and went to bed.

A little brown squirrel who had been visiting some friends in a distant wood was returning home that night by way of the old woman's house and so saw what she was trying to do. He hid behind a tree until she went into the house, saying to himself:

"No you don't little old woman! If your house is white again my family may come frisking around here some time, and the children from the village, and it certainly would never do for them to corrupt their morals and manners by associating with a person who did not believe in Christmas. So we'll see to it that your house stays black."

As soon as he thought the old woman had gone to sleep he came out and began to brush the bit of thin white paint that had stayed on the corner of the house off with his bushy tail and then washed it off his tail in the stream.

When the old woman came out next morning her house was as black as ever.

She tried painting it again next night, still using the thin white paint; but the brown squirrel sent a fox friend of his who soon swished it off with his bushy tail. So, when the old woman came out next morning to her surprise she found that her house was as black as ever.

Now, this little old woman owned a wonderful rocking chair. It could talk. At least, it could talk to the old woman. Of course other people might have said it just creaked. Every night when the old woman's work was done she would rock in her old rocking chair and tell it her troubles.

"Dearie me! Dearie me!" she told the rocking chair one night in June. "Whatever will become of me this winter if my potatoes and turnips and other vegetables do not grow! Something queer is happening to the sun; it shines every place but on my garden. Now, whatever can be the cause of that?"

"That is quite easy to understand," creaked back the old rocker:

"The sun is a gift; you do not believe in gifts—they have found out about it up there so, of course, you cannot expect the sun to shine on your garden this year."

"Stuff and nonsense!" answered the old woman angrily.

"Not nonsense but sense," creaked back the rocker.

Now the old woman had also an orchard at the back of her little house. In this orchard grew eight apple trees and six pear trees. Every fall she had four barrels of apples and two bags of pears from these trees, so she sold three barrels of apples to the neighbors and kept one for herself. And she sold a bag of pears to the neighbors and kept one for herself.

"Dearie me! Dearie me!" she said to her chair one night, as she rocked to and fro in the twilight, "Whatever is to become of me this winter? The apples and pears are not ripening, for the sun never shines on my orchard though it seems to shine everywhere else but on it and my garden. And not only that, but when it rains the rain somehow skips over my garden and orchard though it seems to fall everywhere else—did you ever hear of such a thing! Of course, I shall have neither vegetables or fruit without rain and sun, and I am likely to starve this winter. What do you think is the cause of it all?"

"My dear, I think that is very easy to understand. You do not believe in gifts or in Christmas—a day that a gift made; sun and rain—all, water, are gifts, so they must have heard about it up there and as you do not believe in gifts they have decided to send you none."

"Stuff and nonsense!" answered the old woman angrily.

"Not nonsense but sense," creaked the rocking.

One night the old woman was very, very sad. She was so sad that when she sat down to rest in her chair she just rocked it a wee little bit.

"Oh, dearie me! dearie me! she sighed. "It does not seem like summer at all. There has not been a bird come near my place all summer long—I miss their songs so! And the wild flowers that always grew back of my fence and smelled so sweetly are not there at all this summer. Do you suppose my—my—house being black instead of white has anything to do with it?"

"Perhaps it has," creaked back the chair. "And then, of course, birds and flowers are gifts, and you do not believe in gifts or in the day that celebrates the world's big gift, so——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" angrily answered the old woman.

"Not nonsense but sense," answered the rocking chair.

AT LAST it came the autumn and the old woman gathered in just a tiny box of vegetables from her garden and one pail of apples and her dishpan full of pears.

"I shall have to cook only one potato every second day and a very tiny pie once a week if I am to make them last out the winter grumbled the old woman. "And I won't start doing that till Christmas, but try and live on other food until then." But she got very, very hungry for potatoes and pie, and for an apple to crunch now and then as she rocked in her old rocker. One night she was telling this to the rocker and it creaked back.

"I think you've forgotten to look at your calendar lately."

Up sprang the old woman in such a hurry that she left the old rocker wiggling to and fro and creaking:

"Ha—ha! ha!—Ha—ha! ha!"

"Why I do declare if it isn't the twenty-fourth of December, and the very night before that foolish day which people call Christmas— the day when they do that silly gift-giving! I don't believe in it at all, but I'm to start eating my potatoes and apples and pears after tomorrow—that's all I care about."

"My dear! Oh, my dear! You do believe in gifts. You do. You know you want the [Continued on page 93]

Always worn out

Now out of a job!

He lived in dread of this day ... "fired". Yet he knew it was bound to happen. For months an invisible force had been stealing his strength—dulling his mind—wearing him out. And the pity was that he started business with the brightest hopes and best of health.

Many a man has gone through such an experience and lost the battle to constipation—that most relentless enemy of health and happiness. Many have constipation but do not realize it.

But constipation can be relieved—prevented promptly. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to safely rid the system of this evil.

Only ALL-BRAN *gives maximum results*

It is bulk that relieves constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies bulk in generous quantity. In a part-bran product the amount of bulk is usually too small to be completely effective. That's why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN.

ALL-BRAN *brings natural relief*

A pleasant cereal. Serve with milk or cream. Delicious with fruits or honey added. Use it in cooking too. Mix it with other cereals. Try it in soups. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—chronic cases, with every meal. The health of the entire family can be maintained by serving ALL-BRAN in some form every day.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On diners. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Guaranteed!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Every Man Admires

Lovely, White Hands

Pretty faces attract the passing glance, but in the intimacy of the party circle, soft, white, lovely hands accentuate the charm of dainty women.

Give Campana's Italian Balm one week's trial. Rub a little into the hands night or morning. You will be surprised at their improvement.

Campana's Italian Balm is invaluable for preventing chaps and roughness with children's tender skins. Men use a drop on the brush when shaving. 35c at all druggists.

Send 2c for free sample, to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 468 King St. West, Toronto.

CAMPANA'S

ITALIAN BALM

PREVENTS AND HEALS CHAPPED SKIN

Use these *guaranteed* Nyal products of finest quality

These are seasonable remedies that belong in every medicine chest. Stay well by being ready to correct the coughs and colds and common ailments of Fall and Winter.

Nyal Creophos

A very fine, strengthening tonic and tissue builder, recommended for nervous weakness, coughs, bronchitis and asthmatic conditions—antiseptic and valuable in combating disease germs.

Nyalgesic

For sprains, bruises, chilblains, lumbago, headaches, neuritis, neuralgia. It eases pain. You rub it on. It is neither sticky nor greasy.

Laxacold

When threatened with the Flu or Grippe think first of Laxacold. It is a laxative and cold treatment combined. It prevents many a stubborn illness when taken in time.

Nyal Huskeys

Hoarseness is a warning of throat irritation. Nyal Huskeys are aromatic pastilles that stop hoarseness, combat infection, relieve tickling throat coughs.

Nyal Pinol

A fine cough medicine and expectorant, invaluable during the winter when stubborn colds are so frequent. Stop that cough quickly.

Be sure they are NYAL products—the name NYAL means they are guaranteed.

SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Buy genuine NYAL products in drug stores where you see this symbol of service.

Nyal Company, *Limited,* Windsor, Ontario

Are You a Stay-at-Home?

EVEN if you are not one of Fortune's favorites and have to keep "the home fires burning" you may travel to far countries and visualize many unique scenes by reading the special January "Travel Number" of The Western Home Monthly.

A BEAUTIFUL LONGER LASTING FINISH

CHAN

A BETTER ALL-PURPOSE POLISHING WAX FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK

40¢ to $3.25 SIZES

CHANNELL LIMITED TORONTO

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 67

fields and lay awake at night and took all the chances which attend the business of grain growing, and he thinks he should have all the consumer pays, less the necessary costs of marketing.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—Could you advise me if the "Golden Vein Mines Company" and the "Pan Extension Gold Mines Company" are now existent? My husband took out stock in them when he returned from overseas. We have heard nothing of them since, so would like to know if the certificates are valueless.

Would you also advise whether you think the "Spillers Flour Mills" of Alberta will develop.—O.L.

A.—The Golden Vein Mining Company Limited and the Pan Extension Gold Mines Limited have both passed out of existence. The Charter of the former was cancelled early this year, the Charter for the latter was cancelled some four years ago. Your shares are probably of no value. We imagine that the Company would notify you if there was any reorganization plan at any time.

The Spillers Canadian Milling Company Limited is a subsidiary of the Spillers Milling & Associated Industries Limited, a strong British Company. Owing to the connection of the Alberta Company, it is probable that it will have a satisfactory history. However, the Company just started operation last year and it will probably be two or three years at least before the management will consider they have built up a sufficient surplus to warrant any dividend being paid on even the first preferred stock. At the same time you should keep in mind that the flour milling industry in Canada has been experiencing a considerable period of depression largely due to the fact that foreign countries have raised substantial tariff walls against Canadian flour. The leading Canadian Milling Companies are ably managed and have strong resources so that we doubt whether the Spillers Company can make any more satisfactory progress than other Canadian Companies. On the other hand its connection with the British firm may assist in obtaining a market for its products. At present there is no market for the Company's shares which are not listed on any Canadian Exchange. We would imagine that the shares would have to be held for two or three years in order to obtain any satisfactory price.

Oak Bay, B.C.

Q.—Please give me some information on the Wright Flexible Axle Company of Montreal. Would you recommend the purchase of stock in that Company? I understand the stock is not listed on any Stock Exchange.—M.H.

A. Under present market conditions, we would not advise you to purchase any of the shares of the Wright Flexible Axle Company. The Company has not had a good history and we cannot see that the present company is likely to make any more satisfactory progress than its predecessor companies have done in marketing the axle. The Company was formed to take over the patent rights for the manufacturing of a flexible axle. Previous companies had failed to obtain any market for this product.

The present Company will be competing with General Motors and similar large corporations, and apart from any consideration of the mechanical value of the invention, we think the prospects of the success of the undertaking are exceedingly remote.

Some Need Silencers

Mr. Baird, the inventor of the televisor, the instrument by which we will be able to see a person who is talking to us by telephone, says in regard to the transformation of sound waves into light waves and vice versa, that different faces have different sounds.— Scientific American.

FOR REAL QUIETNESS

NO NEED TO DISFIGURE THE BATHROOM WITH A TANK ON THE WALL

No need to damage tiling or plaster . . . or to fret about the dust which collects behind a tank. The T-N toilet has ended all that because it is a complete unit there is no wall tank. In one piece of fine white china you have reservoir, bowl and pedestal all together. Only two connections to make and the T-N is installed. It is modern . . . easy to keep clean and adds beauty to the bathroom.

Furthermore the flush of the T-N is too quiet to cause the slightest embarrassment

Ask your plumber about this new toilet and the moderate cost of complete installation

The PRICELESS PRIVILEGE of PRIVACY

THE GALT BRASS COMPANY LIMITED, 75 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Factory, Galt, Ontario

Gained 10 Pounds In 22 Days

That's going some — but skinny men, women and children just can't help putting on good healthy flesh when they take McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets.

Full of health and weight building substances—the proven and successful kind—the kind that are a real help to frail, rundown, skinny men and women.

Try these supremely efficient sugar coated tasteless tablets for 30 days—if they don't help greatly your money will be refunded.

One woman gained ten pounds in twenty-two days. Sixty tablets, sixty cents—Economy Size $1.00. Ask any druggist for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. Directions and formula on each box.

—WANTED—

To hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price. Send particulars to—

JOHN BLACK, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the Western Home Monthly. . .

Whittier and St. Boniface

Continued from page 60

himself possessed. It is said of him that of all things he disapproved of solitude—yet he passed all his days in virtual solitude. He who wrote the romance of Maude Muller never knew the love of wife or children—for he died unmarried. He who loved to read and write of the far places of the earth was doomed never to see them. Surely a thwarted life, though there is nothing of bitterness in his writings. Yet we cannot wonder at the poignancy of his utterance:

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen
The saddest are these—it might have been."

The poem—"The Red River Voyageur," was undoubtedly suggested by reading a work on Manitoba by J. H. Bond, the histriographer of an expedition of Governor Ramsay to Pembina in 1851. This passage, relating to the vesper bell of St. Boniface, must have been the kernel from which the poem grew:

"As I pass slowly along the lonely road that leads me from thee, Selkirk, mine eyes do turn continually to gaze upon thy smiling golden fields and the lofty towers of St. Boniface, now burnished with the rays of the departing sun, while the sweet vesper bell reverberates afar, and strikes so mournfully pleasant upon mine ear. I feel satisfied that, though absent thousands of weary miles, my thoughts will always dwell on thee, with rapturous emotion."

A picturesque incident in connection with the poem occurred in 1891. On the occasion of the poet's birthday, December 17th, a joy peal was rung at midnight from the towers of St. Boniface. Whittier acknowledged this by a delightful letter of thanks, published in the Manitoba Free Press in March, 1892. He said then, in part: "I shall hear the bells of St. Boniface sounding across the continent, and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act." The bells were also rung in honor of the visit of General Sherman in 1880, and again in 1882, when two noted elocutionary artists, the Misses Binnings of St. Paul, visited Winnipeg, and gave an effective reading of the poem, the bells were rung by order of the Archbishop.

Whittier's bells are not all of historic interest to be found at St. Boniface. Inscribed on the tombstones in the old churchyard, for instance, are many names inseparably bound up with the history of the West.

Notable among these is the grave of Louis Riel, that tragic figure, who played such a strange part in the country's annals, and whose true story is still to be written. There is a legend extant that his bones do not really rest there that, too, is interesting, whether true or not. There, however, is the stone, chequered by afternoon shadows, with its terse inscription: "Riel—16 November."

Interesting, too, is the grave of Marie Ann Lajimodiere, born Gabourie, the first white woman settler west of the Great Lakes. Her age is given on the tombstone as 105 years—the inscription reading:

Ici repose
le corps
de M. A. Gabourie
veuve de feu
J. B. Lajimodiere
Decede le
14th Sept., 1875
Age de 105 Annee.

Here, too, are buried many of the very earliest settlers of the Red River country — Scottish names of Hudson Bay factors side by side with notable French names.

The good grey poet who wrote so beautifully of the bells of St. Boniface has long since passed to his rest; but when the vesper chimes ring out over the river we remember him always.

"Happy is him who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City;
The chimes of eternal peace."

Paul Whiteman shows Paul Fejos, his director in "The King of Jazz," that he can act. The noted bandmaster is registering "Love."

Do you take advice from your elders?

WITH all the talk there is nowadays about the independence of the subdeb generation, your reporter got a great kick out of hearing a grandmother describe how her granddaughter was following a good old tried and true method of improving her general health.

"My granddaughter, Margaret," says Mrs. Zell of 6231 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, "read about Nujol, was interested in it, so sent for a sample. It seems she has been taking a tablespoon of Nujol once a day since and expects to continue this treatment. Already she has found an improvement in her general health, her system functioning normally where other remedies had failed."

That's one of the best things about Nujol. It is just as harmless for young girls, or babies even, as it is for adults.

For Nujol contains no medicines or drugs. It can't possibly upset you because it works so easily and regularly, in a normal fashion.

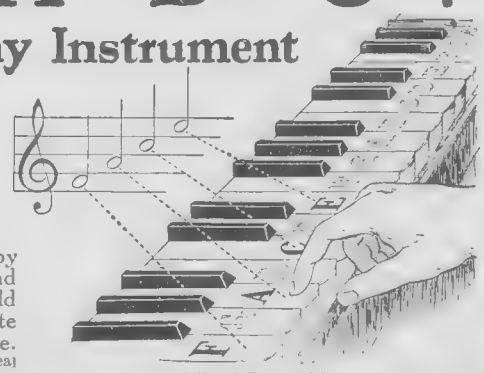
When it comes to health, we can afford to be guided by what older folks say. For years now, mothers and fathers and grandparents have known the benefits of Nujol. And the new crowd of girls and boys now growing up are finding that health is the most popular asset in the world today.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. It can be bought anywhere for about the price of a ticket to a good movie. Get a bottle today and try it, won't you? In sealed packages. Made by the makers of Mistol.

BE Canadian and read Canada's Greatest Magazine—THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. . . . . .

Easy as A–B–C !

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



ANY one can easily learn music by this remarkable new method. And the cost is only a *fraction* of the old slow way. You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home. Almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies, both popular and classic, to please your friends, amuse yourself, and make money. This wonderful new method of reading and playing music is as simple as reading a book. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals—complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. You can select your own time to study or practice. And the cost averages only a few cents a day, including the music. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Learn To Play By Note

Mandolin 'Cello
Piano Saxophone
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or any other instrument

Free Book Tells All

Our free booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home"—contains an offer that makes the course available at a very low price. Also a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows how delightfully quick and easy this wonderfully simple method is. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. If you really want to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1212 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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1212 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?

Name

Address

City ..... Prov

CANADIAN NATIONAL

LOW FARES

This Winter to

EASTERN CANADA

December 1, to January 5, 1930

Return 3 Months from Date of Sale

PACIFIC COAST

Certain Dates Dec., Jan., Feb.

Return up to April 15, 1930

Choice of Routes —— *Stopover Privileges*

CENTRAL STATES

FROM TICKETING STATIONS IN ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

December 1 to January 5, 1930

Return 3 Months from Date of Sale

Canadian National through trains pass through a territory replete with scenic grandeur, of historical and educational value to the traveller. On its trains will be found companions jolly and likeable—an infectious air of friendliness and good-fellowship. There is nothing superior to the Canadian National sleeping and dining car service. Radio-receiving service is an added feature on the through trains.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Any Agent of the Canadian National will be glad to quote lowest fares and arrange all the details of the trip—or write

OSBORNE SCOTT, General Passenger Agent
WINNIPEG

How is It to Be Done?

Whew! How are we to get all our party toggery ready in time for Christmas? Quite simple with the assistance of the Western Home Monthly Fashion Book

This fascinating Fashion Book shows pictures of the latest styles. Become the proud possessor of these dainty garments. Write now for one of these exceptional booklets, 25c. Sent post free to any address.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Build up your Strength Against Winter Ills

A little Bovril in your diet every day makes a lot of difference; you get more real nourishment from less food and avoid clogging your system with excess that creates fatty tissues.

BOVRIL

Builds Strength Without Fat

6

Cakes of the Christmas Season

Continued from page 77

LASTLY comes the Feast of the Christmas Cake, Twelfth Night, January 6. This, in the language of the Church was Epiphany, an appearing, that is, the appearing of the Star! In Armenia, and some other Eastern lands it takes precedence of both Christmas Day and January 1, as being the day kept in memory of the coming of the first Gentiles to Christ. But in England and Scotland it was Twelfth Night, while France called it La fete des Rois, the Feast of the Kings, following the old tradition that the wise men were three in number, and all kings in the distant lands they came from, to follow the star.

And the dish of Twelfth Night was the Christmas cake! Old cook-books describe its ingredients, and we still keep its rich makings in our Christmas cake. Old ballads sing its praise, for no Christmas dish, not even mince pie or the roast beef of old England, evoked the mouth-watering enthusiasm that was caused by the Twelfth Night Cake. We read:—

"Now, now, the mirth comes,
With the Cake full of plums,
Where Bean's the king of the sport here;
Besides, we must know, the Pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here."

The allusion to the bean and pea refer to the custom of choosing a king and queen to rule in the revels of the closing Christmas feast by kneading a bean and pea in the Twelfth Night Cake dough, whoever finding the bean becoming king, while the pea made its finder queen. Another old song tells us:—

"Of Twelfe-tide cakes, of peas and beans,
Wherewith ye make these merrie scenes,
Whenas ye chuse your king and queen,
And cry out, 'Hey, for our town green'."

The old time Twelfth Night merriment had a likeness to our Christmas keeping on Christmas Day only, for Twelfth Night ended Christmas, on its morrow men went back to the workday world. No more would the Christmas holly mask the weapons of war, for the Truce of God ended on Twelfth Night. No more would all doors be open to any who were hungry or lonesome. For Christmas was over! We may smile at many of those old customs, yet they did much to "let the ape and tiger die" in men's hearts, and make possible our civilization and tolerant Christianity of today. And while modern business conditions would make a twelve days cessation of work practically impossible it would be good if we could keep the three feasts of Christmas, renewing the old holiday of the Feast of the Kings, Twelfth Night.

Then across the snowy country bonfires would blaze before every house where parties were to be held, in memory of the Star that shone to guide the Wise Men to that house in Bethlehem. And in every window, city and country would shine three candles for the "three Kings." For all this our fathers did of old.

Then as the guests came they would form in procession, the host leading with the wassail-bowl, followed by the hostess with the great cake. The others coming after with lighted candles. So a round of fields, orchards and stables is made, that everything may be "wassailed," i.e., wished health and fruitfulness, for the coming year. Then back in the house the feast is spread, finishing with the cutting of the cake, and crowning of a king and queen to preside over the revels of the evening.

And Sweden still keeps her ancient Yule-cake, a great loaf of spiced and plummy richness, and with a second story consisting of an entire cheese in a circle of big red apples, the whole crowned by three candles for those three truly Wise Men who came so far to find Christ. May we as individuals and as nations have their wisdom to seek first His righteousness in this year that is beginning!

Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment *once every hour for five hours* and you'll be astonished at the relief you'll experience.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Children's Hair

Your child will have lovely, healthy hair if you use Evan Williams Shampoos regularly.

Buy "Camomile" for fair hair, "Graduated" for brown or black hair.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

A Different Woman

"I have great pleasure in informing you that Kruschen Salts have worked wonders for me. I have been a great sufferer of liver and kidney trouble, and after trying one bottle I am a different woman. I had to give up my work, but thanks to Kruschen Salts I am back at work again, and I give my son a little every morning, and I don't hear of the little complaints now which a child generally gets. He is happier and brighter. I have enclosed a snap-shot of son and self. I am 43 years, boy 6 years. I shall always highly recommend Kruschen, and I would not be without them myself in a hurry." —(Mrs.) M. P.

Original letter on file for inspection.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c. a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

Suggestions for Various Apparel

6646. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 2¼ yards of 35 inch material. For vestee of contrasting material 1/3 yard 35 inches wide is required, cut crossiwise. Price 15c.

6653. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 1¾ yard of 35 inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ¼ yard is required 35 inches wide cut crosswise. Price 15c.

6637. Ladies' Apron Frock. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3½ yards of material 35 inches wide. For collar and sash of contrasting material ⅝ yard is required, cut crosswise. The width of the frock at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2¼ yards. Price 15c.

6639. Ladies' Pajamas. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size with long sleeve portions will require 4¼ yards of 39 inch material. For sash and girdle of contrasting material 1¼ yard is required 27 inches wide, cut lengthwise. Price 15c.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Shadowland

Continued from page 13

done in the film version. Ronald Coleman is as pleasing as ever to the eye. His acting is admirable and his voice is a blessing to the vitaphone.

Young Nowheres

First National)

IN "YOUNG NOWHERES" Richard Barthelmess returns to a type of part similar to that which he played in his very successful picture "Tol'able David." The scenario is based on a story written by I. A. R. Wylie, the clever British woman who knows so well how to concoct a good tale. "Young Nowheres" is a story of young love, pure and idealistic. Barthelmess plays "Binkie," an elevator boy in an apartment house, and the love of his heart is "Annie," a little maid employed in the same apartment. They are a wistful, pathetic couple, these two. The restrictions of poverty and the crowding bustle of a big city make it impossible for them to find a place to be alone in, a quiet moment of romantic communion.

It is a theme that Sir James Barrie might have chosen. Had he done so he would undoubtedly have given it humor —nothing so extreme as laughter, of course, but surely a smile or two trembling on the edge of tears. The director of "Young Nowheres" has not seen fit to include humor in the picture. He stresses the pathetic note a shade too much. While not a picture of great distinction, "Young Nowheres" is appealing and wholesome. Its simplicity and tenderness come as a welcome contrast to the "hardboiled" themes and garish glitter which characterize so many films.

The Hollywood Revue

(Metro-Goldwyn)

THE much-heralded "Hollywood Revue," which promised us, through camera and tone-producing mechanism, to reproduce all the delights of a stage revue, is very indifferent diversion.

A revue is a peculiar form of theatrical entertainment. Having no plot to ensnare the heart and occupy the interest and emotions, its appeal must rely on its power to touch the sense of humor and to please the senses through color, pageantry and the rhythmic grace of the dance. "The Hollywood Revue" supplies these ingredients in very scanty measure. The comedy turns are not overwhelmingly amusing. Most of the music is thin in tone. The monotonous black-and-white of the major part of the film limits pageantry. In fact, the only scenes which remain pleasurably in the memory are the few done in color, one of which, a ballet of girls dressed in frothy green, dancing beside a pool (Contined on page 91)

Letters of a Wife on Her Second Christmas

December 15th

Dear Mother:

You're a darling to ask me what I'd like for Christmas—but honestly I don't know how to tell you.

You see, when I married, it seemed as though all those clothes you gave me ought to last forever. Well, they have lasted—until now. But somehow this year they have gone all of a sudden. Then Junior, the little cherub, is just beginning to outgrow his baby things. And to make matters worse, the house needs new curtains. Yes, and I could use some new towels and table linens, too.

So you see, Mother dear, there are about a hundred things I need—any one of them would be welcome beyond measure. I've never been so out of things in my life. But I guess it's what happens to every wife when the hope chest begins to go.

I'm really not complaining—I'm just trying to tell you, since you asked.

Lots of love from
MARIAN

Christmas Night

Mother Darling:

It's the very end of the most heavenly Christmas Day I've ever had—and, of course, your perfect *inspiration* of a gift is what made it so.

It came last night, just as John and I were putting the finishing touches on Junior's tree. John told the man to put it in the living room and remove the wrappings. I thought at first it was a beautiful desk table. And then I found your card: "To Marian, so that she may have all the clothes she wants for the rest of her life." I was still a bit puzzled, but when John opened the table and I saw—well, Mother, late as it is I must write to say that you are the most wonderful mother in the whole world!

A heartful of gratitude and love from
MARIAN

P. S. John knew, the rascal, for he gave me fifty dollars just for materials. I go shopping tomorrow!

New Year's Day

Mother, dear:

Just a week since Christmas and you should see what I've done. I found the loveliest fabrics for three new dresses for myself. And I brought home simply yards and yards of the prettiest cotton prints for house dresses and for rompers for Junior. Oh, yes, and crepe de Chine for slips and underwear. But I'm proudest just now of the new curtains and draperies I finished today. Our downstairs looks like new!

You simply must come and see it all, mother. Bring some of your own sewing and we'll have the grandest time. It's positively fun to sew with this Singer Electric. I never dreamed there could be such a machine.

But come—I want you to see for yourself what your wonderful gift has done for

Your loving daughter,
MARIAN

Maybe *you* have a daughter to whom you would like to bring such happiness as this. Or perhaps you, yourself, would like to make this Christmas the occasion for replacing your faithful old family machine with a modern Singer Electric. A certain someone would be glad to hear the whispered suggestion of your wish...For special Christmas use we have prepared an appropriate Gift Certificate. Through any Singer Shop or Representative you may arrange for the delivery of a machine with the Certificate on Christmas Eve. Or you may send the Gift Certificate by mail and the recipient may choose the model she prefers at any one of the 10,000 Singer Shops throughout the world.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINES

Factory: St. Johns, P. Q.

A
Symphony in Perfume
CREATED BY BOURJOIS
Originators of famous "Ashes of Roses"

AN enthralling symphony in Perfume---"Evening in Paris" . . . suggesting in its rapturous fragrance the pageant of lovely women . . the life, the movement, the color that is Paris . . . the Paris of the haut-monde.

Carrying with you its vibrant appeal to the senses, you enjoy the triumph of an exquisite individuality . . . the air of elegance immaculate which is of Paris . . . fashion mistress of the world.

Now awaiting your joyous discovery in the better shops . . . in striking amethyst blue, crystal stoppered flasks.

"EVENING *in* PARIS"
BOURJOIS

Poudre · Rouges · Compacts · Talcum

To create a vivid personality

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

Give Holt, Renfrew Furs For Christmas

Wonderful Assortments to choose from—Canada's Greatest Values

No gift will give greater or more enduring pleasure and comfort than a luxurious fur coat. Holt, Renfrew—Canada's largest Furriers, are ready as never before to serve you. The traditional quality and authoritative style, as well as the outstandingly low prices we quote, are all embodied in every Holt, Renfrew fur coat we sell.

We quote but a few of our leading values

HUDSON SEAL
Self-trimmed from
$245 to **$389.50**
Alaska Sable trimmed
$295 to **$389.50**
PERSIAN LAMB
Alaska Sable trimmed,
$325 to **$445**

MUSKRAT
From .. **$169.50** to **$225**
CHAPAL SEAL
Self trimmed,
$79.50 to **$145**
Alaska Sable trimmed
$97.50 to **$185**

FURS ON APPROVAL
Write today stating size, kind of fur desired and giving bank or business reference, and we will ship at our expense a selection of coats for your approval.

EXTENDED PAYMENTS
You may pay for your fur coat on convenient extended payments if desired. No interest charges. Write for details.

Holt, Renfrew & Co. LTD.
Canada's Largest Furriers - Est. 1837
WINNIPEG - - - - MANITOBA

Dame Fashion Decides on a New Silhouette

By Suzanne Dickie

WHILE admiring the latest achievements of automobile manufacturers for the coming season, as shown at the Automobile Show at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysees, I was able to notice the entire change that has come over the feminine silhouette, and how drastic the "couturiers" have been in asserting at last what they had in mind for several seasons past, a normal curved waistline and longer skirts.

Lots of tweed tailored suits were noticed among the throngs at the "vernissage" of the Salon, three quarter length jackets were numerous, accompanying blouses of satin in lighter shades, the same satin lined the coat. The length of the skirts reached well below the knees. Several more dressy outfits were made of velvet with short tight fitting jackets which were edged with fur and reminiscent of the year 1880.

The long coats were also well represented, some in tweed and in broadcloth as well as a few made of velvet the salient feature was a great amount of work in the cut carrying out the slightly curved waistline with the help of tucks, insets, and stitchings; some were a little longer at the back accompanying afternoon frocks of the same line. In every case the fur collars were very voluminous, and also the cuffs.

Generally speaking the skirts for afternoon wear and sport are several inches longer, for evening they touch the ground, some only at the back, others in spots with the help of points, and panels.

Amongst the new collections of the "couture" the latest models shown are afternoon ensembles composed of a coat made of cloth or velvet lined with lamé in pastel shades, the dress of the same lamé is made in the "Chemise" style with long tight sleeves . This outfit can be easily duplicated at home as the make of it is very simple, leaving all the effects to the beauty and quality of the material employed.

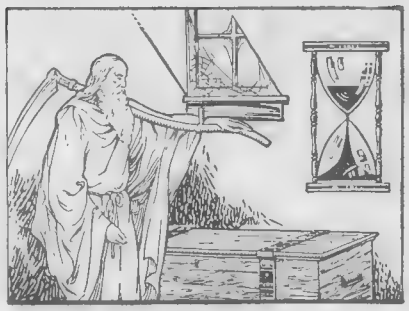
Some coats are made with capes which are edged with fur. These capes are small and not cumbersome, being very tight fitting about the shoulders and adding no volume to the silhouette.

Fur lined coats are going to be worn very successfully this winter. In that case the coat is made in severely straight lines and of broadcloth, woollen velvet or tweed; for the lining short-haired fur is used, like shaved lamb, mole or even squirrel. Here, is a good chance for the careful housewife to use a fur coat which has seen better days, and realize at the same time a very handsome garment. In every case the collar and cuffs are a feature all in themselves being very important in size, the collar dipping into a long point down the back and the cuffs reaching sometime up to the elbow.

Jersey as a material is more than ever a favorite. It is now manufactured in such an infinite variety of weight and shades that it lends itself to any usage. One of them is to make up the new tuck-in blouse worn with the odd skirt. Another is a very smart afternoon or bridge dress made of gold jersey which looks very rich. As a medium for sport clothes it is used in combination with tweed and leather in bright shades.

A new and very fashionable sport set is the "beret" and scarf made of multi-colored wools woven together, a bright "pompom" of wool finishes the headgear, and a fringe edges the scarf, a bag also woven and fringed, completes the outfit which looks quite sporty and bright, and while it is expensive to buy can be evolved at home by clever fingers.

The manufacturers of tweed have struck a new note in paying special attention to the selvedge of their materials with the result that the new sport coats and skirts are thus simply finished with it. It gives the machine woven material all the appearance of the hand woven kind so much in favor now. [Continued on page 89]



TIME
is a tyrant

He places his ruinous mark on every garment you leave unprotected. But you can safeguard your treasures. Let an Heirloom Chest protect laces, lingerie, furs, etc., against his attacks.

HEIRLOOM CHESTS

The various models shown in the Heirloom Booklet in Walnut, cedar lined or solid Tennessee Heartwood. Write for a copy or see your dealer.

The Chesley Chair Co., Ltd.
Chesley, Canada

Gray Hair
Cheated Her Out of the Job

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

WHY endure the handicap of Gray Hair? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it.

Make This Test

Test Kolor-Bak on our guarantee that if it doesn't make you look ten years younger your money will be refunded any time you ask. Get it from any drug or department store today.

Kolor-Bak
Imparts Color to Gray Hair

Attention Young Housewives!

Don't worry: Read Gertrude Dutton's advice on the Better Cookery pages of The Western Home Monthly.

Dame Fashion Decides on a New Silhouette

Continued from page 82

FRANCE is leading the raincoat styles with some delightful models in crepe de chine. Some of them feature plaid designs while others are in plain shades. They are very smartly cut, carrying out all the intricacies of the new line. Some of these coats are lined with soft wool materials like kasha or shetland and constitute in themselves a cosy garment quite sufficient for the early part of the season. Later on it can be worn over a sport suit. Little tight fitting hats made of the same material complete the rain outfit, which is smart and becoming as well as useful and is indeed a very distant cousin to the horrors of past years, when a rainy day was made more hateful than Nature had intended by the wearing of dull colored and ill fitted rain clothes.

England is putting again on the market a very smart velvet rain coat which is ideal for wear in cold climates and lightens leaden skies with bright colored small checks.

FOR evening practically every material suitable is used in turn by the "couture." Lace is still in favor both in color and in black. A very smart effect is obtained by the veiling of a colored lace dress with black chiffon; rose and ivory lace are particularly beautiful that way.

Veiled "decolette" will also be seen, tulle or chiffon being used with very happy results permitting a very low cut thus attenuated. Not exactly a new note but one always becoming is the edging of the same with a very narrow band of fur. The modelists have decided to do so only at the back with a very graceful effect. Worn with lace or tulle dresses are high lace mittens, tight fitting over the arm, and climbing up almost to the shoulder.

Lots of velvet, moire, and faille are used for evening wear, the same material being employed to make the evening wrap to be worn with them. Printed chiffon and lamé are also made into very handsome gowns with the addition of wide scarves. In every case these gowns are fitting snugly and the fulness is brought about below the hips and kept going down to the ground.

Black, and black and white are among the leading shades. Rhinestones, buckles and buttons are used extensively on plain black with very handsome results.

For a "debutante" frock, petals of cut velvet sewed on chiffon or georgette make up a delightfully young and unsophisticated gown; also little ermine tails and heads forming odd designs on pink tulle, these little touches can be easily carried out by the little dressmaker 'round the corner.'

THE "sou'wester" hats of the fishermen are used for the leit-motiv of the new hats which come out daily from the fingers of Paris' milliners, that is to say that brims have a tendency to abandon the side dip to make a decided plunge in the back. Of course a generous number of all other kinds are still seen as they often are more becoming; but the new note is the above modified in hundred of ways to suit each face. In any case hats must fit snugly and curve low at the back leaving a certain amount of the forehead uncovered either by a straight line across or by a curve.

Once more Dame Fashion is standing at the threshold of winter having dictated her whims and fancies and having been obeyed is now retiring gracefully to think about future conquests.

(Photo by Pinchot, New York)

Moire leads the evening vogue. A stunning model, stressing the flared skirt, in Celanese Permanent Moire.

The DOCTOR *Speaks as a friend*

"NATURE often sends us a 'friendly warning' in the form of acidity, or excess acid. While this condition may lead to chronic indigestion if neglected, you can check it easily at the start with the right anti-acid." Anyone can recognize the common symptoms of acidity: an unpleasant sense of fullness after meals, acid stomach, heartburn, biliousness. These discomforts can be easily dispelled by using the same sweetener that doctors always depend on—Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Every druggist has it; no family medicine chest should be without it.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Hosiery did not matter then—
Now it is all important!

Fashion gives you considerable latitude in the choice of your evening gown. She is inflexible in the matter of hosiery. They must be the sheerest of sheer chiffon, and but for the risk of being considered partial she would doubtless specify WELDREST! They meet her every requirements so perfectly.

At all better class stores.

Mills at
Mount Dennis and Guelph, Ont.

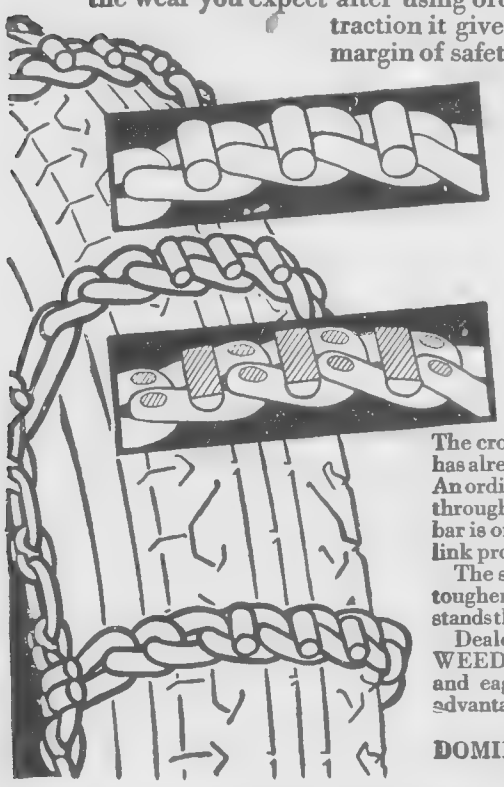
Weldrest
Full Fashioned Silk Hosiery

Science has produced a longer wearing, hardened steel tire chain . . . *It's the new*

WEED AMERICAN

We could have told you two years ago about this wonderful new tire chain — but we decided to give it the most brutal tests that chains could be put to. In fact, because this new tire chain of ours seemed too good to be true, we abused it, misused it, and tried it out on every sort of street and road and testing ground.

It has more than proved its great advantages. It doubles the wear you expect after using ordinary tire chains. The traction it gives greatly increases the margin of safety.



The new cross chain

Across the contact links we have electrically welded reinforcing bars, of ¼ inch hardened steel. These reinforcing bars, besides gripping the road, strengthen the chain against early breakage. They double the wear you expect after using ordinary tire chains. The traction they give greatly increase the margin of safety.

When the cross chain wears

The cross chain shown at left (see inset) has already travelled a great many miles. An ordinary cross chain would have worn through long ago. Note the reinforcing bar is only partly worn through, and the link proper is just starting to show wear.

The strong *"Twin Lock" side chain* is tougher—stronger in the pull and withstands the wear and tear of rough, hard ruts.

Dealers are enthusiastic about the new WEED AMERICAN. They are proud and eager to show you the exclusive advantages of the 1930 chains.

Made in Canada by the
DOMINION CHAIN CO., *Limited*
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Popular Winter Short Courses at Manitoba Agricultural College 1930

Poultry Raising	Jan. 6th-Jan. 17th	$ 18.00
Nature Study	Jan. 6th-Jan. 17th	18.00
Farm Engineering	Jan. 6th-Feb. 28th	103.00
Dairying	Jan. 13th-April 4th	143.00
Livestock Judging	Jan. 27th-Jan. 31st	8.00
Beekeeping	Jan. 20th-Jan. 31st	18.00
Horticulture	Feb. 3rd-Feb. 14th	18.00
Seed Growers Course	Feb. 3rd-Feb. 14th	18.00
Automotive Electricity	March 10th-April 4th	71.00
Cream Grading	April 7th-April 18th	18.00

The cost indicated above includes tuition fees and board and room in the College Residence. Apply to the Registrar, Manitoba Agricultural College, for the circular giving full particulars.

W. C. McKillican, Dean

The Room Which Must Grow Up

Continued from page 22

the second one just duplicated it. It is amazing how early a child can be given some ideas of neatness and of taking care of its own possessions when there is a special place for them, and he is given a reasonable explanation of why they should be put there. A very young toddler will put his animals and playthings in a little coop such as the one pictured, and later on he will be able to put his own small wearables into at least the bottom drawer.

AT THE right side of our picture, there is another specially designed piece of furniture that many a father or big brother might copy. It is really a big table—at least, the top is really big for small people—and it is low enough to be comfortable when they sit beside it on their own small chairs or the benches that stand at each end of it. There is a drop-leaf at each end which can be raised or supported by a swing-bracket. This drop-leaf is perhaps not so often needed by the children for their pasting and picture-marking activities, but the mother or nurse who arrives with the tray at meal-time will find it a great advantage not to have to clear the table space but just raise the additional leaf at one or both ends.

The furniture is all painted. Nothing is so suitable for a youthful room, as the light painted finishes—they fit into the picture, they are easily washed, when marred their surfaces are not difficult to renew, and as the child grows older, a mere change of color gives a fresh aspect to the familiar pieces. And there is still another practical advantage — as more pieces are added during the room's development, they can be given kinship with the old pieces through the simple and adequate medium of fresh paint.

The child's clothes-closet should be given special thought and arrangement in the early years. When a little boy or girl reaches the age of four or five, it is high time that such small responsibilities as the putting away of outdoor garments should be assumed. Unless, however, the means are at hand, the child cannot be taught to care for his own clothes. Rubbers and shoes can be placed on their low shelf in the closet, in the very early years; later, putting a coat on its own little hanger and hooking the hanger over a low rack in the closet, will prove quite an intriguing business. Coat hangers come in sizes suitable for everything from the infant's dress up. As for a bracket, it can be bought for fifteen cents—a metal affair of a swing arm with a plate which is screwed to the wall; the arm will support quite a number of hangers—and an ordinary closet will accommodate several brackets, which can be worth their weight in gold when, in later years, the good habits they helped to implant are saving an infinite amount of picking-up and are giving a longer span of life and good appearance to clothes.

The wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. — Gibbon.

A Farm-Yard Epic

By Daisy L. Saunders

Said the Rooster to the Gobbler
One day in early Fall—
"Good gracious me, how stout you've got!
Be careful that is all;
For I've been told that Santa Claus
With reindeer, pack and sleigh,
Comes 'round this yard in winter-time
To take fat birds away.
So I've been thinking, you and I,
If that sir is his use,
Had better diet whilst we can,
Scratch harder to reduce."

"You vulgar fellow! Go away!"
Said Gobbler to his friend;
"I've gobble-gobbled all my life,
I'll goble till the end.
Your crow will wake the household up,
You have no proper pride;
I'm honored to be hero of
The feast at Christmas-tide."

Brighten

dull, heavy Eyes in this safe, sure way

Without the aid of belladonna or other harmful drugs, *Murine* imparts new life and lustre to the dullest Eyes. Use this long-trusted lotion for a week or two and note how much better your Eyes look and feel. At all drug stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Keep Little Ones Well

FROM BABYHOOD THRU SCHOOLDAYS.

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup quickly corrects summer complaint, diarrhea, colic, constipation, and teething disturbances. The vegetable oils help baby's system function correctly.

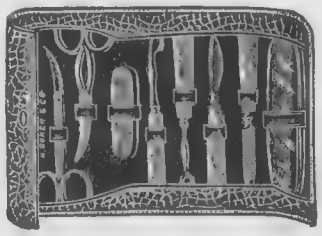
A helpful and interesting booklet containing diet instructions, table of weights, how to prepare baby's food, together with nursery rhymes and jingles artistically prepared in three colors **will be sent free** upon request.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

Canadian Distributors
FRED. J. WHITLOW & CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

Insure against Skin Troubles
by daily use of
Cuticura Soap
***Assisted by* Cuticura Ointment**
Sold Everywhere 25c. each

H. Boker & Co.



Manicure Sets

Crocodile leather roll case, 8 pieces with gilt handles. Very compact, complete and guaranteed. Finest quality Scissors and Tools.

Ask your dealer to supply it, or we will mail it to you on receipt of $7.50.

H. Dorwal, P. O. Box 580, Montreal

RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The
Western Home Monthly

Shadowland

Continued from page 87

where their movements are prettily reflected, is really very lovely.

Of course, such screen productions are hampered by the fact that the camera has no breadth in close-up. The camera only permits us to see a very small group of figures close to or a large group a very long way off; so that in the screen version of revue or musical comedy we never get that sweeping and yet intimate view that we have on the regular stage. To make up for this defect the director of "The Hollywood Revue" uses a narrow scene with a long perspective, and he also strives after unique camera angles. One "shot," for example, shows the dancers from a bird's eye view, and while this is novel, it is not especially effective. In fact, there is a general lack of imagination about the directing.

If the N.C.O.'s are the backbone of the army, the chorus has a corresponding place in the anatomical structure of a good revue. In this picture the chorus is a negligible factor. Good dancers have been obtained, but again they prove ineffectual on account of the aforementioned handicap of the camera view. They are either too far away to be important, or too close for one to get the effect of clever movement en masse. Except in the color scenes, the lack of color makes the choruses lifeless and monotonous. And the costumes are not attractive. I was surprised that Hollywood, supposedly the very incubator of "sex appeal," would consider the feminine members of the chorus attractive in the long trousers and tight jackets of a minstrel show band. Has Hollywood gone puritan? And if it has, what a lack of discernment to go Puritan in a revue chorus!

The revue, which is built on the rather hackneyed idea of a minstrel show, is heavily padded with alleged comedy and honeyed compliment bandied between Conrad Nagel, the "Interlocutor," and the other members of the cast. And there is too much of this "just one big loving family" stuff larded throughout the show.

"Ukulele Ike" records well, and so does Charlie King, who has a very pleasant voice. The songs range from "blues" to "Mother" ballads.

Marion Davies and Bessie Love, both attractive, sing and dance; and Miss Love does a comedy act with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in which the three burlesque the sob-songs and step-dancing of the "Gay Nineties." Miss Love is a charming little person, pretty, graceful and entertaining. Polly Moran gives an amusing burlesque of Al Jolson in the throes of "Sonny Boy," and Marie Dressler clowns and grimaces as Marie Dressler always does.

One of the best of the comedy scenes was a comic "Magician Act," done by two popular comedians of filmdom. It was interesting to note that the addition of Vitaphone did not help this act one jot. All the actual fun was obtained through the old pantomimic technique, complete with the throwing of and falling on the classic custard pie. (In this case, for variety's sake, it was a whipped cream cake.) Even in this revue, Hollywood remains faithful to its favorite and famous native dish—and, truth to tell, that dish is the funniest thing in the show.

Jerome Carver

Disturbing the Peace. — Foreman — "What's the big idea of quitting?"

Riveter—"Oh, I don't mind hammering rivets all day long, but the man who works with me hums incessantly."

R.R. Magazine.

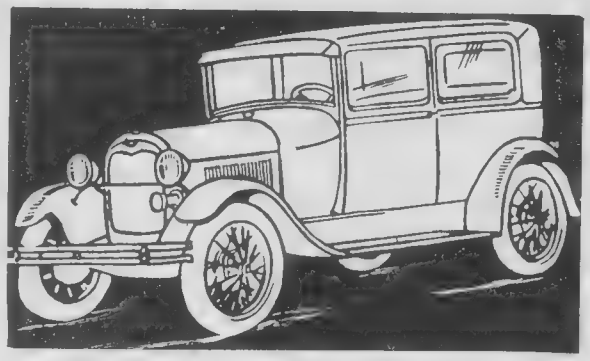
No Hog.—"Have you anything to say, prisoner, before I pass sentence?" asked the judge.

"No, your Honor—except that it takes very little to please me." — Boston Transcript.

WIN A Ford for Christmas

In the shortest BIG contest ever conducted in Canada. No selling. No long waiting. Contest closes December 16th—nine days before Christmas. Ten Radios for early answer prizes.

We've no time for a lot of words. Neither have you. A Car or Cash and a Radio for Christmas! Think of it! You know what these mean to you—and your family—far better than we know. And only one person can stop you from winning them. Just one. That's yourself.



What's the Weight of Santa's Sack?

Poor Old Santa! What a load he carries! We'll just bet you can't figure out its weight correctly. Try it! You'll find it a lot harder than it looks. In fact, we will pay $25.00 extra in cash to the winners of the 1st and 2nd prizes if they get the correct answer.

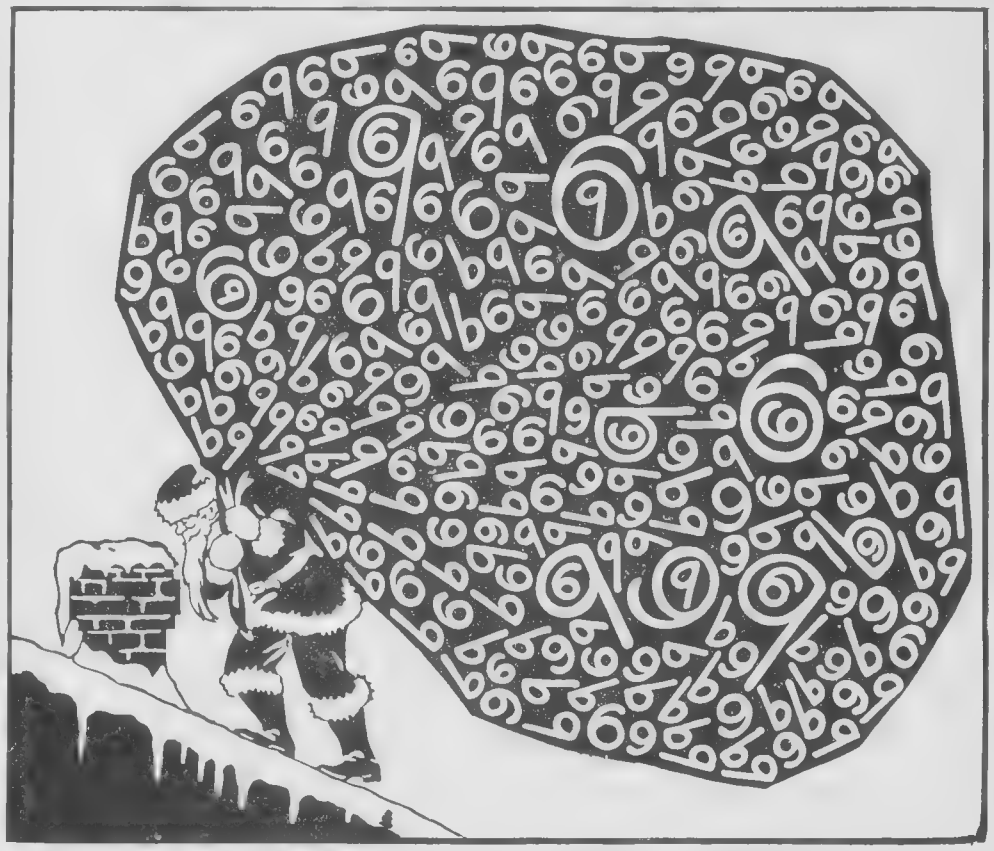
Just add together all the 6s and 9s in his big black bag. Add them up as though each stood one above the other. All are single figures. None are combinations; that is, if a 6 and a 9 are beside each other, they are to be added together as 15, not taken as 69 or 96. Note that the sixes have a curved stem and the nines a straight stem.

To make certain no one knows the correct answer, parties not connected with the contest erased several sixes and nines from the original drawing, before the puzzle was printed. The totals of these erased figures were placed in sealed envelopes and are now under lock and key. When the contest closes, the totals of the erased figures will be subtracted from the original total, making the correct answer the sum total of the figures appearing in "Santa's Sack," shown below.

Every possible care has been taken to assure each number being clearly printed. If any numbers in this copy are not absolutely clear, do not send in your answer without first writing us, as no answer can be changed after we receive it. (See Rule 2). If extra puzzle forms are required, write for as many as you wish.

This is purely a contest of skill and the degree of skill you use, will determine the prize you will win. The only requirements are those in the rules below. Read them carefully now and avoid misunderstanding and disappointment later.

Note particularly there will be nothing further to buy or sell to secure any of the prizes herein offered.



CONTEST RULES

1. Any resident of Canada may enter this contest, except those who are employees (or members of employe's families) of "The Canadian Child" Magazine or of The Publishers Service Co.

2. Each and every puzzle answer submitted must be accompanied by $2.00 for one three year new or renewal subscription to "The Canadian Child" magazine.

3. *Make cheques and money orders payable to The Publishers Service Co.* Outside Toronto cheques must include exchange.

4. *Contest closes Dec. 16 1929.* Answers postmarked as mailed up to or on that day, will be accepted. Any mailed later, will be returned unaccepted

5. Contestants tieing for a prize will be required to answer and abide by the rules of a simple arithmetical endless chain style Tie-breaker problem to decide their final standing.

6 The Judges (who will act in the interests of the contestants) will be three well known Child Welfare workers. They will have absolutely no connection with *The Publishers Service Co.* and contestants in entering the contes agree to accept the judges decision as final and to abide by the rules of the contest as herein set forth

A WORD ABOUT "THE CANADIAN CHILD"

We believe in this Canada of yours and ours. There's no country, anywhere, to compare with it. What the near future holds in store for us is more wonderful than any of us can picture. But just how wonderful it will be depends, to a tremendous degree, on the children—even the babes—of today. They are the greatest of all our boundless undeveloped assets.

For more than 9 years "The Canadian Child" magazine has been alone among Canadian Publications, in devoting its pages exclusively to the health, education and general welfare of our own Canadian children. More than 30,000 mothers and fathers are today interested in its live and interesting discussions of the vitally important problems of child life.

We are not going to urge you to subscribe to "The Canadian Child" magazine. We believe you will do so of your own free will. You know, far better than we can tell you, that no magazine published in Canada offers a mother so much for her money, month after month, as "The Canadian Child" offers her.

ANSWER EARLY

Win one of these TEN PHILCO Screen Grid Radios

In the addition to the above Tudor Ford and Cash Prizes, we shall also award, as the result of special arrangements made, a 6 tube Philco Screen Grid Electric (Batteryless) Radio, (complete with tubes and ready to operate) and valued at $195.25, to *each* of the first *Ten* prize winners, provided that their answer to the Santa's Sack puzzle is mailed not later than Dec. 14th, 1929.

Note:—If the homes of any of the winners of the above radios are not equipped with electricity, a battery set of equal value and complete with batteries, tubes and aerial kit, will be awarded in place of the Batteryless set.

PRIZES

1st PRIZE—NEW MODEL TUDOR FORD or $700.00 in CASH.
2nd PRIZE—$300.00 in CASH. 3rd PRIZE—$200.00 in CASH.
4th PRIZE—$100.00 in CASH. 5th to 10th PRIZES—$50.00 in CASH
11th and 12th PRIZES—$25.00 in CASH
13th to 15th PRIZES—$15.00 in CASH.

Note:—Winners of the above prizes will also be rewarded the amount of their subscription remittance ($2.00).

16th to 100th PRIZES—$2.00 in CASH.

THE PUBLISHERS SERVICE C . . (81)
Bank of Toronto Bldg.,
Church and Wellington Sts., Toronto 2, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

I enclose herewith $2.00 for one three years' subscription to "The Canadian Child" maga. i

I also wish to enter your contest (the rules of which I agree to abide by) and submit as my answer for the weight of "Santa's Sack" It distinctly understood that there is nothing more for me to buy or sell in order to further qualify for the prizes herein offered

Mrs., Mr
or Miss

P.O. Box, R.R
or Street Address

City or

Town. . . . . .

Province . . . . . .

How many members of your family are under 17 years of age?. . .
Are you enclosing $2.00 for your subscription to "The Canadian Child" magazine? . . . . . .
Is your subscription new or renewal?. . .
What date are you mailing this subscription? . . .

Note that your subscription to "The Canadian Child" magazine will cost you nothing if you are among the first 100 with the highest standing in the contest.

The **Western Home Monthly** FOR ONE YEAR

AND

The **Free Press Prairie Farmer** FOR ONE YEAR

And This

Attractive Bungalow Apron

ALL FOR $1.50

A clubbing offer that has many friends and one that is looked for eagerly every year by many thousands of readers.

We feel sure that you will want to "sign up" and the coupon below is for your convenience.

*Date*_____

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

I enclose $1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and a Stamped Apron.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

BY BOBBY BURKE

CHRISTMAS

AWAY back in the year 1642 some one wrote a little Christmas play in London, and at the end of the play came a strange little poem, all spelled with queer spellings, and with odd little words, I thought perhaps you would enjoy a verse or two of it because it is so different from anything written now—

Christmas is the welcomest Time
That does come through the Yeare;
For't maketh many joyfull hearts
And fills the World with Cheare.

As long as there the fragrant Fire
Doth spit out its fierce Flames
There is no ceasing of the Mirth
Nor period to the Games.

But now the Log of Logs is burnt,
The Hall-chimney leaves smoaking;
Good folks farewell, for I will stay
No longer in it poaking.

And because Christmas in Canada in 1929 is still the "welcommest time" we want to wish you all the Happiest of Christmases, and the very best of New Year's. In the old days Christmas was a very great celebration, not only in the churches, where then and now we remember the birth of that Tiny Babe who meant so much to the world, but in poorest homes, and in the richest. People ate a great deal more than we do, and in the great houses in England, where often a hundred or more people assembled pigs and sheep were roasted whole, great roasts that had to be carried by several men were borne in, with people singing and dancing after them. Huge plum puddings and great pies such as you can hardly imagine followed for dessert, and such a feasting took place that there must have been many sick and weary people after it was all over.

I think our own idea of Christmas is rather a better one, don't you?

In England, and other countries where the weather is not so severe as it is here, people go out into the woods as Christmas approaches and cut holly, mistletoe and other evergreen things and bring them in to decorate their houses. I wish we could do that, but our Christmas trees and bits of store holly look cheery and nice don't they?

And now once again, Merry Christmas to you all!

OUR COMPETITIONS

Alberta

Well Alberta, what's the matter? Away back in June we told you all about the competition which was to place the name of some province proudly at the top of the page. One thing we know, it is not Alberta's name that will go there for hardly any of her girls and boys thought it worth while to send in contributions. Too bad, for Alberta is one of our loveliest provinces, and yet no one felt inspired to sing a song of the beauties of her wide plains, her great valleys, her mighty rivers. No one apparently had ever heard of a poet writing of the Foothills, or the sunshine, no one knew any legends about her cities, or anything interesting about her early days. And yet Alberta has poets, and writers, and painters and story tellers, and a past full of romance. No one even sent us a picture of a beauty spot, and yet there are many, and we would gladly have printed one—but oh dear Alberta Cosy cornerites, you did " Faw down and go boom!" Well now MANITOBA, don't you do that—we want the mail full of poems, pictures, stories, legends, all about Manitoba, so there will be a great fund of material to draw from and we may have a splendid page that will show the world what we can do.

Send your Manitoba Page to Bobby Burke, 406 Devon Court, Winnipeg, and have it here before December 10. And New Brunswick, you follow for February, so begin to get yours ready, for it will have to be out here in January. Don't forget there will be gold buttons for all those whose material is selected as worthy of the Page, no matter what the material is.

Ruth Scouler of Vancouver, sends us a snap of herself taken with a camera she won last year.

Book Reviews

Selecting the favorite books from all the reviews that came in we have come to the conclusion that these are the favorites of the Cornerites—"Black Beauty," "Little Women," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Anne of Green Gables." Some of the books mentioned most by boys are "Boy Scouts in the Everglades," "Heidi" and "Astray in the Forest."

The prize for the best review must be halved, for two girls (both from Alberta) have written equally well of two books. Jessie H. Jackman, of Irma, Alta., writes of "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott, and Margaret Bownes, R.R.I., of Galahad, Alta., of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Honorable Mention and a gold button go to Hazel Doreen Lawrence, Haytor, Alta.; Ruth Clendennan, 225-29th Ave., W. Calgary; Ethel Barr, Bangor, Sask.; Freda Link, Dilke, Sask.; Daphne Wallace, Highland Park, Westboro, Ont.; Mary E. Nicol, 716-6th Ave., Saskatoon; Marjorie Smith, Souris; Bessie Coxworth, Regent, Man., and Gladys McEwen, Huxley Alta.

James Luckat, Ruthhilda, Sask.; Jack Huntington, Nut Mountain, Sask.; George McKenzie, Treherne, Man.

Doreen Assmus, of Swift Current, may have a star on her gold button if she will send it in to the editor.

"LITTLE WOMEN"

My favorite book is "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. I like it because it is such a natural, true to life story. It is about a family of girls, four in all, and tells of their trials and fears, and their girlhood. It tells how they make friends with a boy named Laurie, and how, in real life they play the game of Pilgrim's Progress. They all have their sorrows, and downfalls, their joys and cares, their faults and virtues,

but each tries to do her duty. Meg is the eldest. She is good and kind. Next is Jo. She is very fond of reading and writing. She also likes boys. Then there is Beth. She is shy and quiet, and loves music. And lastly is Amy. She is fond of art and marries Laurie.

"Little Women" and its companion, "Good Wives," are the best books I have ever read. I have them both and have read them many times.

Jessie H. Jackman, aged 13 years, Irma, Alberta.

An Alberta Prize Winner

Helen Kathleen Scott, of 1315-10th Ave. East, Calgary, sends us a very nice little story of Alberta, for which we shall be pleased to send her a gold button. She believes in boosting her Province!

Something Received

Isabelle Johnson of Matakwa, B.C., is please to have had her name in the Corner, and she is looking for some correspondents. Perhaps some Grade seven students in other provinces would like to write her. Isabelle writes beautifully.

Ruth Scouler, of Vancouver, one of our best prize winning members, sends us a snapshot taken with the camera she won last year. You will enjoy seeing her picture.

Margaret Hogg, of Huxley, Alta., loves the camera she won this year, and is out now to win a gold button.

Audrey Hockleu, of 769 Cambie St., Vancouver, loves our Corner, and would like to have some correspondents in other places. Audrey is fourteen.

The Little Black House

Continued from page 83

sun and the rain and the birds and the flowers and all the other beautiful things which go to make our lives happy and without which we cannot live. They are gifts. And you were mourning just now that you could not get along without them. You have told me so many, many times. And now listen to me!"

And then to the old woman's surprise if the old rocking chair did not begin to creak in the softest, softest kind of creaks that seemed like sweet music, the story of the very first Christmas—of how the little Christ-Child came a present from heaven to earth—the shepherds on the hill-side—the song of the angels—the wise men on the camels following the star—the baby in the manger.

When the story was done the tears were rolling down the old woman's cheeks.

"Oh dearie me! Dearie me!" she moaned. "I have been a foolish, wicked old woman. You were right, it is not nonsense at all; but beautiful, beautiful sense. And I do believe in Christmas. And I do believe in gifts."

So, next morning bright and early the old woman was out of bed. And if the sunshine was not shining all over where her garden had been, and over her orchard and through the windows of the little black house! And there all along her front fence scurried a little bright eyed squirrel. And right on her front door-step almost a dozen chickadees chirped:

"Chick-a-dee—dee! Chick-a-dee—dee!"

The old woman hurried to her pantry and brought out her flour and her sugar and her spices and her raisins and her rolling pin. High up on the top shelf she found a star-shaped cooky-cutter that her mother used to use. She began to make cookies. Beautifully spiced cookies with raisins in them cut out with the star-shaped cutter—panful after panful of cookies she made, until the little kitchen in the little black house smelled so sweetly that it seemed to have gathered in it all the nice smells in the world. And when the cookies were done she started making apple pies—wee little apple pies, the kind that are one-to-a-person. After that she made tarts—pear tarts with amber colored hearts. It did seem as though that box of apples stretched out and out and as if that pan of pears was never to be done. At last the old woman's kitchen table was full of plates of cookies, and every chair in the little black house held plates of little pies and tarts.

Then the old woman went up to her attic and brought down all the little boxes and paper bags she had been saving for ever and ever so long. She filled the bags with the cookies and the boxes with the tarts and pies. She packed them all in a big, big, box on her handsled. She went with them to every house in the village. She knocked at the door of every house, and to each neighbor who opened the door she called out in a happy real Christmassy voice:

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! I have brought you a Christmas gift!" and to each home she gave a bag of her cookies and a box of her pies and tarts.

The neighbors were so surprised that they could scarcely believe their eyes and ears.

"Why, if it isn't the little old woman who lives in the black house, who does not believe in Christmas and in gifts! Whatever can have happened her!" they said.

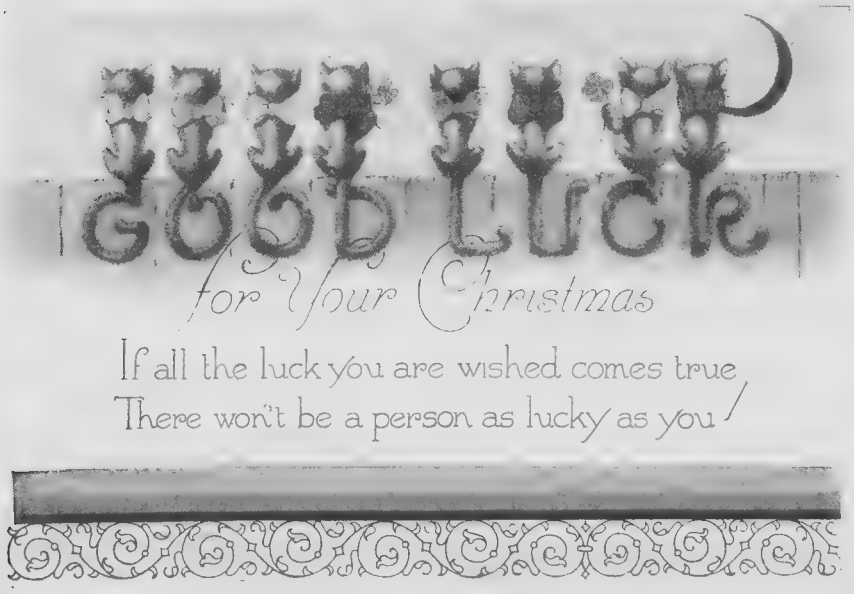
So, soon the good news spread all about the village that at last the old woman believed in Christmas and in gifts.

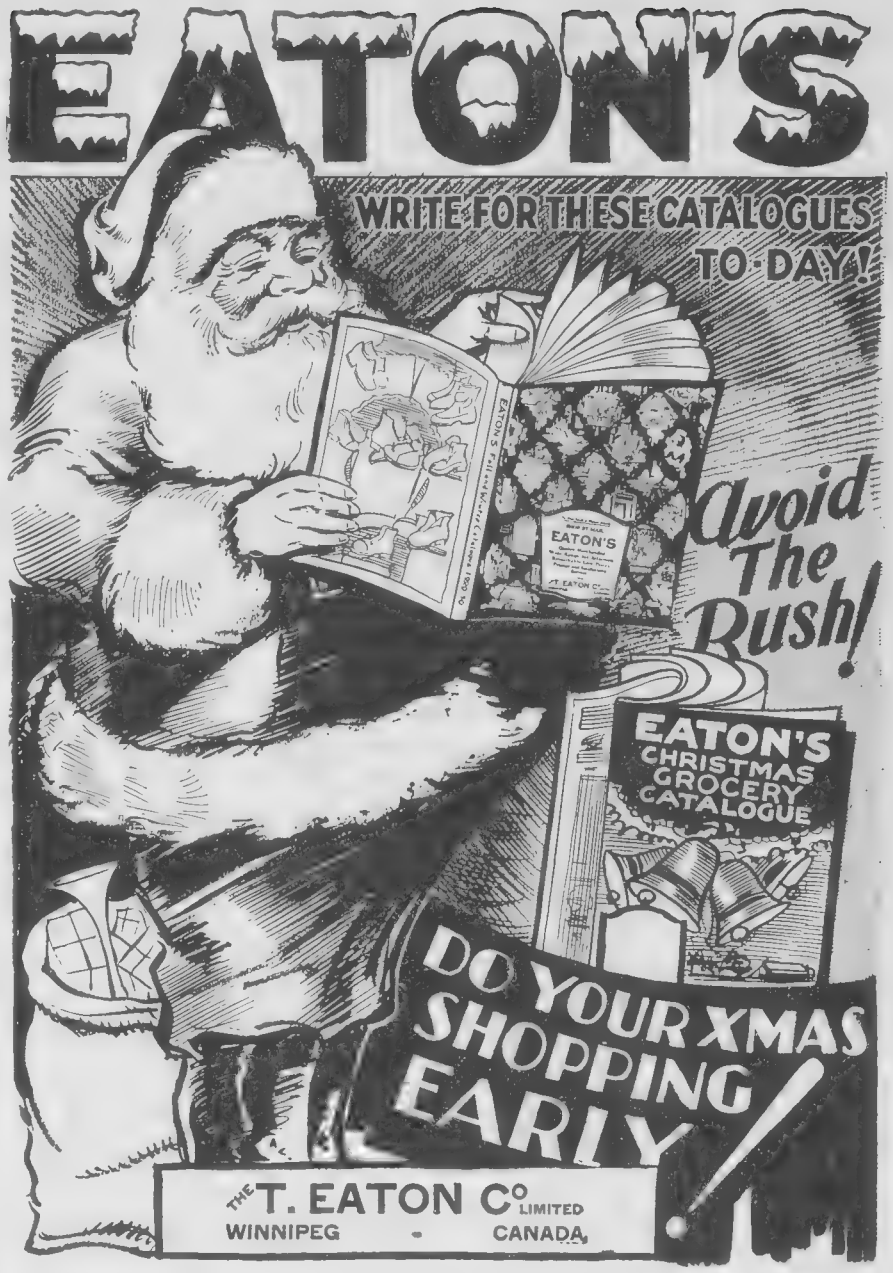
That night the old woman told her rocking chair that it has been the happiest day of her life but she was so tired she went to sleep right in the old chair as the chair was softly singing to her.

"Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!"

And when she wakened up in the morning she was still so happy that she opened the door to admire the lovely white snow, the sunshine, the sky, and all the beautiful out-door gifts. As she turned to come in her door, something seemed to dazzle her eyes. She looked about in surprise. And then she saw—

Her house had become white again.





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Christmas

CHRISTMAS is getting on towards its two thousandth year, and the spirit of the great Christian festival is more and more a light guiding humanity, like the star that drew the wise men as they journeyed through the night and found the cradle of a wisdom greater than the world's. A good preparation for Christmas is to read over again the Bible story of that Birth in a stable outside Bethlehem. And then read Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," or one of his other Christmas tales, which are all gospel, in the original meaning of the word ("good tidings"), in which you will find all the elements of a merry Christmas—bright faces, happy laughter, wistful memories, best wishes, and plentiful, jolly dinners.

The Season of Feasting

There is no older tradition and practice throughout Christendom than that Christmas is the season of feasting. Hear the old carol:

"Lo, now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly!
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

In no way does Dickens come closer to the heart of humanity than in his zest for eating and drinking. And the same thing is true of the old tales and ballads. We read in a chronicle of the doings of Robin Hood and his band:

> "There sat Friar John, with his legs stretched wide apart and between his knees a great pasty compounded of juicy meats of divers kinds, with savory herbs and a good rich gravy. In his right fist he held a great piece of brown crust at which he munched sturdily, and every now and then he thrust his left hand into the pie and drew it forth full of meat. Anon he would take a pull at a big bottle of Malmsey that stood beside him."

When Christmas comes, who does not feel drawn, though an inner voice of wisdom may counsel against it, to join the jolly Friar? A good old English word, which has fallen into disrepute, is "victuals." In the Christmas season of holidays, good resolutions, peace and good-will and kindliness of heart, no minor part in the festivities is that of victuals.

The Homes of Canada

CHRISTMAS, the great annual festival of the home, should not be without its reminder to all patriotic Canadians that Canada is the total assemblage of all Canadian homes, and that it is in the homes of Canada that true, intelligent patriotism can best be cultivated. Not silly emotionalism or vain-glorious boastfulness, but the spirit of Canadianism which is the welding force to unite ever more strongly the different strands that are forming the Canadian nation and doing away with any real differences between the Canadians of the different sections of Canada from coast to coast. If the young Canadians of today—there are more than three and a half millions under twenty-one years of age—are to have a warm love of country, it is not by learning it from expressionless patriotism on the part of their elders. With our freedom, our past history, our good fortune among the nations of the world and our prospect for a great national future, what other people have greater reason for expressing and cultivating patriotic feeling? The spirit of Canadianism should have expression in Canadian homes.

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Human Hearts and Minds

LONG ago in the Old World, at t Christmas festivals in banquet halls lighted by the flames of the Yu tide logs blazing in the wide firepla wandering minstrels and tellers of ta sang their songs and told their tales a were listened to intently by lord and la master and man, mistress and maid, by the children, too, to whom the Chr mas Festival was the great event of t year. And not only in the Christmas s son but at many other times through the year the tellers of tales and singers songs were welcome guests, with th gift of holding their hearers' attention, touching the sources of emotion, of brin ing laughter and tears and strengthen the sense of human brotherhood by th touches of nature which make the wh world kin. No longer does the sto teller, the singer, the sage come into o homes and sit by our firesides. But in our homes comes a guest as full of hum sympathy, of living interest in the liv of men and women, as welcome a gue with tales of absorbing interest as ev sat by a blazing hearth in the olden tim and wove his spells of narrative or strum med his harp and sang. The Weste Home Monthly is, we trust, such a hous hold visitor in many thousands of home welcome because its pages speak to heart and minds.

The Drinking in Dickens

THE mention of Dickens in a foregoing article — Christmas always brings t mind that great and kindly master of th art of story-telling, who knew the huma heart so deeply — reminds the Philo sopher that the opinion was expressed recently in his hearing that childre should not be allowed to read the book of Dickens, because "they are full of drinking." Well, there is no denying that they are. Mr. Pickwick and his friends gather round many a bowl of punch, and the immortal Mrs. Sarah Gamp keeps a bottle on the mantle-shelf, to have handy when she is "so dispoged." Ther was a lot of drinking in Dickens' day, and he pictured the life of the time as it wa mixed good and evil, like the fat and lean streaks in a rasher of bacon. His book were a great force for good. No writer i the Victorian Age, of which he was a chief ornament, did as much as he did to arouse the public conscience and stir th public sympathy to the righting of great social wrongs and the promotion of re forms. The manners and customs of his time must be seen and understood in thei right historical perspective. Can children view them rightly in that perspective? That this is a question to be considered is of course, what the person who uttered the above-noted objection to letting chil dren read his books had in mind.

Science and Faith

PROFESSOR A. S. EDDINGTON, who was Astronomer Royal at Greenwich before he took his present place in the University of Cambridge, is one of the world's leaders in science today. In a recent address in London he said that while science can measure and weigh the planet we live on and can determine through the spectroscope what the stars are made of, there is a reality which is beyond scientific measurement by physical organs of sense assisted by all the instruments that can ever be devised by man. That is what was stated in a certain letter to certain people in Corinth nearly two thousand years ago, in which we read that the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are unseen are eternal — they are goals of faith beyond time and space and human weights and measurements.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SCIENCE

FROM Roger Bacon to Einstein! Truly a prodigious advance! And the end is not yet. In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci was ridiculed for trying to fly an aeroplane; today it is our latest mode of travel. Tomorrow—what?

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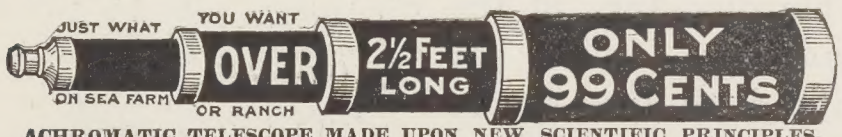

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

What the World is Saying

What Would the Shade of Dickens Say?

A medical man has said that in all cases where brandy is used sal volatile would do quite as well. Is this his considered opinion, after trying sal volatile on a Christmas plum pudding?—London Humorist.

Were the Apples Canned, or Bottled?

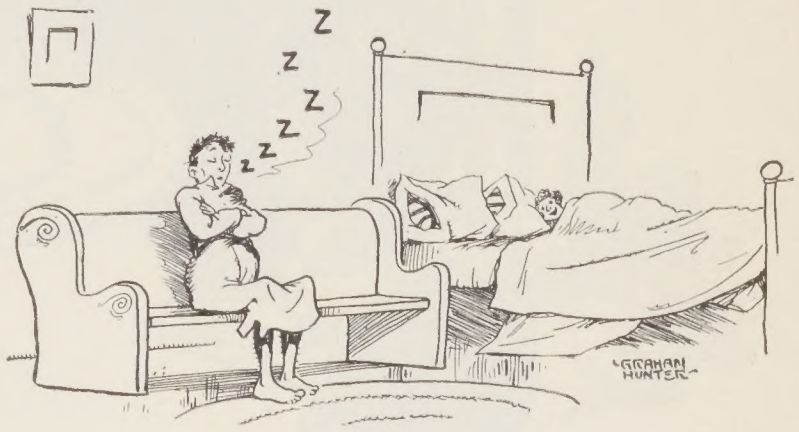
An illicit still was found in the middle of an orchard near Albany, N.Y., recently. A large quantity of liquor was seized and emptied in the orchard. Well, all the troubles of the race started near an apple tree. — Brockville Recorder-Times.

If King Alfred Had Only Known This

A "Domestic Hint" informs us that i a burnt cake is scraped, brushed wit the white of an egg, dusted with caster sugar and put back in the oven for fiv minutes, all traces of burning will hav disappeared.—London Daily Express.

A Thing that is Looked Forward To

While we have every reason for con fident hope that the cause of worl peace is making real progress, it can b predicted now with certainty that th casualties on the turkish front a Christmas time will be extensive.—Lethbridge Herald.



Mrs. Antique Collector: "I never saw anything like that old pew for curing John's insomnia.

Taking the Joy Out of Life in Russia

The Soviet Government has abolished Christmas and decided that kissing is a practice which tends to disseminate germs harmful to the public health.—Copenhagen Politiken.

And No Pedestrians to Mow Down!

By the rather easy and simple process of placing five persons in each automobile now in service in Canada and the United States, all the people in both countries could be in motion at the same time. This is better than the railroads could do with their combined passenger service.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Joke From London

It was announced last month that films to illustrate British industries were to be taken. We hope they haven't forgotten to make a cinema display of engineers at work in a Christmas-pudding foundry, drilling holes for the fruit.—London Passing Show.

Oh, Man!

The point of real importance in all this discussion about the clothes worn by men and the way men look in them, in comparison with women's clothes and the way women look in them, is that nothing can be done to make men look any better.—Winnipeg Free Press.

This Staggers the Imagination

The Bishop of Sarawak, in Borneo, has ordered a large haggis to be made in Scotland and sent out to him for Christmas. He should be careful. If it were to escape from him and take to the hills, it might create serious trouble among the natives. Think of a haggis running wild among the wild men of Borneo!—London Opinion.

Except the Seal

If we could get the news from some point in the Arctic regions, say, Chesterfield Inlet, it would, no doubt, be something like this: "Akwuk Pooka, one of the local hunters, went out yesterday and shot a specially fine large seal, and is going to present his wife with a sealskin coat. The oil is going into Pooka's Christmas cake. Which means a Merry Christmas for all concerned.—The Pas Herald.

He Says Nothing About Bagpipes

"No comedian can live and thrive in an atmosphere of beauty choruses, corps de ballet and jazz orchestras," says Sir Harry Lauder—Toronto Star.

Upsetting an Old Proverb

An Austrian chemist has succeeded in producing unbreakable glass. Those who live in glass houses will no longer need to be afraid that if they throw stones at other people's houses they may have stones thrown at their own.—Auckland (N.Z.) News.

A Sigh for the Days of Yore

In these prosaic times we occasionally heave a mighty sigh for the good old days when women's spring hats were adorned with, perhaps, a whole pheasant or maybe half a pheasant and two or three varieties of colorful stage fruit.—Wetaskiwin Times.

Autocrats End By Going Too Far

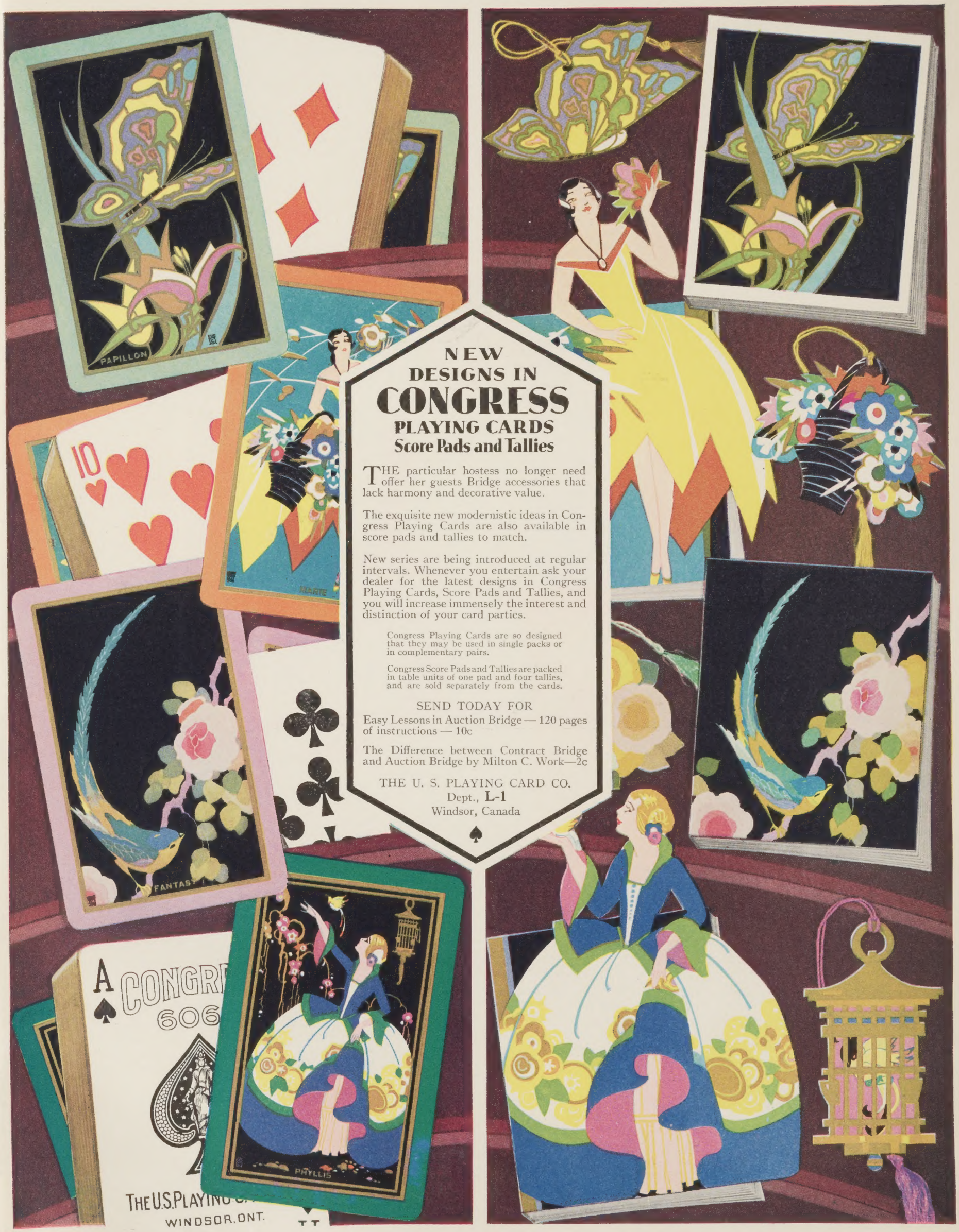
Mussolini has issued an order closing the beauty shops of Italy. Not even King Canute, who, standing on the ocean beach, forbade the tide to come in and wet his feet, ever attempted anything as dictatorially autocratic as this. For a man to issue such an order to the women of this age is going pretty far.—New Westminster British Canadian.

Suppose He'd Had to Don a Barrel!

When King Albert of Belgium, after having gone in for a swim in the sea near Ostend one day in July last, found on coming out and going to put on his clothes again that somebody had stolen his watch and money, it was considered a thing worth being featured in the cable news. But it might have been worse.—London Sunday Pictorial.

The Correct Thing to Say is "the Mall"

Some question has arisen in Winnipeg as to the correct pronunciation of the name of the broad thoroughfare opened some time ago from Broadway to Portage avenue. Some think it should be pronounced "the Mawl," others stand out for "the Mahl," and still others are strong for "the Mell"—though even in London not everybody calls Pall Mall "Pell Mell."—Brandon Sun.



NEW DESIGNS IN CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

Score Pads and Tallies

THE particular hostess no longer need offer her guests Bridge accessories that lack harmony and decorative value.

The exquisite new modernistic ideas in Congress Playing Cards are also available in score pads and tallies to match.

New series are being introduced at regular intervals. Whenever you entertain ask your dealer for the latest designs in Congress Playing Cards, Score Pads and Tallies, and you will increase immensely the interest and distinction of your card parties.

Congress Playing Cards are so designed that they may be used in single packs or in complementary pairs.

Congress Score Pads and Tallies are packed in table units of one pad and four tallies, and are sold separately from the cards.

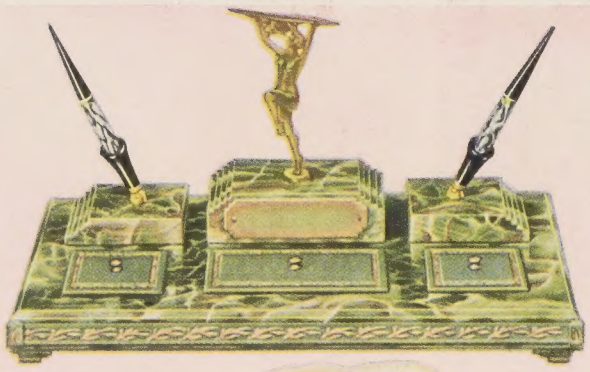
SEND TODAY FOR

Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge — 120 pages of instructions — 10c

The Difference between Contract Bridge and Auction Bridge by Milton C. Work—2c

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept., **L-1**
Windsor, Canada

New Cigarette Lighter Set with inlaid enamel top. Black and Chinese Red or Green. With Convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, $20.00.



"Spirit of Aviation"—Green Onyx. Two Duofold Senior Pens in moderne Black and Pearl, $250.00.

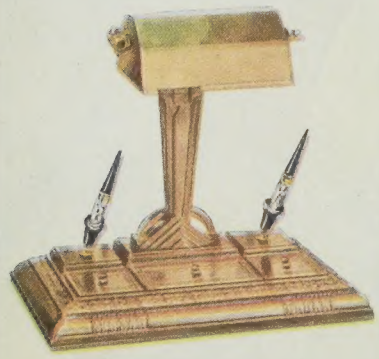
Black Metal Base, places for scratch pad and clips. Convertible Streamline Duofold Jr. Pen, $12.00.

"Jungle Mates"—Onyx deckle edge Base, bronzed elephants, two Convertible Duofold Sr. Pens, $61.50.

Matched Parker Streamline Duofold Pen and Pencil Duette. Gift Box Free. Five colours or moderne Black and Pearl, $8.25 to $15.00.

Travel Set, Green, Blue or Lavender Enamel Base, Convertible Moire Pen, Pocket Cap included, all in Traveling Case, $8.50.

"The Drive"—Onyx base, bronzed or silvered figure with two Duofold Sr. pens, $50.00.



For the Business Executive—Desk Lamp and compartments for clips, pins, erasers, etc., in base of bronzed metal. Two Convertible Duofold Sr. Pens in moderne Black and Pearl, $100.

No Christmas Problem Now

Only visit the brilliant arrays of new Parker Duofold Gifts, just around the corner, and your shopping is done

This Christmas, Parker Desk Sets combine the jewel-like Parker Duofold Pens with Desk Lamp, Desk Clock, Note Pad, Cigarette Lighter, or Statuettes in handsome colourful bases on onyx, bronzed metal, marble and glass. A handy Travel Set is another new feature.

This Christmas, too, Parker introduces the new *Streamline* Duofold matched Pen and Pencil Sets in jewel-like Permanite and *moderne* Black and Pearl.

These Pens are convertible for Desk Base in 10 seconds by simply attaching a taper. They are just as quickly transformed into Pocket Pens by putting on a cap.

So we include a Pocket Cap and Clip with every Desk Set—was extra—now no charge. This lets you give 2 pens in one.

Remember also when buying or giving a Pocket Pen alone, if you choose a Parker Duofold, a Desk Base and taper can be added later and the price of a Desk Pen saved. No other is convertible.

The first thing to look for is the imprint on the barrel, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," because it's the first thing your loved ones will look for Christmas morning. And it *guarantees the pen against all defects.

Shop early—Parker Duofold Gifts will be the first to go.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, Limited
Toronto 3, Ontario

Porcelain Base in Blue, Green, Mahogany or Pastel Shades, with Convertible Duofold Jr., $9.00. With Moiré tipped pen, $6.75.

*The Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is made to give lifelong satisfaction. Any defective parts will be replaced without charge, provided complete pen is sent to the factory with 12c for return postage and registration.

Parker Duofold

PENS · PENCILS · DESK SETS